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P O E T R Y

by

WILLIAM COWPER

of the Temple

1785



NEW-YORK,

PUBLISHED BY T. & A. M. D. 1785

1785



THE WOMAN OF THE WOODS.
A. DICK SC.

P O E M S

OF

WILLIAM GOVIER

of the same name

Author of



London,

PUBLISHED BY J. H. B. & CO. 1800.

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THE

POEMS

OF

WILLIAM COWPER, ESQ.

OF THE INNER TEMPLE

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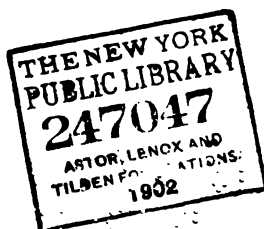
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1835.



SKETCH

OF THE

LIFE OF WILLIAM COWPER, ESQ.

OF THE INNER TEMPLE.

WILLIAM COWPER was born at Berkhamstead, Herts, November 26th, 1731. His father, the rector of the parish, was the reverend John Cowper, D. D., son of Spencer Cowper, one of the justices of the common pleas, a younger brother of the lord chancellor Cowper. He received his early education at a school in his native county, whence he was removed to that of Westminster. Here he acquired a competent portion of classical knowledge; but, from the delicacy of his temperament, and the timid shyness of his disposition, he seems to have endured a species of martyrdom from the rudeness and tyranny of his more robust companions, and to have received, indelibly, the impressions that subsequently produced his *Tirocinium*, in which poem, his dislike to the system of public education in England is very strongly stated. On leaving Westminster, he was articled, for three years, to an eminent attorney, during which time he appears to have paid very little attention to his profession; nor did he alter on this point after his entry at the Temple, in order to qualify himself for the honourable and lucrative place of clerk to the house of lords, which post his family interest had secured for him. While he resided in the temple, he appears to have been rather gay and social in his intercourse, numbering among his companions Lloyd, Churchill, Thornton and Colman, all of whom had been his companions at Westminster school, and the two latter of whom assisted with some papers in the *Connoisseur*. His natural disposition, however, remained timid and diffident, and his spirits so constitutionally infirm, that, when the time arrived for his assuming the post to which he had

been destined, he was thrown into such unaccountable terror at the idea of making his appearance before the assembled peerage, that he was not only obliged to resign the appointment, but was precipitated, by his agitation of spirits, into a state of great mental disorder. At this period, he was led into a deep consideration of his religious state; and, having imbibed the doctrine of election and reprobation in its most appalling rigor, he was led to a very dismal state of apprehension. We are told, "that the terror of eternal judgment overpowered and actually disordered his faculties; and he remained seven months in a continual expectation of being instantly plunged into eternal misery." In this shocking condition confinement became necessary, and he was placed in a receptacle for lunatics, kept by the amiable and well-known doctor Cotton of St. Alban's. At length, his mind recovered a degree of serenity, and he retired to Huntingdon, where he formed an acquaintance with the family of the reverend Mr. Unwin, which ripened into the strictest intimacy. In 1773, he was again assailed by religious despondency, and endured a partial alienation of mind for some years, during which affliction he was highly indebted to the affectionate care of Mrs. Unwin. In 1778 he again recovered; in 1780 he was persuaded to translate some of the spiritual songs of the celebrated *madame Guion*. In the same and the following year, he was also induced to prepare a volume of poems for the press, which was printed in 1782. This volume did not attract any great degree of public attention. The principal topics are, Error, Truth, Expostulation, Hope, Charity, Retirement and Conversation; all of which are treated with originality, but, at the same time, with a portion of religious austerity, which, without some very striking recommendation, was not, at that time, of a nature to acquire popularity. They are in rhymed heroics; the style being rather strong than poetical, although never flat or insipid. A short time before the publication of this volume, Mr. Cowper became acquainted with lady Austen, widow of Sir Robert Austen, who subsequently resided, for some time, at the parsonage-house at Olney. To the influence of this lady, the world is indebted for the exquisitely humorous ballad of John Gilpin, and the au-

thor's master-piece, the *Task*. The latter admirable poem chiefly occupied his second volume, which was published in 1785, and rapidly secured universal admiration. The *Task* unites minute accuracy with great elegance and picturesque beauty; and, after Thomson, Cowper is probably the poet who has added most to the stock of natural imagery. The moral reflections in this poem are also exceedingly impressive, and its delineation of character abounds in genuine nature. His religious system, too, although discoverable, is less gloomily exhibited in this than in his other productions. This volume also contained his *Tirocinium*—a piece strongly written, and abounding with striking observations, whatever may be thought of its decision against public education. About the year 1784, he began his version of Homer, which, after many impediments, appeared in July, 1791. This work possesses much exactness, as to sense, and is certainly a more accurate representation of Homer than the version of Pope; but English blank verse cannot sufficiently sustain the less poetical parts of Homer, and the general effect is bald and prosaic. Disappointed at the reception of this laborious work, he meditated a revision of it, as also the superintendence of an edition of Milton, and a new didactic poem, to be entitled the *Four Ages*; but, although he occasionally wrote a few verses, and revised his *Odyssey*, amidst his glimmerings of reason, those and all other undertakings finally gave way to a relapse of his malady. His disorder extended, with little intermission to the close of life; which, melancholy to relate, ended in a state of absolute despair. In 1794, a pension of 300*l.* per annum was granted him by the crown. In the beginning of 1800, this gifted, but afflicted man of genius, exhibited symptoms of dropsy, which carried him off on the 25th of April following. Since his death, Cowper has, by the care and industry of his friend and biographer, Haley, become known to the world, as one of the most easy and elegant letter-writers on record.

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THE POEMS
OF
WILLIAM COWPER, ESQ.,
OF THE INNER TEMPLE.

TABLE TALK.

*Nil te fortè meæ gravis uret sarcina chartæ,
Abjicito——— Hor. Lib. I. Epist. 13.*

A. YOU told me, I remember, glory, built
On selfish principles, is shame and guilt ;
The deeds that men admire as half divine,
Stark naught, because corrupt in their design.
Strange doctrine this ! that without scruple tears
The laurel, that the very lightning spares ;
Brings down the warrior's trophy to the dust,
And eats into his bloody sword like rust.

B. I grant that, men continuing what they are,
Fierce, avaricious, proud, there must be war ;
And never meant the rule should be applied
To him that fights with justice on his side.

Let laurels, drenched in pure Parnassian dews,
Reward his memory, dear to every muse,
Who, with a courage of unshaken root,
In Honour's field advancing his firm foot,
Plants it upon the line that Justice draws,
And will prevail or perish in her cause.
'Tis to the virtues of such men, man owes
His portion in the good that heaven bestows.
And when recording History displays
Feats of renown, though wrought in ancient days,
Tells of a few stout hearts, that fought and died,
Where duty placed them at their country's side ;

The man, that is not moved with what he reads,
That takes not fire at their heroic deeds,
Unworthy of the blessings of the brave,
Is base in kind, and born to be a slave.

But let eternal infamy pursue

The wretch to naught but his ambition true,
Who, for the sake of filling with one blast
The post-horns of all Europe, lays her waste.
Think yourself stationed on a towering rock,
To see a people scattered like a flock,
Some royal mastiff panting at their heels,
With all the savage thirst a tiger feels ;
Then view him self-proclaimed in a gazette
Chief monster that has plagued the nations yet ;
The globe and sceptre in such hands misplaced,
Those ensigns of dominion, how disgraced !
The glass that bids man mark the fleeting hour,
And Death's own scythe, would better speak his pow'r ;
Then grace the bony phantom in their stead
With the king's shoulder-knot and gay cockade
Clothe the twin brethren in each other's dress,
The same their occupation and success.

A. 'Tis your belief the world was made for man ;
Kings do but reason on the self-same plan :
Maintaining yours, you cannot theirs condemn,
Who think, or seem to think, man made for them.

B. Seldom, alas ! the power of logic reigns
With much sufficiency in royal brains ;
Such reasoning falls like an inverted cone,
Wanting its proper base to stand upon.
Man made for kings ! those optics are but dim,
That tell you so—say, rather, they for him.
That were indeed a king-ennobling thought,
Could they, or would they, reason as they ought.
The diadem, with mighty projects lined,
To catch renown by ruining mankind,
Is worth, with all its gold and glittering store,
Just what the toy will sell for, and no more.

Oh ! bright occasions of dispensing good,
 How seldom used, how little understood !
 To pour in Virtue's lap her just reward ;
 Keep Vice restrained behind a double guard ;
 To quell the faction, that affronts the throne,
 By silent magnanimity alone ;
 To nurse with tender care the thriving arts ;
 Watch every beam Philosophy imparts ;
 To give Religion her unbridled scope,
 Nor judge by statute a believer's hope ;
 With close fidelity and love unfeigned,
 To keep the matrimonial bond unstained ;
 Covetous only of a virtuous praise ;
 His life a lesson to the land he sways ;
 To touch the sword with conscientious awe,
 Nor draw it but when duty bids him draw ;
 To sheathe it in the peace-restoring close
 With joy beyond what victory bestows ;—
 Blest country, where these kingly glories shine !
 Blest England, if this happiness be thine !

A. Guard what you say, the patriotic tribe
 Will sneer, and charge you with a bribe—

B. A bribe ?

The worth of his three kingdoms I defy,
 To lure me to the baseness of a lie :
 And, of all lies (be that one poet's boast,)
 The lie that flatters I abhor the most.
 Those arts be theirs, who hate his gentle reign ;
 But he that loves him has no need to feign..

A. Your smooth eulogium to one crown addrest,
 Seems to imply a censure on the rest.

B. Quevedo, as he tells his sober tale,
 Asked, when in hell, to see the royal jail ;
 Approved their method in all other things :
 But where, good sir, do you confine your kings ?
 There—said his guide—the group is full in view.
 Indeed ?—replied the don—there are but few.
 His black interpreter the charge disdained,—

Few, fellow?—there are all that ever reigned.
Wit, undistinguishing, is apt to strike
The guilty and not guilty both alike :
I grant the sarcasm is too severe,
And we can readily refute it here ;
While Alfred's name, the father of his age,
And the sixth Edward's grace th' historic page.

A. Kings then, at last, have but the lot of all :
By their own conduct they must stand or fall.

B. True. While they live, the courtly laureat pays
His quitrent ode, his peppercorn of praise ;
And many a dunce, whose fingers itch to write,
Adds, as he can, his tributary mite.

A subject's faults a subject may proclaim,
A monarch's errors are forbidden game !
Thus, free from censure, overawed by fear,
And praised for virtues that they scorn to wear,
The fleeting forms of majesty engage
Respect, while stalking o'er life's narrow stage ;
Then leave their crimes for history to scan,
And ask, with busy scorn, was this the man ?

I pity kings, whom Worship waits upon
Obsequious from the cradle to the throne ;
Before whose infant eyes the flatterer bows,
And binds a wreath about their baby brows ;
Whom Education stiffens into state,
And Death awakens from that dream too late.
Oh ! if Servility, with supple knees,
Whose trade it is to smile, to crouch, to please ;
If smooth Dissimulation, skilled to grace
A devil's purpose with an angel's face ;
If smiling peeresses, and simpering peers,
Encompassing his throne a few short years ;
If the gilt carriage and the pampered steed,
That wants no driving, and disdains the lead ;
If guards, mechanically formed in ranks,
Playing, at beat of drum, their martial pranks,
Shouldering and standing as if struck to stone,

While condescending majesty looks on :
 If monarchy consist in such base things,
 Sighing, I say again, I pity kings:

To be suspected, thwarted, and withstood,
 E'en when he labours for his country's good ;
 To see a band called patriot for no cause,
 But that they catch at popular applause,
 Careless of all the anxiety he feels,
 Hook disappointment on the public wheels ;
 With all their flippant fluency of tongue,
 Most confident when palpably most wrong ;
 If this be kingly, then farewell for me
 All kingship ; and may I be poor and free !
 To be the table talk of clubs up-stairs,
 To which th' unwashed artificer repairs,
 T' indulge his genius after long fatigue,
 By diving into cabinet intrigue ;
 (For what kings deem a toil, as well they may,
 To him is relaxation and mere play ;)
 To win no praise when well-wrought plans prevail,
 But to be rudely censured when they fail ;
 To doubt the love his favourites may pretend,
 And in reality to find no friend ;
 If he indulge a cultivated taste,
 His galleries with the works of art well graced,
 To hear it called extravagance and waste ;
 If these attendants, and if such as these,
 Must follow royalty, then welcome ease ;
 However humbled and confined the sphere,
 Happy the state that has not these to fear.

A. Thus men, whose thoughts contemplative have
 dwelt

On situations that they never felt,
 Start up sagacious, covered with the dust,
 Of dreaming study and pedantic rust,
 And prate and preach about what others prove,
 As if the world and they were hand and glove.
 Leave kingly backs to cope with kingly cares ;

They have their weight to carry, subjects theirs ;
 Poets, of all men, ever least regret
 Increasing taxes and the nation's debt.
 Could you contrive the payment, and rehearse
 The mighty plan, oracular, in verse,
 No bard, howe'er majestic, old or new,
 Should claim my fixed attention more than you.

B. Not Brindley nor Bridgewater would essay
 To turn the course of Helicon that way ;
 Nor would the Nine consent the sacred tide
 Should purl amidst the traffic of Cheapside,
 Or tinkle in 'Change Alley, to amuse
 The leathern ears of stockjobbers and Jews.

A. Vouchsafe, at least, to pitch the key of rhyme
 To themes more pertinent, if less sublime.
 When ministers and ministerial arts ;
 Patriots, who love good places at their hearts ;
 When admirals, extolled for standing still,
 Or doing nothing with a deal of skill ;
 Gen'als, who will not conquer when they may,
 Firm friends to peace, to pleasure, and good pay ;
 When Freedom, wounded almost to despair,
 Though Discontent alone can find out where ;
 When themes like these employ the poet's tongue,
 I hear as mute as if a syren sung.
 Or tell me, if you can, what power maintains,
 A Briton's scorn of arbitrary chains :
 That were a theme might animate the dead,
 And move the lips of poets cast in lead.

B. The cause, tho' worth the search, may yet elude
 Conjecture and remark, however shrewd.
 They take perhaps a well-directed aim,
 Who seek it in his climate and his frame.
 Liberal in all things else, yet Nature here
 With stern severity deals out the year,
 Winter invades the spring, and often pours
 A chilling flood on summer's drooping flowers ;
 Unwelcome vapours quench autumnal beams,

Ungential blasts attending curl the streams :
The peasants urge their harvest, ply the fork
With double toil, and shiver at their work ;
Thus with a rigour for his good designed,
She rears her favourite man of all mankind.
His form robust and of elastic tone,
Proportioned well, half muscle and half bone,
Supplies with warm activity and force
A mind well lodged, and masculine of course.
Hence Liberty, sweet Liberty inspires
And keeps alive his fierce but noble fires.
Patient of constitutional control,
He bears it with meek manliness of soul ;
But if Authority grow wanton, wo
To him that treads upon his free-born toe ;
One step beyond the boundary of the laws
Fires him at once in Freedom's glorious cause.
Thus proud Prerogative, not much revered,
Is seldom felt, though sometimes seen and heard ;
And in his cage, like parrot fine and gay,
Is kept to strut, look big, and talk away.

Born in a climate softer far than ours,
Not formed, like us, with such Herculean powers,
The Frenchman, easy, debonair, and brisk,
Give him his lass, his fiddle, and his frisk
Is always happy, reign whoever may,
And laughs the sense of misery far away.
He drinks his simple beverage with a gust ;
And, feasting on an onion and a crust,
We never feel th' alacrity and joy
With which he shouts and carols *Vive le Roi*,
Filled with as much true merriment and glee,
As if he heard his king say—Slave, be free.

Thus happiness depends, as Nature shows,
Less on exterior things than most suppose,
Vigilant over all that he has made,
Kind Providence attends with gracious aid ;
Bids equity throughout his works prevail,

And weighs the nations in an even scale ;
He can encourage Slavery to a smile,
And fill with discontent a British isle.

A. Freeman, and slave then, if the case be such,
Stand on a level ; and you prove too much :
If all men indiscriminately share
His fostering power, and tutelary care,
As well be yoked by Despotism's hand,
As dwell at large in Britain's chartered land.

B. No. Freedom has a thousand charms to show,
That slaves, howe'er contented, never know.
The mind attains beneath her happy reign,
The growth, that Nature meant she should attain ;
The varied fields of science, ever new,
Opening and wider opening on her view,
She ventures onward with a prosperous force,
While no base fear impedes her in her course.
Religion, richest favour of the skies,
Stands most revealed before the freeman's eyes ;
No shades of superstition blot the day,
Liberty chases all that gloom away
The soul emancipated, unopprest,
Free to prove all things, and hold fast the best,
Learns much ; and to a thousand listening minds
Communicates with joy the good she finds :
Courage in arms, and ever prompt to show
His manly forehead to the fiercest foe ;
Glorious in war, but for the sake of peace,
His spirits rising as his toils increase,
Guards well what arts and industry have won,
And Freedom claims him for her first-born son.
Slaves fight for what were better cast away—
The chains that bind them, and a tyrant's sway ;
But they that fight for freedom, undertake
The noblest cause mankind can have at stake :—
Religion, virtue, truth, whate'er we call
A blessing—freedom is the pledge of all.
O Liberty ! the prisoner's pleasing dream,

The poet's muse, his passion, and his theme ;
 Genius is thine, and thou art fancy's nurse ;
 Lost without th' ennobling powers of verse ;
 Heroic song from thy free touch acquires
 Its clearest tone, the rapture it inspires :
 Place me where Winter breathes his keenest air,
 And I will sing, if Liberty be there ;
 And I will sing at Liberty's dear feet,
 In Afric's torrid clime, or India's fiercest heat.

A. Sing where you please, in such a cause I grant
 An English poet's privilege to rant ;
 But is not Freedom—at least is not ours
 Too apt to play the wanton with her powers,
 Grow freakish, and, o'erleaping every mound,
 Spread anarchy and terror all around ?

B. Agreed. But would you sell or slay your horse
 For bounding and curveting in his course ?
 Or if, when ridden with a careless rein,
 He break away, and seek the distant plain ?
 No. His high mettle, under good control,
 Gives him Olympic speed, and shoots him to the goal.

Let discipline employ her wholesome arts ;
 Let magistrates alert perform their parts ;
 Not skulk or put on a prudential mask,
 As if their duty were a desperate task ;
 Let active laws apply the needful curb,
 To guard the peace that Riot would disturb ;
 And Liberty, preserved from wild excess,
 Shall raise no feuds for armies to suppress.
 When Tumult lately burst his prison-door,
 And set plebeian thousands in a roar ;
 When he usurped Authority's just place
 And dared to look his master in the face,
 When the rude rabble's watch-word was—Destroy,
 And blazing London seemed a second Troy ;
 Liberty blushed and hung her drooping head,
 Beheld their progress with the deepest dread ;
 Blushed, that effects like these she should produce.

Worse than the deeds of galley-slaves broke loose.
 She loses in such storms her very name,
 And fierce Licentiousness should bear the blame.

Incomparable gem ! thy worth untold ;
 Cheap though blood-bought, and thrown away when
 sold ;

May no foes ravish thee, and no false friend
 Betray thee, while professing to defend !
 Prize it, ye ministers ; ye monarchs, spare ;
 Ye Patriots, guard it with a miser's care.

A. Patriots, alas ! the few that have been found
 Where most they flourish, upon English ground,
 The country's need have scantily supplied,
 And the last left the scene when Chatham died.

B. Not so—the virtue still adorns our age,
 Though the chief actor died upon the stage.
 In him Demosthenes was heard again ;
 Liberty taught him her Athenian strain ;
 She clothed him with authority and awe,
 Spoke from his lips, and in his looks gave law.
 His speech, his form, his action, full of grace,
 And all his country beaming in his face,
 He stood, as some inimitable hand
 Would strive to make a Paul or Tully stand.
 No sycophant or slave, that dared oppose
 Her sacred cause, but trembled when he rose ;
 And every venal stickler for the yoke
 Felt himself crushed at the first word he spoke.

Such men are raised to station and command,
 When Providence means mercy to a land,
 He speaks, and they appear ; to him they owe
 Skill to direct, and strength to strike the blow ;
 To manage with address, to seize with power
 The crisis of a dark decisive hour ;
 So Gideon earned a victory not his own ;
 Subserviency his praise, and that alone.

Poor England ! thou art a devoted deer,
 Beset with every ill but that of fear.

The nations hunt; all mark thee for a prey;
 They swarm around thee, and thou stand'st at bay,
 Undaunted still, though wearied and perplexed;
 Once Chatham saved thee; but who saves thee next?
 Alas! the tide of pleasure sweeps along
 All, that should be the boast of British song.
 'Tis not the wreath that once adorned thy brow,
 The prize of happier times, will serve thee now.
 Our ancestry, a gallant, chieftain race,
 Patterns of every virtue, every grace,
 Confessed a God; they kneeled before they fought,
 And praised him in the victories he wrought.
 Now from the dust of ancient days bring forth
 Their sober zeal, integrity, and worth;
 Courage, ungraced by these, affronts the skies,
 Is but the fire without the sacrifice.

The stream, that feeds the wellspring of the heart
 Not more invigorates life's noblest part,
 Than virtue quickens, with a warmth divine,
 The powers, that Sin has brought to a decline.

A. Th' inestimable Estimate of Brown
 Rose like a paper kite, and charmed the town;
 But measures, planned and executed well,
 Shifted the wind that raised it, and it fell.
 He trod the very self-same ground you tread,
 And victory refuted all he said.

B. And yet his judgment was not framed amiss;
 Its error, if it erred, was merely this—
 He thought the dying hour already come,
 And a complete recovery struck him dumb.

But that effeminacy, folly, lust,
 Enervate and enfeeble, and needs must;
 And that a nation shamefully debased,
 Will be despised and trampled on at last;
 Unless sweet Penitence her powers renew;
 Is truth, if history itself be true.
 There is a time, and Justice marks the date,
 For long-forbearing clemency to wait;

That hour elapsed, the incurable revolt
 Is punished, and down comes the thunderbolt.
 If Mercy then put by the threat'ning blow,
 Must she perform the same kind office *now*?
 May she! and, if offended Heaven be still
 Accessible, and prayer prevail, she will.
 'Tis not, however, insolence and noise,
 The tempest of tumultuary joys,
 Nor is it yet despondence and dismay
 Will win her visits, or engage her stay;
 Prayer only, and the penitential tear,
 Can call her smiling down, and fix her here.

But when a country (one that I could name)
 In prostitution sinks the sense of shame :-
 When infamous Venality, grown bold;
 Writes on his bosom, *to be let or sold*;
 When Perjury, that Heaven-defying vice,
 Sells oaths by tale, and at the lowest price;
 Stamps God's own name upon a lie just made;
 To turn a penny in the way of trade;
 When Avarice starves (and never hides his face)
 Two or three millions of the human race,
 And not a tongue inquires, how, where, or when,
 Though conscience will have twinges now and then ;
 When profanation of the sacred cause
 In all its parts, times, ministry, and laws,
 Bespeaks a land, once Christian, fallen and lost;
 In all, that wars against the title most;
 What follows next let cities of great name,
 And regions long since desolate proclaim:
 Nineveh, Babylon, and ancient Rome,
 Speak to the present time, and times to come ;
 They cry aloud, in every careless ear,
 Stop, while ye may ; suspend your mad career ;
 Learn from our example and our fate,
 Learn wisdom and repentance ere too late.

Not only Vice disposes and prepares
 The mind, that slumbers sweetly in her snares,

To stoop to Tyranny's usurped command,
And bend her polished neck beneath his hand,
(A dire effect, by one of Nature's laws,
Unchangeably connected with its cause ;)
But Providence himself will intervene,
To throw his dark displeasure o'er the scene.
All are his instruments ; each form of war,
What burns at home, or threatens from afar,
Nature in arms, her elements at strife,
The storms that overset the joys of life,
Are but the rods to scourge a guilty land,
And waste it at the bidding of his hand.
He gives his word, and Mutiny soon roars
In all her gates, and shakes her distant shores ;
The standards of all nations are unfurled ;
She has one foe, and that one foe the world :
And, if he doom that people with a frown,
And mark them with a seal of wrath pressed down,
Obduracy takes place ; callous and tough,
The reprobated race grows judgment-proof :
Earth shakes beneath them, and Heaven roars above ;
But nothing scares them from the course they love.
To the lascivious pipe and wanton song,
That charm down fear, they frolic it along,
With mad rapidity and unconcern,
Down to the gulf, from which is no return.
They trust in navies, and their navies fail—
God's curse can cast away ten thousand sail !
They trust in armies, and their courage dies ;
In wisdom, wealth, in fortune, and in lies ;
But all they trust in withers, as it must,
When He commands, in whom they place no trust.
Vengeance at last pours down upon their coast
A long despised, but now victorious host ;
Tyranny sends the chain that must abridge
The noble sweep of all their privilege ;
Gives liberty the last, the mortal shock ;
Slips the slave's collar on, and snaps the lock.

A. Such lofty strains embellish what you teach ;
Mean you to prophesy, or but to preach ?

B. I know the mind, that feels indeed the fire
The muse imparts, and can command the lyre,
Acts with a force, and kindles with a zeal,
Whate'er the theme, that others never feel.
If human woes her soft attention claim,
A tender sympathy pervades the frame ;
She pours a sensibility divine
Along the nerve of every feeling line.
But if a deed, not tamely to be borne,
Fire indignation and a sense of scorn,
The strings are swept with a power so loud,
The storm of music shakes the astonished crowd.
So, when remote futurity is brought
Before the keen inquiry of her thought,
A terrible sagacity informs
The poet's heart ; he looks to distant storms ;
He hears the thunder ere the tempest lowers ;
And, armed with strength surpassing human powers,
Seizes events as yet unknown to man,
And darts his soul into the dawning plan.
Hence, in a Roman mouth, the graceful name
Of prophet and of poet was the same ;
Hence British poets too the priesthood shared,
And every hallowed druid was a bard.
But no prophetic fires to me belong ;
I play with syllables, and sport in song :

A. At Westminster, where little poets strive
To set a distich upon six and five,
Where discipline helps th' opening buds of sense,
And makes his pupils proud with silver pence,
I was a poet too ; but modern taste
Is so refined, and delicate, and chaste,
That verse, whatever fire the fancy warms,
Without a creamy smoothness has no charms.
Thus, all success depending on an ear,
And thinking I might purchase it too dear,

If sentiment was sacrificed to sound,
 And truth cut short to make a period round,
 I judg'd a man of sense could scarce do worse,
 Than caper in the morris-dance of verse.

B. Thus reputation is a spur to wit,
 And some wits flag through fear of losing it.
 Give me the line that ploughs its stately course
 Like a proud swan, conquering the stream by force,
 That, like some cottage beauty, strikes the heart,
 Quite unindebted to the tricks of art.
 When Labour and when Dulness, club in hand,
 Like the two figures at St. Dunstan's stand,
 Beating alternately, in measured time,
 The clock-work tintinabulum of rhyme,
 Exact and regular the sounds will be ;
 But such mere quarter-strokes are not for me.

From him, who rears a poem lank and long,
 To him who strains his all into a song ;
 Perhaps some bonny Caledonian air,
 All birks and braes, though he was never there ;
 Or, having whelped a prologue with great pains ;
 Feels himself spent, and fumbles for his brains ;
 A prologue interdashed with many a stroke—
 An art contrived to advertise a joke,
 So that the jest is clearly to be seen,
 Not in the words—but in the gap between :
 Manner is all in all, whate'er is writ,
 'The substitute for genius, sense, and wit.

'To dally much with subjects mean and low
 Proves that the mind is weak, or makes it so.
 Neglected talents rush into decay,
 And every effort ends in pushpin play.
 The man, that means success, should soar above
 A soldier's feather, or a lady's glove ;
 Else, summoning the muse to such a theme,
 The fruit of all her labour is whipped cream.
 As if an eagle flew aloft, and then—
 Stooped from its highest pitch to pounce a wren.

As if the poet, purposing to wed,
 Should carve himself a wife in gingerbread,
 Ages elapsed ere Homer's lamp appeared,
 And ages ere the Mantuan swan was heard.
 To carry nature lengths unknown before,
 To give a Milton birth, asked ages more.
 Thus Genius rose and set at ordered times,
 And shot a dayspring into distant climes,
 Ennobling every region that he chose ;
 He sunk in Greece, in Italy he rose :
 And tedious years of Gothic darkness past,
 Emerged, all splendour, in our isle at last.
 Thus lovely halcyons dive into the main,
 Then show far off their shining plumes again.

A. Is genius only found in epic lays ?
 Prove this, and forfeit all pretence to praise.
 Make their heroic powers your own at once,
 Or candidly confess yourself a dunce.

B. These were the chief: each interval of night
 Was graced with many an undulating light.
 In less illustrious bards his beauty shone
 A meteor, or a star ; in these the sun.

The nightingale may claim the topmost bough,
 While the poor grasshopper must chirp below.
 Like him unnoticed, I and such as I,
 Spread little wings, and rather skip than fly ;
 Perched on the meager produce of the land,
 An ell or two of prospect we command ;
 But never peep beyond the thorny bound
 Or oaken fence, that hems the paddock round.

In Eden, ere yet innocence of heart
 Had faded, poetry was not an art :
 Language, above all teaching, or, if taught,
 Only by gratitude and glowing thought,
 Elegant as simplicity, and warm
 As ecstasy, unmanacled by form ;
 Not prompted, as in our degenerate days,
 By low ambition and the thirst of praise ;

TABLE TALK.

28

Was natural as is the flowing stream,
 And yet magnificent. A God the theme !
 That theme on earth exhausted, though above
 'Tis found as everlasting as his love.
 Man lavished all his thoughts on human things—
 The feats of heroes, and the wrath of kings ;
 But still, while Virtue kindled his delight,
 The song was moral, and so far was right.
 'Twas thus, till Luxury seduced the mind
 To joys less innocent, as less refined ;
 Then genius danced a bacchanal ; he crowned
 The brimming goblet, seized the thyrsus, bound
 His brows with ivy, rushed into the field
 Of wild imagination, and there reeled,
 The victim of his own lascivious fires,
 And dizzy with delight, profaned the sacred wires.
 Anacreon, Horace played in Greece and Rome
 This bedlam part ; and others nearer home.
 When Cromwell fought for power, and while he reigned
 The proud protector of the power he gained,
 Religion, harsh, intolerant, austere,
 Parent of manners like herself severe,
 Drew a rough copy of the Christian face,
 Without the smile, the sweetness, or the grace ;
 The dark and sullen humour of the time
 Judged every effort of the muse a crime ;
 Verse, in the finest mould of fancy cast,
 Was lumber in an age so void of taste :
 But when the Second Charles assumed the sway,
 And arts revived beneath a softer day ;
 Then, like a bow long forced into a curve,
 The mind, released from too constrained a nerve,
 Flew to its first position with a spring,
 That made the vaulted roofs of pleasure ring.
 His court, the dissolute and hateful school
 Of Wantonness, where vice was taught by rule,
 Swarmed with a scribbling herd, as deep inlaid
 With brutal lust as ever Circe made.

From these a long succession, in the rage
 Of rank obscenity, debauched their age ;
 Nor ceased, till, ever anxious to redress
 The abuses of her sacred charge, the press,
 The muse instructed a well-nurtured train
 Of abler votaries to cleanse the stain,
 And claim the palm for purity of song,
 That Lewdness had usurped and worn so long.
 Then decent Plesantry and sterling Sense,
 That neither gave, nor would endure offence,
 Whipped out of sight, with satire just and keen,
 The puppy pack, that had defiled the scene.

In front of these came Addison. In him
 Humour in holiday and sightly trim,
 Sublimity and Attic taste combined,
 To polish, furnish, and delight the mind.
 Then Pope, as harmony itself exact,
 In verse well disciplined, complete, compact,
 Gave virtue and morality a grace,
 That, quite eclipsing Pleasure's painted face,
 Levied a tax of wonder and applause,
 Even on the fools that trampled on their laws.
 But he (his musical finesse was such,
 So nice his ear, so delicate his touch)
 Made poetry a mere mechanic art ;
 And every warbler has his tune by heart.
 Nature imparting her satiric gift,
 Her serious mirth, to Arbuthnot and Swift,
 With droll sobriety they raised a smile
 At folly's cost, themselves unmoved the while.
 That constellation set, the world in vain
 Must hope to look upon their like again.

A. Are we then left—B. Not wholly in the dark ;
 Wit now and then, struck smartly, shows a spark,
 Sufficient to redeem the modern race
 From total night and absolute disgrace.
 While servile trick and imitative knack
 Confine the million in the beaten track,

Perhaps some courser, who disdains the road,
Snuffs up the wind, and flings himself abroad.

Contemporaries all surpassed, see one ;
Short his career indeed, but ably run ;
Churchill, himself unconscious of his powers,
In penury consumed his idle hours ;
And, like a scattered seed at random sown,
Was left to spring by vigour of his own.
Lifted at length, by dignity of thought
And dint of genius, to an affluent lot,
He laid his head in Luxury's soft lap,
And took, too often, there his easy nap.
If brighter beams than all he threw not forth,
'Twas negligence in him, not want of worth.
Surly, and slovenly, and bold, and coarse,
Too proud for art, and trusting in mere force,
Spendthrift alike of money and of wit,
Always at speed, and never drawing bit,
He struck the lyre in such a careless mood,
And so disdained the rules he understood,
The laurel seemed to wait on his command,
He snatched it rudely from the Muses' hand.
Nature exerting an unwearied power,
Forms, opens, and gives scent to every flower ;
Spreads the fresh verdure of the fields, and leads
The dancing Naiads through the dewy meads :
She fills profuse ten thousand little throats
With music, modulating all their notes ;
And charms the woodland scenes, and wilds unknown,
With artless airs and concerts of her own ;
But seldom (as if fearful of expense)
Vouchsafes to man a poet's just pretence—
Fervency, freedom, fluency of thought,
Harmony, strength, words exquisitely sought ;
Fancy, that, from the bow that spans the sky,
Brings colours, dipped in Heaven, that never die ;
A soul exalted above Earth, a mind
Skilled in the characters that form mankind ;

And, as the Sun in rising beauty drest,
 Looks to the westward from the dappled east,
 And marks whatever clouds may interpose,
 Ere yet his race begins, its glorious close ;
 An eye like his to catch the distant goal ;
 Or, ere the wheels of verse begin to roll,
 Like his to shed illuminating rays
 On every scene and subject it surveys :
 Thus graced, the man asserts a poet's name,
 And the world cheerfully admits the claim.
 Pity Religion has so seldom found
 A skilful guide into poetic ground !
 The flowers would spring where'er she deigned to
 stray,
 And every muse attend her in her way.
 Virtue indeed meets many a rhyming friend,
 And many a compliment politely penned ;
 But unattired in that becoming vest
 Religion weaves for her, and half undrest,
 Stands in the desert, shivering and forlorn,
 A wintry figure, like a withered thorn.
 The shelves are full, all other themes are sped ;
 Hackneyed and worn to the last flimsy thread,
 Satire has long since done his best ; and curst
 And loathsome Ribaldry has done his worst ;
 Fancy has sported all her powers away
 In tales, in trifles, and in children's play ;
 And 'tis the sad complaint, and almost true,
 Whate'er we write, we bring forth nothing new.
 'Twere new indeed to see a bard all fire,
 Touched with a coal from Heaven, assume the lyre
 And tell the world, still kindling as he sung,
 With more than mortal music on his tongue,
 That He, who died below, and reigns above,
 Inspires the song, and that his name is Love.
 For, after all, if merely to beguile,
 By flowing numbers and a flowery style,
 The tædium that the lazy rich endure,

Which now and then sweet poetry may cure;
 Or, if to see the name of idle self,
 Stamped on the well-bound quarto, grace the shelf,
 To float a bubble on the breath of Fame,
 Prompt his endeavour and engage his aim;
 Debased to servile purposes of pride,
 How are the powers of genius misapplied !
 The gift, whose office is the Giver's praise,
 To trace him in his word, his works, his ways !
 Then spread the rich discovery, and invite
 Mankind to share in the divine delight ;
 Distorted from its use and just design,
 To make the pitiful possessor shine,
 To purchase, at the fool-frequented fair
 Of vanity, a wreath for self to wear,
 Is profanation of the basest kind—
 Proof of a trifling and a worthless mind,

A. Hail, Sternhold, then ! and Hopkins, hail !

B. Amen.

If flattery, folly, lust, employ the pen ;
 If acrimony, slander, and abuse,
 Give it a charge to blacken and traduce ;
 Though Butler's wit, Pope's numbers, Prior's ease,
 With all that fancy can invent to please,
 Adorn the polished periods as they fall,
 One madrigal of theirs is worth them all.

A. 'Twould thin the ranks of the poetic tribe,
 To dash the pen through all that you proscribe.

B. No matter—we could shift when they were
 not ;
 And should, no doubt, if they were all forgot.

THE PROGRESS OF ERROR.

Si quid loquar audiendum. Hor. Lib. iv. Od. 2.

SING, muse, (if such a theme, so dark, so long,
 May find a muse to grace it with a song,)
 By what unseen and unsuspected arts
 The serpent Error twines round human hearts ;
 Tell where she lurks, beneath what flowery shades,
 That not a glimpse of genuine light pervades,
 The poisonous, black, insinuating worm
 Successfully conceals her loathsome form.
 Take, if ye can, ye careless and supine,
 Counsel and caution from a voice like mine !
 Truths, that the theorist could never reach,
 And observation taught me, I would teach.

Not all, whose eloquence the fancy fills,
 Musical as the chime of tinkling rills,
 Weak to perform, though mighty to pretend,
 Can trace her mazy windings to their end ;
 Discern the fraud beneath the specious lure,
 Prevent the danger, or prescribe the cure.
 The clear harangue, and cold as it is clear,
 Falls soporific on the listless ear ;
 Like quicksilver, the rhetoric they display,
 Shines as it runs, but grasped at slips away.

Placed for his trial on this bustling stage,
 From thoughtless youth to ruminating age,
 Free in his will to choose or to refuse,
 Man may improve the crisis, or abuse ;
 Else on the fatalist's unrighteous plan,
 Say to what bar amenable were man ?
 With naught in charge, he could betray no trust ;
 And, if he fell, would fall because he must ;
 If Love reward him, or if Vengeance strike,
 His recompense in both unjust alike.
 Divine authority within his breast
 Brings every thought, word, action, to the test ;

Warns him or prompts, approves him or restrains,
 As Reason, or as Passion, takes the reins.
 Heaven from above, and Conscience from within,
 Cries in his startled ear—Abstain from sin !
 The world around solicits his desire,
 And kindles in his soul a treacherous fire,
 While, all his purposes and steps to guard;
 Peace follows Virtue as its sure reward ;
 And pleasure brings as surely in her train
 Remorse, and Sorrow, and vindictive Pain.

Man, thus endued with an elective voice,
 Must be supplied with objects of his choice ;
 Where'er he turns, enjoyment and delight,
 Or present, or in prospect meet his sight ;
 Those open on the spot their honeyed store,
 These call him loudly to pursuit of more..
 His unexhausted mind the sordid vice
 Avarice shows, and virtue is the price..
 Her various motives his ambition raise—
 Power, pomp, and splendour, and the thirst of praise ;
 There beauty woos him with expanded arms ;
 E'en Bacchanalian madness has its charms.

Nor these alone, whose pleasures less refined,
 Might well alarm the most unguarded mind,
 Seek to supplant his inexperienced youth,
 Or lead him devious from the path of truth ;
 Hourly allurements on his passions press,
 Safe in themselves, but dangerous in th' excess.

Hark ! how it floats upon the dewy air !
 O what a dying, dying close was there !
 'Tis harmony from yon sequestered bower,
 Sweet harmony that soothes the midnight hour !
 Long ere the charioteer, of day had run
 His morning course, th' enchantment was begun ;
 And he shall gild yon mountain's height again,
 Ere yet the pleasing toil becomes a pain.

Is this the rugged path, the steep ascent,
 That Virtue points to ? Can a life thus spent.

Lead to the bliss she promises the wise,
 Detach the soul from earth, and speed her to the skies ?
 Ye devotees to your adored employ,
 Enthusiasts, drunk with an unreal joy,
 Love makes the music of the blest above;
 Heaven's harmony is universal love :
 And earthly sounds, tho' sweet and well combined,
 And lenient as soft opiates to the mind,
 Leave Vice and Folly unsubdued behind.

Gray dawn appears ; the sportsman and his train
 Speckle the bosom of the distant plain ;
 'Tis he, the Nimrod of the neighbouring lairs ;
 Save that his scent is less acute than theirs ;
 For persevering chase, and headlong leaps,
 True beagle as the stanchest hound he keeps.
 Charged with the folly of his life's mad scene,
 He takes offence, and wonders what you mean ;
 The joy, the danger, and the toil o'er pays—
 'Tis exercise, and health, and length of days.
 Again impetuous to the field he flies ;
 Leaps every fence but one, there falls and dies ;
 Like a slain deer, the tumbrel brings him home,
 Unmissed but by his dogs and by his groom.

Ye clergy, while your orbit is your place,
 Lights of the world, and stars of human race ;
 But if eccentric ye forsake your sphere,
 Prodigies ominous, and viewed with fear ;
 The comet's baneful influence is a dream ;
 Yours, real and pernicious in th' extreme.
 What then !—are appetites and lusts laid down,
 With the same ease that man puts on his gown ?
 Will Avarice and concupiscence give place,
 Charmed by the sounds—Your Reverence, or Your
 Grace ?

No. But his own engagement binds him fast ;
 Or, if it does not, brands him to the last,
 What atheists call him—a designing knave,
 A mere church juggler, hypocrite, and slave.

Oh, laugh or mourn with me the rueful jest,
 A cassocked huntsman, and a fiddling priest !
 He from Italian songsters takes his cue :
 Let Paul to music, he shall quote him too.
 He takes the field, the master of the pack
 Cries—Well done, saint ! and claps him on the back.
 Is this the path of sanctity ? Is this
 To stand a waymark in the road to bliss ?
 Himself a wanderer from the narrow way,
 His silly sheep, what wonder if they stray ?
 Go, cast your orders at your bishop's feet,
 Send your dishonoured gown to Monmouth-street !
 The sacred function in your hands is made—
 Sad privilege ! no function, but a trade !

Occidus is a pastor of renown,
 When he has prayed and preached the sabbath down,
 With wire and catgut he concludes the day,
 Quavering and semiquavering care away,
 The full concerto swells upon your ear ;
 All elbows shake. Look in, and you would swear
 The Babylonian tyrant with a nod
 Had summoned them to serve his golden god.
 So well that thought th' employment seems to suit,
 Psaltery and sackbut, dulcimer and flute.

O fie ! 'tis evangelical and pure :
 Observe each face, how sober and demure !
 Ecstasy sets her stamp on every mien ;
 Chins fallen, and not an eyeball to be seen.
 Still I insist, though music heretofore
 Has charmed me much, (not e'en Occidus more,)
 Love, joy, and peace, make harmony more meet
 For sabbath evenings, and perhaps as sweet.

Will not the sickliest sheep of every flock
 Resort to this example as a rock ;
 There stand, and justify the foul abuse
 Of sabbath-hours with plausible excuse ?
 If apostolic gravity be free
 To play the fool on Sundays, why not we ?

If he the tinkling harpsichord regards
As inoffensive, what offence in cards ?
Strike up the fiddles, let us all be gay,
Laymen have leave to dance, if parsons play.

Oh Italy !—Thy sabbaths will be soon
Our sabbaths, closed with mummary and buffoon.
Preaching and pranks will share the motley scene,
Ours parcelled out, as thine have ever been,
God's worship and the mountebank between.
What says the prophet ? Let that day be blessed
With holiness and consecrated rest.
Pastime and business both it should exclude,
And bar the door the moment they intrude :
Nobly distinguished above all the six
By deeds, in which the world must never mix.
Hear him again. He calls it a delight,
A day of luxury observed aright,
When the glad soul is made Heaven's welcome guest,
Sits banqueting, and God provides the feast.
But triflers are engaged and cannot come ;
Their answer to the call is—*Not at home.*

O the dear pleasures of the velvet plain,
The painted tablets, dealt and dealt again !
Cards with what rapture, and the polished die,
The yawning chasm of indolence supply !
Then to the dance, and make the sober moon
Witness of joys that shun the sight of noon.
Blame, cynic, if you can, quadrille or ball,
The snug close party, or the splendid hall,
Where night, down-stooping from her ebon throne,
Views constellations brighter than her own.
'Tis innocent, and harmless, and refined,
The balm of care, Elysium of the mind.
Innocent ! Oh, if venerable Time
Slain at the foot of Pleasure be no crime,
Then, with his silver beard and magic wand,
Let Comus rise archbishop of the land ;
Let him your rubric and your feasts prescribe.

Grand metropolitan of all the tribe.

Of manners rough, and coarse athletic cast,
The rank debauch suits Clodio's filthy taste.

Rufillus, exquisitely formed by rule,
Not of the moral but the dancing school,

Wonders at Clodio's follies, in a tone
As tragical, as others at his own.

He cannot drink five bottles, bilk the score,
Then kill a constable, and drink five more ;

But he can draw a pattern, make a tart,
And has the ladies' etiquette by heart.

Go, fool ; and, arm in arm with Clodio, plead
Your cause before a bar you little dread ;

But know, the law that bids the drunkard die,
Is far too just to pass the trifle by.

Both baby-featured, and of infant size,
Viewed from a distance, and with heedless eyes,

Folly and Innocence are so alike,

The difference, though essential, fails to strike.

Yet Folly ever has a vacant stare,

A simpering countenance, and a trifling air ;

But Innocence, sedate, serene, erect,
Delights us, by engaging our respect.

Man, Nature's guest by invitation sweet,
Receives from her both appetite and treat ;

But, if he play the glutton and exceed,
His benefactress blushes at the deed ;

For Nature, nice, as liberal to dispense,
Made nothing but a brute the slave of sense.

Daniel ate pulse by choice—example rare !

Heaven bless'd the youth, and made him fresh and fair.

Gorgonius sits, abdominous and wan,

Like a fat squab upon a Chinese fan :

He snuffs far off the anticipated joy ;

Turtle and ven'son all his thoughts employ ;

Prepares for meals as jockeys take a sweat,

Oh nauseous !—an emetic for a whet !

Will Providence o'erlook the wasted good ?

Temperance were no virtue if he could.

That pleasures, therefore, or what such we call,
Are hurtful, is a truth confessed by all ;
And some, that seem to threaten virtue less,
Still hurtful in th' abuse, or by th' excess.

Is man then only for his torment placed
The centre of delights he may not taste ;
Like fabled Tantalus, condemned to hear
The precious stream still purling in his ear,
Lip-deep in what he longs for, and yet curst
With prohibition, and perpetual thirst ?
No, wrangler—destitute of shame and sense
The precept, that enjoins him abstinence,
Forbids him none but the licentious joy,
Whose fruit, though fair, tempts only to destroy.
Remorse, the fatal egg by Pleasure laid
In every bosom where her nest is made,
Hatched by the beams of Truth, denies him rest,
And proves a raging scorpion in his breast.
No pleasure ? Are domestic comforts dead ?
Are all the nameless sweets of friendship fled ;
Has time worn out, or fashion put to shame,
Good sense, good health, good conscience, and good
fame ?

All these belong to virtue, and all prove,
That virtue has a title to your love.

Have you no touch of pity, that the poor
Stand starved at your inhospitable door ?

Or if yourself too scantily supplied
Need help, let honest industry provide.

Earn, if you want ; if you abound, impart :

These both are pleasures to the feeling heart.

No pleasure ? Has some sickly eastern waste

Sent us a wind to parch us at a blast ?

Can British Paradise no scenes afford

To please her sated and indifferent lord ?

Are sweet philosophy's enjoyments run

Quite to the lees ? And has religion none ?

Brutes capable would tell you 'tis a lie,
 And judge you from the kennel and the sty.
 Delights like these, ye sensual and profane,
 Ye are bid, begged, besought to entertain ;
 Called to these crystal streams, do ye turn off
 Obscene to swill and swallow at a trough ?
 Envy the beast then, on whom Heaven bestows
 Your pleasures with no curses in the close.

Pleasure admitted in undue degré
 Enslaves the will, nor leaves the judgment free.
 'Tis not alone the grape's enticing juice
 Unnerves the moral powers, and mars their use ;
 Ambition, avarice, and the lust of fame,
 And woman, lovely woman, does the same.
 The heart, surrendered to the ruling power
 Of some ungoverned passion every hour,
 Finds by degrees the truths, that once bore sway,
 And all their deep impressions, wear away ;
 So coin grows smooth, in traffic current passed,
 Till Cæsar's image is effaced at last.

The breach, tho' small at first, soon opening wide,
 In rushes folly with a full-moon tide,
 Then welcome errors of whatever size,
 To justify ~~it~~ by a thousand lies.
 As creeping ivy clings to wood or stone,
 And hides the ruin that it feeds upon.
 So sophistry cleaves close to and protects
 Sin's rotten trunk, concealing its defects.
 Mortals, whose pleasures are their only care,
 First wish to be imposed on, and then are.
 And, lest the fulsome artifice should fail,
 Themselves will hide its coarseness with a veil.
 Not more industrious are the just and true,
 To give to Virtue what is Virtue's due—
 The praise of wisdom, comeliness, and worth,
 And call her charms to public notice forth—
 Than Vice's mean and disingenuous race,
 To hide the shocking features of her face.

Her form with dress and lotion they repair ;
Then kiss their idol, and pronounce her fair.

The sacred implement I now employ
Might prove a mischief or at best a toy ;
A trifle, if it move but to amuse ;
But, if to wrong the judgment and abuse,
Worse than the poniard in the basest hand,
It stabs at once the morals of a land.

Ye writers of what none with safety reads,
Footing it in the dance that Fancy leads ;
Ye novelists, who mar what ye would mend,
Snivelling and drivelling folly without end ;
Whose corresponding misses fill the ream,
With sentimental frippery and dream,
Caught in a delicate soft silken net
By some lewd earl, or rakehell baronet :
Ye pimps, who, under virtue's fair pretence,
Steal to the closet of young innocence,
And teach her, unexperienced yet and green,
To scribble as you scribbled at fifteen ;
Who kindling a combustion of desire,
With some cold moral think to quench the fire ;
Though all your engineering proves in vain,
The dribbling stream ne'er puts it out again :
O that a verse had power, and could command
Far, far away these flesh flies of the land ;
Who fasten without mercy on the fair,
And suck, and leave a craving maggot there !
Howe'er disguised the inflammatory tale,
And covered with a fine-spun specious veil ;
Such writers, and such readers, owe the gust
And relish of their pleasure all to lust.

But the muse, eagle-pinioned, has in view
A quarry more important still than you ;
Down, down the wind she swims, and sails away,
Now stoops upon it, and now grasps the prey.

Petronius ! all the muses weep for thee ;
But every tear shall scald thy memory :

The graces too, while Virtue at their shrine
Lay bleeding under that soft hand of thine,
Felt each a mortal stab in her own breast,
Abhorred the sacrifice, and cursed the priest.
Thou polished and high-finished foe to truth,
Graybeard corrupter of our listening youth.
To purge and skim away the filth of vice,
That so refined it might the more entice,
Then pour it on the morals of thy son ;
To taint *his* heart, was worthy of *thine own* !
Now, while the poison all high life pervades,
Write, if thou canst, one letter from the shades ;
One, and one only, charged with deep regret,
That thy worse part, thy principles, live yet :
One sad epistle thence may cure mankind
Of the plague spread by bundles left behind.

'Tis granted, and no plainer truth appears,
Our most important are our earliest years ;
The mind, impressible and soft, with ease
Imbibes and copies what she hears and sees,
And through life's labyrinth holds fast the clew
That Education gives her, false or true.
Plants raised with tenderness are seldom strong ;
Man's coltish disposition asks the thong ;
And without discipline, the favourite child,
Like a neglected forester, runs wild.
But we, as if good qualities would grow
Spontaneous, take but little pains to sow ;
We give some Latin, and a smatch of Greek ;
Teach him to fence and figure twice a week ;
And having done, we think, the best we can,
Praise his proficiency, and dub him man.

From school to Cam or Isis, and thence home ;
And thence with all convenient speed to Rome,
With reverend tutor clad in habit lay,
To tease for cash, and quarrel with all day ;
With memorandum-book for every town,
And every post, and where the chaise broke down

His stock, a few French phrases got by heart,
With much to learn, but nothing to impart ;
The youth obedient to his sire's commands,
Sets off a wanderer into foreign lands.
Surprised at all they meet, the gosling pair,
With awkward gait, stretched neck, and silly stare,
Discover huge cathedrals built with stone,
And steeples towering high much like our own ;
But show peculiar light by many a grin,
At popish practices observed within.

Ere long, some bowing, smirking, smart abbe
Remarks two loiterers that have lost their way ;
And being always primed with *politesse*
For men of their appearance and address,
With much compassion undertakes the task,
To tell them more than they have wit to ask ;
Points to inscriptions wheresoe'er they tread,
Such as, when legible, were never read,
But, being cankered now and half worn out,
Graze antiquarian brains with endless doubt ;
Some headless hero, or some Cæsar shows—
Defective only in his Roman nose ;
Exhibits elevations, drawings, plans,
Models of Herculean pots and pans ;
And sells them medals, which, if neither rare
Nor ancient, will be so, preserved with care.

Strange the recital ! from whatever cause
His great improvement and new light he draws,
The squire, once bashful, is shamefaced no more,
But teems with powers he never felt before :
Whether increased momentum, and the force
With which from clime to clime he sped his course,
(As axles sometimes kindle as they go)
Chafed him, and brought dull nature to a glow ;
Or whether clearer skies and softer air,
That make Italian flowers so sweet and fair,
Freshening his lazy spirits as he ran,
Unfolded genially and spread the man ;

Returning he proclaims by many a grace,
 By shrugs and strange contortions of his face,
 How much a dunce, that has been sent to roam
 Excels a dunce, that has been kept at home.
 Accomplishments have taken virtue's place,
 And wisdom falls before exterior grace :
 We slight the precious kernel of the stone,
 And toil to polish its rough coat alone.
 A just deportment, manners graced with ease,
 Elegant phrase, and figure formed to please,
 Are qualities, that seem to comprehend
 Whatever parents, guardians, schools intend ;
 Hence an unfurnished and a listless mind,
 Though busy, trifling ; empty, though refined ;
 Hence all that interferes, and dares to clash
 With indolence and luxury, is trash :
 While learning, once the man's exclusive pride,
 Seems verging fast towards the female side.
 Learning itself, received into a mind
 By nature weak, or viciously inclined,
 Serves but to lead philosophers astray,
 Where children would with ease discern the way,
 And of all arts sagacious dupes invent,
 To cheat themselves and gain the world's assent
 The worst is—Scripture warped from its intent.

The carriage bowls along, and all are pleased
 If Tom be sober, and the wheels well greased ;
 But if the rogue have gone a cup too far,
 Left out his linchpin, or forgot his tar,
 It suffers interruption and delay,
 And meets with hindrance in the smoothest way
 When some hypothesis, absurd and vain,
 Has filled with all its fumes a critic's brain,
 The text that sorts not with his darling whim,
 Though plain to others, is obscure to him.
 The will made subject to a lawless force,
 All is irregular and out of course ;
 And Judgment drunk, and bribed to lose his way,

Winks hard, and talks of darkness at noonday.

A critic on the sacred book should be
Candid and learned, dispassionate and free :
Free from the wayward bias bigots feel,
From fancy's influence, and intemperate zeal :
But, above all, (or let the wretch refrain,
Nor touch the page he cannot but profane,)
Free from the domineering power of lust ;
A lewd interpreter is never just.

How shall I speak thee, or thy power address,
Thou god of our idolatry, the Press ?
By thee religion, liberty, and laws,
Exert their influence, and advance their cause ;
By thee worse plagues than Pharaoh's land befel,
Diffuse, make Earth the vestibule of Hell :
Thou fountain, at which drink the good and wise ;
Thou ever-bubbling spring of endless lies ;
Like Eden's dread probationary tree,
Knowledge of good and evil is from thee.

No wild enthusiast ever yet could rest,
Till half mankind were like himself possessed,
Philosophers, who darken and put out
Eternal truth by everlasting doubt ;
Church quacks, with passions under no command,
Who fill the world with doctrines contraband,
Discoverers of they know not what, confined
Within no bounds—the blind that lead the blind ;
To streams of popular opinion drawn,
Deposit in those shallows all their spawn.
The wriggling fry soon fill the creeks around,
Poisoning the waters where their swarms abound.
Scorned by the nobler tenants of the flood,
Minnows and gudgeons gorge th' unwholesome food.
The propagated myriads spread so fast,
E'en Lewenhoeck himself would stand aghast,
Employed to calculate th' enormous sum,
And own his crab-computing powers o'ercome.
Is this hyperbole ? The word well known

Your sober thoughts will hardly find it one.

Fresh confidence the speculatist takes
From every hair-brained proselyte he makes ;
And therefore prints. Himself but half deceived,
Till others have the soothing tale believed.
Hence comment after comment, spun as fine
As bloated spiders draw the flimsy line :
Hence the same word, that bids our lusts obey,
Is misapplied to sanctify their sway.
If stubborn Greek refuse to be his friend,
Hebrew or Syriac shall be forced to bend :
If languages and copies all cry, No—
Somebody proved it centuries ago.
Like trout pursued, the critic in despair
Darts to the mud, and finds his safety there.
Women, whom custom has forbid to fly,
The scholar's pitch (the scholar best knows why,)
With all the simple and unlettered poor,
Admire his learning, and almost adore.
Whoever errs; the priest can ne'er be wrong,
With such fine words familiar to his tongue.
Ye ladies ! (for indifferent in your cause,
I should deserve to forfeit all applause,)
Whatever shocks or gives the least offence
To virtue, delicacy, truth, or sense,
Try the criterion, 'tis a faithful guide,
Nor has, nor can have, Scripture on its side.

None but an author knows an author's cares,
Or Fancy's fondness for the child she bears.
Committed once into the public arms,
The baby seems to smile with added charms.
Like something precious ventured far from shore,
'Tis valued for the danger's sake the more.
He views it with complacency supreme,
Solicits kind attention to his dream ;
And daily more enamoured of the cheat,
Kneels, and asks heaven to bless the dear deceit.
So one, whose story serves at least to show

Men loved their own productions long ago
Wooded an unfeeling statue for his wife,
Nor rested till the gods had given it life.
If some mere driveller suck the sugared fib,
One that still needs his leading-string and bib,
And praise his genius, he is soon repaid
In praise applied to the same part—his head :
For 'tis a rule that holds for ever true,
Grant me discernment, and I grant it you.

Patient of contradiction as a child,
Affable, humble, diffident, and mild ;
Such was Sir Isaac, and such Boyle and Locke :
Your blunderer is as sturdy as a rock.
The creature is so sure to kick and bite,
A muleteer's the man to set him right.
First appetite enlists him Truth's sworn foe,
Then obstinate Self-will confirms him so.
Tell him he wanders ; that his error leads
To fatal ills ; that, though the path he treads
Be flowery, and he sees no cause of fear,
Death and the pains of hell attend him there ;
In vain the slave of arrogance and pride :
He has no hearing on the prudent side.
His still refuted quirks he still repeats ;
New raised objections with new quibbles meets ;
Till sinking in the quicksand he defends,
He dies disputing, and the contest ends—
But not the mischiefs ; they, still left behind,
Like thistle-seeds, are sown by every wind.

Thus men go wrong with an ingenious skill ;
Bend the straight rule to their own crooked will ;
And with a clear and shining lamp supplied,
First put it out, then take it for a guide.
Halting on crutches of unequal size,
One leg by truth supported ; one by lies ;
They sidle to the goal with awkward pace,
Secure of nothing but to lose the race.
Faults in the life breed errors in the brain,

And these reciprocally those again.
 The mind and conduct mutually imprint
 And stamp their image in each other's mint :
 Each, sire and dam, of an infernal race,
 Begetting and conceiving all that's base.
 None sends his arrow to the mark in view,
 Whose hand is feeble, or his aim untrue.
 For though ere yet, the shaft is on the wing,
 Or when it first forsakes th' elastic string,
 It err but little from the intended line,
 It falls at last far wide of his design :
 So he who seeks a mansion in the sky,
 Must watch his purpose with a steadfast eye ;
 That prize belongs to none but the sincere ;
 The least obliquity is fatal here.

With cautious taste the sweet Circean cup :
 He that sips often, at last drinks it up.
 Habits are soon assumed ; but when we strive
 To strip them off, 'tis being flayed alive.
 Called to the temple of impure delight,
 He that abstains, and he alone, does right.
 If a wish wander that way, call it home ;
 He cannot long be safe whose wishes roam.
 But, if you pass the threshold you are caught ;
 Die then, if power almighty save you not.
 There hardening by degrees, till double steeled,
 Take leave of nature's God, and God revealed ;
 Then laugh at all you trembled at before ;
 And, joining the free-thinker's brutal roar
 Swallow the two grand nostrums they dispense—
 That Scripture lies, and blasphemy is sense :
 If clemency revolted by abuse
 Be damnable, then damned without excuse.

Some dream that they can silence, when they will,
 The storm of passion, and say, *Peace, be still* ;
 But "*Thus far and no further*," when addressed
 To the wild wave, or wilder human breast,
 Implies authority that never can,

That never ought to be the lot of man.

But, muse forbear ; long flights forbode a fall ;
Strike on the deep-toned chord the sum of all.

Hear the just law—the judgment of the skies !

He that hates truth shall be the dupe of lies :

And he that *will* be cheated to the last,

Delusions strong as Hell shall bind him fast.

But if the wanderer his mistake discern,

Judge his own ways, and sigh for a return,

Bewildered once, must he bewail his loss

For ever and for ever ? No—the cross !

There and there only (though the deist rave,

An atheist, if earth bear so base a slave ;)

There and there only is the power to save.

There no delusive hope invites despair ;

No mockery meets you, no deception there.

The spells and charms, that blinded you before,

All vanish there, and fascinate no more.

I am no preacher, let this hint suffice—

The cross once seen is death to every vice :

Else he that hung there suffered all his pain,

Bled, groaned, and agonized, and died, in vain.

TRUTH.

Pensantur trutina.——*Her. Lib. ii. Epist. 1.*

MAN, on the dubious waves of error tossed,

His ship half-foundered, and his compass lost,

Sees, far as human optics may command,

A sleeping fog, and fancies it dry land :

Spreads all his canvass, every sinew plies ;

Pants for 't, aims at it, enters it, and dies !

Then farewell all self-satisfying schemes,

His well-built systems, philosophic dreams ;

Deceitful views of future bliss farewell !—

He reads his sentence at the flames of Hell.

Hard lot of man—to toil for the reward

Of virtue, and yet lose it ! Wherefore hard ?
He that would win the race must guide his horse
Obedient to the customs of the course ;
Else, though unequalled to the goal he flies,
A meaner than himself shall gain the prize.
Grace leads the right way ; if you choose the wrong
Take it and perish ; but restrain your tongue ;
Charge not, with light sufficient, and left free,
Your wilful suicide on God's decree.

O how unlike the complex works of man,
Heaven's easy, artless, unincumbered plan !
No meretricious graces to beguile,
No clustering ornaments to clog the pile ;
From ostentation as from weakness free,
It stands like the cerulean arch we see,
Majestic in its own simplicity.
Inscribed above the portal, from afar
Conspicuous as the brightness of a star,
Legible only by the light they give,
Stand the soul-quick'ning words—*Believe and live.*
Too many, shocked at what should charm them most
Despise the plain direction, and are lost.
Heaven on such terms ! (they cry with proud disdain,)
Incredible, impossible, and vain !—
Rebel, because 'tis easy to obey ;
And scorn, for its own sake, the gracious way.
These are the sober, in whose cooler brains
Some thought of immortality remains ;
The rest, too busy or too gay to wait
On the sad theme, their everlasting state,
Sport for a day, and perish in a night,
The foam upon the waters not so light.
Who judged the pharisee ? What odious cause
Exposed him to the vengeance of the laws ?
Had he seduced a virgin, wronged a friend,
Or stabbed a man to serve some private end ?
Was blasphemy his sin ? Or did he stray
From the strict duties of the sacred day ?

Sit long and late at the carousing board ?
 (Such were the sins with which he charged his Lord.)
 No—the man's morals were exact, what then ?

'Twas his ambition to be seen of men ;
 His virtues were his pride ; and that one vice
 Made all his virtues gewgaws of no price ;
 He wore them as fine trappings for a show,
 A praying, synagogue-frequenting beau.

The self-applauding bird, the peacock see—
 Mark what a sumptuous pharisee is he !
 Meridian sun-beams tempt him to unfold
 His radiant glories, azure, green, and gold :
 He treads as if, some solemn music near,
 His measured step were governed by his ear :
 And seems to say—Ye meaner fowl, give place,
 I am all splendour, dignity, and grace !

Not so the pheasant on his charms presumes,
 Though he too has a glory in his plumes.
 He, Christian like, retreats with modest mien
 To the close copse, or far-sequestered green,
 And shines without desiring to be seen.
 The plea of works, as arrogant and vain,
 Heaven turns from with abhorrence and disdain ;
 Not more affronted by avowed neglect,
 Than by the mere dissembler's feigned respect.
 What is all righteousness that men devise ?
 What—but a sordid bargain for the skies ?

But Christ as soon would abdicate his own,
 As stoop from Heaven to sell the proud a throne.

His dwelling a recess in some rude rock,
 Book, beads, and maple dish, his meager stock
 In shirt of hair, and weeds of canvass, dressed,
 Girt with a bell-rope that the pope has blessed ;
 Adust with stripes told out for every crime,
 And sore tormented long before his time ;
 His prayer preferred to saints' that cannot aid ;
 His praise postponed, and never to be paid ;
 See the sage hermit, by mankind admired,

With all that bigotry adopts inspired,
 Wearing out life in his religious whim,
 Till his religious whimsy wears out him.
 His works, his abstinence, his zeal allowed,
 You think him humble—God accounts him proud,
 High in demand, though lowly in pretence,
 Of all his conduct this the genuine sense—
 My penitential stripes, my streaming blood,
 Have purchased Heaven and prove my title good.

Turn Eastward now, and Fancy shall apply
 To your weak sight her telescopic eye.
 The bramin kindles on his own bare head
 The sacred fire, self-torturing his trade ;
 His voluntary pains, severe and long,
 Would give a barbarous air to British song ;
 No grand inquisitor could worse invent,
 Than he contrives to suffer, well content.

Which is the saintlier worthy of the two ?
 Past all dispute, yon anchorite say you.
 Your sentence and mine differ. What's a name ?
 I say the bramin has the fairer claim.
 If sufferings, Scripture nowhere recommends,
 Devised by self to answer selfish ends,
 Give saintship, then all Europe must agree
 Ten starveling hermits suffer less than he.

The truth is (if the truth may suit your ear,
 And prejudice have left a passage clear,)
 Pride has attained its most luxuriant growth,
 And poisoned every virtue in them both.
 Pride may be pampered while the flesh grows lean ;
 Humility may clothe an English dean ;
 That grace was Cowper's—his, confessed by all—
 Though placed in golden Durham's second stall.
 Not all the plenty of a bishop's board,
 His palace, and his lackeys, and "My Lord,"
 More nourish pride, that condescending vice,
 Than abstinence, and beggary, and lice ;
 It thrives in misery, and abundant grows :

In misery fools upon themselves impose.

But why before us protestants produce
An Indian mystic, or a French recluse ?
Their sin is plain ; but what have we to fear,
Reformed and well instructed ? You shall hear.

Yon ancient prude, whose withered features show
She might be young some forty years ago,
Her elbows pinioned close upon her hips,
Her head erect, her fan upon her lips,
Her eye-brows arched, her eyes both gone astray
To watch yon amorous couple in their play,
With bony and unkerchiefed neck defies
The rude inclemency of wintry skies,
And sails with lappet-head and mincing airs
Duly at clink of bell to morning prayers.
To thrift and parsimony much inclined,
She yet allows herself that boy behind ;
The shivering urchin, bending as he goes,
With slipshod heels, and dewdrop at his nose ;
His predecessor's coat advanced to wear,
Which future pages yet are doomed to share,
Carries her Bible tucked beneath his arm,
And hides his hands to keep his fingers warm.

She, half an angel in her own account,
Doubts not hereafter with the saints to mount,
Though not a grace appears on strictest search,
But that she fasts, and *item*, goes to church.
Conscious of age, she recollects her youth,
And tells, not always with an eye to truth,
Who spanned her waist, and who, where'er he came,
Scrawled upon glass Miss Bridget's lovely name ;
Who stole her slipper, filled it with tokay,
And drank the little bumper every day.
Of temper as envenomed as an asp,
Censorious, and her every word a wasp ;
In faithful memory she records the crimes,
Or real or fictitious, of the times ;
Laughs at the reputations she has torn,

And holds them dangling at arm's length in scorn.

Such are the fruits of sanctimonious pride,
Of malice fed while flesh is mortified :
Take, Madam, the reward of all your prayers,
Where hermits and where bramins meet with theirs;
Your portion is with them.—Nay, never frown,
But, if you please, some fathoms lower down.

Artist attend—your brushes and your paint—
Produce them—take a chair—now draw a saint.
Oh sorrowful and sad ! the streaming tears
Channel her cheeks—a Niobe appears !
Is this a saint ? Throw tints and all away—
True piety is cheerful as the day,
Will weep indeed and heave a pitying groan
For others' woes, but smiles upon her own.

What purpose has the King of saints in view ?
Why falls the Gospel like a gracious dew ?
To call up plenty from the teeming earth,
Or curse the desert with a tenfold dearth ?
Is it that Adam's offspring may be saved
From servile fear, or be the more enslaved ?
To loose the links that galled mankind before,
Or bind them faster on, and add still more ?
The freeborn Christian has no chains to prove,
Or, if a chain, the golden one of love ;
No fear attends to quench his glowing fires,
What fear he feels, his gratitude inspires.
Shall he, for such deliverance freely wrought,
Recompense ill ? He trembles at the thought.
His Master's interest and his own combined,
Prompt every movement of his heart and mind :
Thought, word, and deed his liberty evince,
His freedom is the freedom of a prince.

Man's obligations infinite, of course
His life should prove that he perceives their force ;
His utmost he can render is but small—
The principle and motive all in all.
You have two servants—Tom, an arch, sly rogue,

From top to toe the Geta now in vogue,
 Genteel in figure, easy in address,
 Moves without noise, and swift as an express ;
 Reports a message with a pleasing grace,
 Expert in all the duties of his place ;
 Say, on what hinge does his obedience move ?
 Has he a world of gratitude and love ?
 No, not a spark—'tis all mere sharper's play ;
 He likes your house, your housemaid and your pay ;
 Reduce his wages or get rid of her,
 Tom quits you, with—Your most obedient, Sir. .

The dinner served, Charles takes his usual stand,
 Watches your eye, anticipates command.
 Sighs if perhaps your appetite should fail ;
 And, if he but suspects a frown, turns pale ;
 Consults all day your interest and your ease,
 Richly rewarded if he can but please ;
 And, proud to make his firm attachment known,
 To save your life would nobly risk his own.

Now which stands highest in your serious thought?
 Charles, without doubt, say you—and so he ought ;
 One act, that from a thankful heart proceeds,
 Excels ten thousand mercenary deeds.

Thus Heaven approves, as honest and sincere,
 The work of generous love and filial fear ;
 But with averted eyes th' omniscient Judge
 Scorns the base hireling, and the slavish drudge.
 Where dwell these matchless saints?—old Curio cries,
 E'en at your side, Sir, and before your eyes,
 The favoured few—th' enthusiasts you despise.
 And pleased at heart, because on holy ground
 Sometimes a canting hypocrite is found,
 Reproach a people with his single fall,
 And cast his filthy garment at them all.
 Attend !—an apt similitude shall show,
 Whence springs the conduct that offends you so.

See where it smokes along the sounding plain,
 Blown all aslant, a driving, dashing rain,

Peal upon peal redoubling all around,
Shakes it again and faster to the ground ;
Now flashing wide, now glancing as in play,
Swift beyond thought the lightnings dart away ;
Ere yet it came the traveller urged his steed,
And hurried, but with unsuccessful speed ;
Now drenched throughout, and hopeless of his case,
He drops the rein, and leaves him to his pace.
Suppose, unlooked for in a scene so rude,
Long hid by interposing hill or wood,
Some mansion, neat and elegantly dressed,
By some kind hospitable heart possessed,
Offer him warmth, security, and rest ;
Think with what pleasure, safe and at his ease,
He hears the tempest howling in the trees ;
What glowing thanks his lips and heart employ,
While danger past is turned to present joy.
So fares it with the sinner, when he feels
A growing dread of vengeance at his heels :
His conscience, like a glassy lake before,
Lashed into foaming waves, begins to roar ;
The law grown clamorous, though silent long,
Arraigns him—charges him with every wrong—
Asserts the rights of his offended Lord,
And death or restitution is the word :
The last impossible, he fears the first,
And, having well deserved, expects the worst,
Then welcome refuge, and a peaceful home ;
Oh for a shelter from the wrath to come !
Crush me, ye rocks ! ye falling mountains hide,
Or bury me in ocean's angry tide.
The scrutiny of those all-seeing eyes
I dare not—And you need not, God replies ;
The remedy you want I freely give :
The Book shall teach you—read, believe, and live !
'Tis done—the raging storm is heard no more,
Mercy receives him on her peaceful shore :
And Justice, guardian of the dread command,

Drops the red vengeance from his willing hand.
 A soul redeemed demands a life of praise ;
 Hence the complexion of his future days,
 Hence a demeanour holy and unspecked,
 And the world's hatred, as its sure effect.

Some lead a life unblameable and just,
 Their own dear virtue their unshaken trust ;
 They never sin—or if (as all offend)
 Some trivial slips their daily walk attend,
 The poor are near at hand, the charge is small,
 A slight gratuity atones for all.
 For though the pope has lost his interest here,
 And pardons are not sold as once they were,
 No papist more desirous to compound,
 Than some grave sinners upon English ground.
 That plea refuted, other quirks they seek—
 Mercy is infinite, and man is weak ;
 The future shall obliterate the past,
 And Heaven no doubt shall be their home at last.

Come then—a still, small whisper in your ear—
 He has no hope who never had a fear ;
 And he that never doubted of his state,
 He may perhaps—perhaps he may—too late.

The path to bliss abounds with many a snare ;
 Learning is one, and wit, however rare.
 The Frenchman, first in literary fame,
 (Mention him if you please.) Voltaire ?—The same
 With spirit, genius, eloquence, supplied,
 Lived long, wrote much, laughed heartily, and die
 The scripture was his jest-book, whence he drew
Bon mots to gall the Christian and the Jew ;
 An infidel in health, but what when sick ?
 Oh—then a text would touch him at the quick :
 View him at Paris in his last career,
 Surrounding throngs the demi-god revere ;
 Exalted on his pedestal of pride,
 And fumed frankincense on every side,
 He begs their flattery with his latest breath,

And smothered in 't at last, is praised to death.
 • Yon cottager, who weaves at her own door,
 Pillow and bobbins all her little store ;
 Content though mean, and cheerful if not gay,
 Shuffling her threads about the livelong day,
 Just earns a scanty pittance, and at night,
 Lies down secure, her heart and pocket light ;
 She, for her humble sphere by nature fit,
 (Has little understanding, and no wit,
 Receives no praise ; but, though her lot be such,
 Toilsome and indigent) she renders much ;
 Just knows, and knows no more, her Bible true
 A truth the brilliant Frenchman never knew ;
 And in that charter reads with sparkling eyes
 Her title to a treasure in the skies.
 Oh happy peasant ! Oh unhappy bard !
 His the mere tinsel, hers the rich reward ;
 He praised perhaps for ages yet to come,
 She never heard of half a mile from home :
 He lost in errors his vain heart prefers,
 She safe in the simplicity of hers.

Not many wise, rich, noble, or profound
 In science, win one inch of heavenly ground.
 And is it not a mortifying thought
 The poor should gain it, and the rich should not ?
 No—the voluptuaries, who ne'er forget
 One pleasure lost, lose Heaven without regret ;
 Regret would rouse them, and give birth to prayer ;
 Prayer would add faith, and faith would fix them
 there.

Not that the Former of us all, in this,
 Or aught he does is governed by caprice ;
 The supposition is replete with sin,
 And bears the brand of blasphemy burnt in.
 Not so—the silver trumpet's heavenly call
 Sounds for the poor, but sounds alike for all : —be
 Kings are invited, and would kings obey,
 No slaves on earth more welcome were than they :

But royalty, nobility, and state,
 Are such a dead preponderating weight,
 That endless bliss (how strange soe'er it seem)
 In counterpoise, flies up and kicks the beam.
 'Tis open ! and ye cannot enter—why ?
 Because ye will not, Conyers would reply—
 And he says much that many may dispute,
 And cavil at with ease, but none refute.
 O blessed effect of penury and want ;
 The seed sown there how vigorous is the plant
 No soil like poverty for growth divine,
 As leanest land supplies the richest wine.
 Earth gives too little, giving only bread,
 To nourish pride, or turn the weakest head :
 To them the sounding jargon of the schools
 Seems what it is—a cap and bells for fools :
 The light they walked by, kindled from above,
 Shows them the shortest way to life and love :
 They, strangers to the controversial field,
 Where deists, always foiled, yet scorn to yield,
 And never checked by what impedes the wise,
 Believe, rush forward, and possess the prize.
 Envy, ye great, the dull unlettered small :
 Ye have much cause for envy—but not all.
 We boast some rich ones whom the Gospel sways,
 And one who wears a coronet and prays ;
 Like gleanings of an olive tree they show,
 Here and there one upon the topmost bough.
 How readily upon the gospel plan,
 That question has its answer—What is man ?
 Sinful and weak, in every sense a wretch ;
 An instrument, whose chords upon the stretch,
 And strained to the last screw that he can bear,
 Yield only discord in his Maker's ear :
 Once the blest residence of truth divine,
 Glorious as Solyma's interior shrine,
 Where, in his own oracular abode,
 Dwelt visibly the light-creating God ;

But made long since, like Babylon of old,
A den of mischiefs never to be told :
And she, once mistress of the realms around,
Now scattered wide, and nowhere to be found,
As soon shall rise and reascend the throne,
By native power and energy her own,
As Nature, at her own peculiar cost,
Restore to man the glories he has lost.
Go—bid the winter cease to chill the year,
Replace the wand'ring comet in his sphere,
Then boast (but wait for that unhop'd for hour)
The self-restoring arm of human power ;
But what is man in his own proud esteem ?
Hear him—himself the poet and the theme :
A monarch clothed with majesty and awe,
His mind his kingdom, and his will his law,
Grace in his mien, and glory in his eyes,
Supreme on earth, and worthy of the skies,
Strength in his heart, dominion in his nod,
And, thunderbolts excepted, quite a God !
So sings he, charmed with his own mind and form,
The song magnificent—the theme a worm !
Himself so much the source of his delight,
His Maker has no beauty in his sight.
See where he sits, contemplative and fixed,
Pleasure and wonder in his features mixed,
His passions tamed and all at his control
How perfect the composure of his soul !
Complacency has breathed a gentle gale
O'er all his thoughts, and swelled his easy sail :
His books well trimmed and in the gayest style,
Like regimental coxcombs, rank and file,
Adorn his intellects as well as shelves,
And teach him notions splendid as themselves :
The Bible only stands neglected there,
Though that of all most worthy of his care ;
And, like an infant troublesome awake,
Is left to sleep for peace and quiet's sake.

What shall the man deserve of human kind,
Whose happy skill and industry combined
Shall prove (what argument could never yet)
The Bible an imposture and a cheat ?
The praises of the libertine professed,
The worst of men, and curses of the best.
Where should the living, weeping o'er his woes ;
The dying, trembling at the awful close ;
Where the betrayed, forsaken, and oppressed,
The thousands whom the world forbids to rest ;
Where should they find (those comforts at an end
The Scripture yields,) or hope to find, a friend ?
Sorrow might muse herself to madness then,
And, seeking exile from the sight of men,
Bury herself in solitude profound,
Grow frantic with her pangs, and bite the ground.
Thus often Unbelief, grown sick of life,
Flies to the tempting pool, or felon knife.
The jury meet, the coroner is short,
And lunacy the verdict of the court :
Reverse the sentence, let the truth be known,
Such lunacy is ignorance alone ;
They knew not, what some bishops may not know,
That scripture is the only cure of wo ;
That field of promise, how it flings abroad
Its odour o'er the Christian's thorny road !
The soul, reposing on assured relief,
Feels herself happy amidst all her grief,
Forgets her labour as she toils along,
Weeps tears of joy, and bursts into a song.
But the same word, that, like the polished share,
Ploughs up the roots of a believer's care,
Kills too the flow'ry weeds, where'er they grow,
That bind the sinner's Bacchanalian brow.
Oh that unwelcome voice of heavenly love,
Sad messenger of mercy from above.
How does it grate upon his thankless ear,
Crippling his pleasures with the cramp of fear !

His will and judgment at continual strife,
That civil war imbitters all his life :
In vain he points his powers against the skies,
In vain he closes or averts his eyes,
Truth will intrude—she bids him yet beware ;
And shakes the sceptic in the scorner's chair.

Though various foes against the truth combine,
Pride above all opposes her design ;
Pride, of a growth superior to the rest,
The subtlest serpent with the loftiest crest,
Swells at the thought, and, kindling into rage,
Would hiss the cherub Mercy from the stage.

And is the soul indeed so lost ?—she cries,
Fallen from her glory, and too weak to rise ?
Torpida and dull beneath a frozen zone,
Has she no spark that may be deemed her own ?
Grant her indebted to what zealots call
Grace undeserved, yet surely not for all—
Some beams of rectitude she yet displays,
Some love of virtue, and some power to praise ;
Can lift herself above corporeal things,
And, soaring on her own unborrowed wings,
Possess herself of all that's good or true,
Assert the skies, and vindicate her due.
Past indiscretion is a venial crime,
And if the youth, unmellowed yet by time,
Bore on his branch, luxuriant then and rude,
Fruits of a blighted size, austere and crude,
Maturer years shall happier stores produce,
And meliorate the well-concocted juice.
Then, conscious of her meritorious zeal,
To justice she may make her bold appeal,
And leave to mercy, with a tranquil mind,
The worthless and unfruitful of mankind.
Hear then how mercy, slighted and defied,
Retorts the affront against the crown of Pride.
Perish the virtue, as it ought, abhorred,
And the fool with it who insults his Lord.

The atonement, a Redeemer's love has wrought,
Is not for you—the righteous need it not.
Seest thou yon harlot, wooing all she meets,
The worn-out nuisance of the public streets,
Herself from morn to night, from night to morn,
Her own abhorrence, and as much your scorn ;
The gracious shower, unlimited and free,
Shall fall on her, when Heaven denies it thee.
Of all that wisdom dictates, this the drift,
That man is dead in sin, and life a gift.
Is virtue, then, unless of Christian growth,
Mere fallacy, or foolishness, or both ?
Ten thousand sages lost in endless wo,
For ignorance of what they could not know ?
That speech betrays at once a bigot's tongue,
Charge not a God with such outrageous wrong.
Truly not I—the partial light men have,
My creed persuades me, well-employed, may save :
While he that scorns the noonday beam, perverse,
Shall find the blessing unimproved a curse.
Let heathen worthies, whose exalted mind
Left sensuality and dross behind,
Possess for me their undisputed lot,
And take unenvied the reward they sought.
But still in virtue of a Saviour's plea,
Not blind by choice, but destined not to see.
Their fortitude and wisdom were a flame
Celestial, though they knew not whence it came,
Derived from the same source of light and grace,
That guides the Christian in his swifter race ;
Their judge was conscience, and her rule their law,
That rule, pursued with reverence and with awe,
Led them, however faltering, faint, and slow,
From what they knew, to what they wished to know.
But let not him, that shares a brighter day
Traduce the splendour of a noontide ray,
Prefer the twilight of a darker time,
And deem his base stupidity no crime :

The wretch, who slights the bounties of the skies
And sinks, while favoured with the means to rise,
Shall find them rated at their full amount ;
The good he scorned all carried to account.

Marshaling all his terrors as he came,
Thunder, and earthquake, and devouring flame,
From Sinai's top Jehovah gave the law,
Life for obedience, death for every flaw.
When the great Sovereign would his will express,
He gives a perfect rule ; what can he less ?
And guards it with a sanction as severe
As vengeance can inflict, or sinners fear :
Else his own glorious rights he would disclaim,
And man might safely trifle with his name.
He bids him glow with unremitting love
To all on earth, and to himself above ;
Condemns the injurious deed, the sland'rous tongue,
The thought that meditates a brother's wrong ;
Brings not alone the more conspicuous part,
His conduct, to the test, but tries his heart.

Hark ! universal nature shook and groaned,
'Twas the last trumpet—see the judge enthroned ;
Rouse all your courage at your utmost need,
Now summon every virtue, stand and plead.
What ! silent ? Is your boasting heard no more ?
That self-renouncing wisdom, learned before,
Had shed immortal glories on your brow,
That all your virtues cannot purchase now.

All joy to the believer ! He can speak—
Trembling yet happy, confident yet meek.

Since the dear hour, that brought me to thy foot,
And cut up all my follies by the root,
I never trusted in an arm but thine,
Nor hoped, but in thy righteousness divine :
My prayers and alms, imperfect and defiled,
Were but the feeble efforts of a child ;
Howe'er performed, it was their brightest part,
That they proceeded from a grateful heart :.

Cleansed in thine own all purifying blood;
 Forgive their evil, and accept their good;
 I cast them at thy feet—my only plea
 Is what it was, dependence upon thee;
 While struggling in the vale of tears below,
 That never failed, nor shall it fail me now.

Angelic gratulations rend the skies,
 Pride falls unpitied, never more to rise,
 Humility is crowned, and Faith receives the prize.

EXPOSTULATION.

*Tantane tam patiens, nullo certamine tolli
 Dona sines? Virg. Æn. Lib. V.*

WHY weeps the muse for England? What appears
 In England's case, to move the muse to tears?
 From side to side of her delightful isle
 Is she not clothed with a perpetual smile?
 Can nature add a charm, or art confer
 A new-found luxury not seen in her?
 Where under heaven is pleasure more pursued,
 Or where does cold reflection less intrude?
 Her fields a rich expanse of wavy corn,
 Poured out from plenty's overflowing horn;
 Ambrosial gardens, in which art supplies
 The fervour and the force of Indian skies;
 Her peaceful shores, where busy commerce waits
 To pour his golden tide through all her gates;
 Whom fiery suns, that scorch the russet spice
 Of eastern groves, and oceans floored with ice,
 Forbid in vain to push his daring way
 To darker climes, or climes of brighter day;
 Whom the winds waft where'er the billows roll,
 From the world's girdle to the frozen pole;
 The chariots bounding in her wheel-worn streets,
 Her vaults below, where every vintage meets;
 Her theatres, her revels, and her sports;

The scenes to which not youth alone resorts,
But age, in spite of weakness and of pain,
Still haunts, in hope to dream of youth again ;
All speak her happy : let the Muse look round
From East to West, no sorrow can be found ;
Or only what, in cottages confined,
Sighs unregarded to the passing wind.
Then wherefore weep for England ? What appears
In England's case to move the muse to tears ?

The prophet wept for Israel ; wished his eyes
Were fountains fed with infinite supplies ;
For Israel dealt in robbery and wrong ;
There were the scorner's and the slanderer's tongue.
Oaths, used as playthings or convenient tools,
As interest bias'd knaves, or fashion fools ;
Adultery, neighing at his neighbour's door ;
Oppression, lab'ring hard to grind the poor ;
The partial balance, and deceitful weight ;
The treacherous smile, a mask for secret hate ;
Hypocrisy, formality in prayer,
And the dull service of the lip were there.
Her women, insolent and self-caressed,
By Vanity's unwearied finger dressed,
Forgot the blush that virgin fears impart
To modest cheeks, and borrowed one from art ;
Were just such trifles, without worth or use,
As silly pride and idleness produce ;
Curled, scented, furbelowed, and flounced around,
With feet too delicate to touch the ground,
They stretched the neck, and rolled the wanton eye,
And sighed for every fool that fluttered by.

He saw his people slaves to every lust,
Lewd, avaricious, arrogant, unjust :
He heard the wheels of an avenging God
Groan heavily along the distant road ;
Saw Babylon set wide her two-leaved brass
To let the military deluge pass ;
Jerusalem a prey, her glory soiled,

Her princes captive, and her treasures spoiled;
Wept till all Israel heard his bitter cry,
Stamped with his foot, and smote upon his thigh :
But wept, and stamped, and smote his thigh in vain;
Pleasure is deaf when told of future pain,
And sounds prophetic are too rough to suit
Ears long accustomed to the pleasing lute ;
They scorned his inspiration and his theme,
Pronounced him frantic, and his fears a dream ;
With self-indulgence winged the fleeting hours,
Till the foe found them, and down fell their towers.

Long time Assyria bound them in her chain,
Till penitence had purged the public stain,
And Cyrus, with relenting pity moved,
Returned them happy to the land they loved ;
There, proof against prosperity, awhile
They stood the test of her ensnaring smile,
And had the grace in scenes of peace to show
The virtue they had learned in scenes of wo.
But man is frail, and can but ill sustain
A long immunity from grief and pain ;
And after all the joys that Plenty leads,
With tiptoe step Vice silently succeeds.

When he that ruled them with a shepherd's rod,
In form a man, in dignity a God,
Came, not expected in that humble guise,
To sift and search them with unerring eyes,
He found, concealed beneath a fair outside,
The filth of rottenness, and worm of pride ;
Their piety a system of deceit,
Scripture employed to sanctify the cheat ;
The Pharisee the dupe of his own art,
Self-idolized, and yet a knave at heart.

When nations are to perish in their sins,
'Tis in the church the leprosy begins ;
The priest, whose office is with zeal sincere
To watch the fountain, and preserve it clear,
Carelessly nods and sleeps upon the brink,

While others poison what the flock must drink ;
 Or, waking at the call of lust alone,
 Infuses lies and errors of his own :
 His unsuspecting sheep believe it pure ;
 And, tainted by the very means of cure,
 Catch from each other a contagious spot,
 The foul fore-runner of a general rot.
 Then Truth is hushed, that Heresy may preach :
 And all is trash, that Reason cannot reach :
 Then God's own image on the soul impressed,
 Becomes a mock'ry, and a standing jest ;
 And faith, the root whence only can arise
 The graces of a life that wins the skies,
 Loses at once all value and esteem,
 Pronounced by gray-beards a pernicious dream ;
 Then Ceremony leads her bigots forth,
 Prepared to fight for shadows of no worth :
 While truths, on which eternal things depend,
 Find not, or hardly find, a single friend ;
 As soldiers watch the signal of command,
 They learn to bow, to kneel, to sit, to stand ;
 Happy to fill Religion's vacant place
 With hollow form, and gesture, and grimace.

Such, when the Teacher of his church was there,
 People and priest, the sons of Israel were ;
 Stiff in the letter, lax in the design
 And import of their oracles divine ;
 Their learning legendary, false, absurd,
 And yet exalted above God's own word ;
 They drew a curse from an intended good,
 Puffed up with gifts they never understood.
 He judged them with as terrible a frown,
 As if not love, but wrath, had brought him down :
 Yet he was gentle as soft summer airs,
 Had grace for others' sins, but none for theirs ;
 Through all he spoke a noble plainness ran—
 Rhet'ric is artifice, the work of man ;
 And tricks and turns, that fancy may devise

Are far too mean for Him that rules the skies.
Th' astonished vulgar trembled while he tore
The mask from faces never seen before ;
He stripped th' impostors in the noonday sun,
Showed that they followed all they seemed to shun ;
Their pray'rs made public, their excesses kept
As private as the chambers where they slept ;
The temple and its holy rites profaned
By mumm'ries he that dwelt in it disdained ;
Uplifted hands, that at convenient times
Could act extortion and the worst of crimes,
Washed with a neatness scrupulously nice,
And free from every taint but that of vice.
Judgment, however tardy, mends her pace
When Obstinacy once has conquered Grace..
They saw distemper healed, and life restored,
In answer to the fiat of his word ;
Confessed the wonder, and with daring tongue
Blasphemed th' authority from which it sprung ;
They knew by sure prognostics seen on high,
The future tone and temper of the sky ;
But, grave dissemblers could not understand
That Sin let loose speaks punishment at hand.

Ask now of history's authentic page,
And call up evidence from ev'ry age ;
Display with busy and laborious hand
The blessings of the most indebted land ;
What nation will you find whose annals prove
So rich an interest in Almighty love ?
Where dwell they now, where dwelt in ancient day
A people planted, watered, blest as they ?
Let Egypt's plagues, and Canaan's woes proclaim
The favours poured upon the Jewish name ;
Their freedom purchased for them at the cost
Of all their hard oppressor's valued most ;
Their title to a country not their own,
Made sure by prodigies till then unknown ;
For them, the states they left, made waste and void ;

For them the states to which they went, destroyed;
 A cloud to measure out their march by day,
 By night a fire to cheer the gloomy way;
 That moving signal summoning, when best,
 Their host to move, and when it stayed to rest.
 For them the rocks dissolved into a flood,
 The dews condensed into angelic food,
 Their very garments sacred, old yet new,
 And Time forbid to touch them as he flew;
 Streams, swelled above the bank, enjoined to stand;
 While they passed through to their appointed land;
 Their leader armed with meekness, zeal, and love,
 And graced with clear credentials from above;
 Themselves secured beneath th' Almighty wing
 Their God, their captain,* lawgiver, and king;
 Crowned with a thousand vict'ries, and at last
 Lords of the conquered soil, there rooted fast,
 In peace possessing what they won by war,
 Their name far published, and revered as far;
 Where will you find a race like theirs, endowed
 With all that man e'er wished or Heaven bestowed?
 They, and they only, amongst all mankind,
 Received the transcript of the eternal mind;
 Were trusted with his own engraven laws,
 And constituted guardians of his cause;
 Theirs were the prophets, theirs the priestly call;
 And theirs by birth, the Saviour of us all.
 In vain the nations, that had seen them rise
 With fierce and envious yet admiring eyes,
 Had sought to crush them, guarded as they were
 By power divine, and skill that could not err.
 Had they maintained allegiance firm and sure,
 And kept the faith immaculate and pure,
 Then the proud eagles of all-conquering Rome
 Had found one city not to be o'ercome;
 And the twelve standards of the tribes unfurled,
 Had bid defiance to the warring world.

* Vide Joshua v. 14.

But grace abused brings forth the foulest deeds,
As richest soil the most luxuriant weeds.
Cured of the golden calves, their father's sin,
They set up self, that idol god within ;
Viewed a Deliv'rer with disdain and hate,
Who left them still a tributary state ;
Seized fast his hand, held out to set them free
From a worse yoke, and nailed it to the tree :
There was the consummation and the crown,
The flower of Israel's infamy full blown ;
Thence date their sad declension and their fall,
Their woes, not yet repealed, thence date them all.

Thus fell the best instructed in her day,
And the most favoured land, look where we may.
Philosophy indeed on Grecian eyes
Had poured the day, and cleared the Roman skies :
In other climes perhaps creative art,
With power surpassing theirs, performed her part,
Might give more life to marble, or might fill
The glowing tablets with a juster skill,
Might shine in fable, and grace idle themes
With all th' embroidery of poetic dreams ;
'Twas theirs alone to dive into the plan,
That truth and mercy had revealed to man ;
And while the world beside, that plan unknown,
Deified useless wood, or senseless stone,
They breathed in faith their well-directed prayers,
And the true God, the God of truth, was theirs.

Their glory faded, and their race dispersed,
The last of nations now, though once the first ;
They warn and teach the proudest, would they learn,
Keep wisdom, or meet vengeance in your turn ;
If we escaped not, if Heaven spared not us,
Peeled, scattered, and exterminated thus ;
If vice received her retribution due,
When we were visited, what hope for you ?
When God arises with an awful frown
To punish lust, or pluck presumption down :

When gifts perverted, or not duly prized,
Pleasures o'ervalued, and his grace despised,
Provoke the vengeance of his righteous hand,
To pour down wrath upon a thankless land ;
He will be found impartially severe,
Too just to wink, or speak the guilty clear.

Oh Israel, of all nations most undone !
Thy diadem displaced, thy sceptre gone ;
Thy temple, once thy glory, fallen and razed,
And thou a worshipper e'en where thou mayst ;
Thy services, once holy, without a spot,
Mere shadows now, their ancient pomp forgot ;
Thy Levites, once a consecrated host,
No longer Levites, and their lineage lost,
And thou thyself o'er country sown,
With none on earth that thou canst call thine own ;
Cry aloud, thou that sittest in the dust,
Cry to the proud, the cruel, and unjust ;
Knock at the gates of nations, rouse their fears
Say wrath is coming, and the storm appears ;
But raise the shrillest cry in British ears.

What ails thee, restless as the waves that roar,
And fling their foam against thy chalky shore ?
Mistress, at least while Providence shall please,
And trident-bearing queen of the wide seas—
Why, having kept good faith, and often shown
Friendship and truth to others, find'st thou none ?
Thou that hast set the persecuted free,
None interposes now to succour thee.
Countries indebted to thy power, that shine
With light derived from thee, would smother thine ;
Thy very children watch for thy disgrace—
A lawless brood, and curse thee to thy face.
Thy rulers load thy credit, year by year,
With sums Peruvian mines could never clear ;
As if, like arches built with skilful hand,
The more 'twere pressed the firmer it would stand
The cry in all thy ships is still the same,

Speed us away to battle and to fame.
Thy mariners explore the wild expanse,
Impatient to descry the flags of France ;
But, though they fight as thine have ever fought,
Return ashamed without the wreaths they sought.
Thy senate is a scene of civil jar,
Chaos of contrarieties at war ;
Where sharp and solid, phlegmatic and light,
Discordant atoms meet, ferment, and fight ;
Where Obstinacy takes his sturdy stand.
To disconcert what Policy has planned ;
Where Policy is busied all night long
In setting right what Faction has set wrong ;
Where flails of oratory thrash the floor,
That yields them chaff and dust, and nothing more..
Thy racked inhabitants repine, complain,
Taxed till the brow of Labour sweats in vain,
War lays a burden on the reeling state,
And peace does nothing to relieve the weight
Successive loads succeeding broils impose,
And sighing millions prophesy the close.
Is adverse Providence, when pondered well,
So dimly writ, or difficult to spell,
Thou canst not read with readiness and ease
Providence adverse in events like these ?
Know then that heavenly wisdom on this ball
Creates, gives birth to, guides, consummates all.
That while laborious and quick-thoughted man
Snuffs up the praise of what he seems to plan,
He first conceives, then perfects his design,
As a mere instrument in hands divine :
Blind to the working of that secret power,
That balances the wings of every hour,
The busy trifler dreams himself alone,
Frames many a purpose, and God works his own.
States thrive or wither as moons wax and wane,
Even as his will and his decrees ordain ;
While honour, virtue, piety, bear sway,

They flourish ; and as these decline, decay ;
In just resentment of his injured laws,
He pours contempt on them and on their cause ;
Strikes the rough thread of error right athwart
The web of every scheme they have at heart ;
Bids rottenness invade and bring to dust
The pillars of support, in which they trust,
And do his errand of disgrace and shame
On the chief strength and glory of the frame.
None ever yet impeded what he wrought,
None bars him out from his most secret thought :
Darkness itself before his eye is light,
And hell's close mischief naked in his sight.

Stand now and judge thyself—Hast thou incurred
His anger, who can waste thee with a word,
Who poises and proportions sea and land,
Weighing them in the hollow of his hand,
And in whose awful sight all nations seem
As grasshoppers, as dust, a drop, a dream ?
Hast thou (a sacrilege his soul abhors)
Claimed all the glory of thy prosperous wars ?
Proud of thy fleets and armies, stolen the gem
Of his just praise, to lavish it on them ?
Hast thou not learned, what thou art often told,
A truth still sacred, and believed of old,
That no success attends on spears and swords
Unblest, and that the battle is the Lord's ?
That courage is his creature ; and dismay
The post, that at his bidding speeds away,
Ghastly in feature, and his stammering tongue
With doleful humour and sad presage hung,
To quell the valour of the stoutest heart,
And teach the combatant a woman's part ?
That he bids thousands fly when none pursue,
Saves as he will by many or by few,
And claims for ever, as his royal right,
The event and sure decision of the fight ?

Hast thou though suckled at fair Freedom's breast,

Exported slavery to the conquered East?
 Pulled down the tyrants India served with dread,
 And raised thyself, a greater, in their stead?
 Gone thither armed and hungry, returned full,
 Fed from the richest veins of the Mogul,
 A despot big with power obtained by wealth,
 And that obtained by rapine and by stealth?
 With Asiatic vices stored thy mind,
 But left their virtues and thine own behind?
 And, having trucked thy soul, brought home the fee,
 To tempt the poor to sell himself to thee?

Hast thou by statute showed from its design
 The Saviour's feast, his own blest bread and wine,
 And made the symbols of atoning grace
 An office-key, a picklock to a place,
 That infidels may prove their title good
 By an oath dipped in sacramental blood?
 A blot that will be still a blot in spite
 Of all that grave apologists may write;
 And though a bishop toil to cleanse the stain,
 He wipes and scours the silver cup in vain.
 And hast thou sworn on every slight pretence,
 Till perjuries are common as bad pence,
 While thousands, careless of the damning sin,
 Kiss the book's outside, who ne'er looked within.

Hast thou, when Heaven has clothed thee with
 disgrace,
 (And, long provoked, repaid thee to thy face,
 For thou hast known eclipses, and endured
 Dimness and anguish, all thy beams obscured,
 When sin had shed dishonour on thy brow;
 And never of a sabler hue than now,)
 Hast thou, with heart perverse and conscience seared,
 Despising all rebuke, still persevered,
 And having chosen evil, scorned the voice
 That cried, Repent?—and gloried in thy choice?
 Thy fastings, when calamity at last
 Suggests the expedient of a yearly fast,

What mean they? Canst thou dream there is a
power

In lighter diet at a later hour,
To charm to sleep the threatening of the skies,
And hide past folly from all-seeing eyes?
The fast, that wins deliverance, and suspends
The stroke that a vindictive God intends,
Is to renounce hypocrisy; to draw
Thy life upon the pattern of the law;
To war with pleasure, idolized before;
To vanquish lust, and wear its yoke no more.
All fasting else, whate'er be the pretence,
Is wooing mercy by renewed offence.

Hast thou within the sin, that in old time
Brought fire from Heaven, the sex-abusing crime,
Whose horrid perpetration stamps disgrace,
Baboons are free from, upon human race?
Think on the fruitful and well-watered spot,
That fed the flocks and herds of wealthy Lot,
Where Paradise seemed still vouchsafed on earth,
Burning and scorched into perpetual dearth,
Or, in his words who damned the base desire,
Suffering the vengeance of eternal fire:
Then nature injured, scandalized, defiled,
Unveiled her blushing cheek, looked on, and smiled;
Beheld with joy the lovely scene defaced,
And praised the wrath, that laid her beauties waste.

Far be the thought from any verse of mine,
And farther still the formed and fixed design,
To thrust the charge of deeds that I detest,
Against an innocent, unconscious breast.
The man that dares traduce, because he can
With safety to himself, is not a man:
An individual is a sacred mark,
Not to be pierced in play, or in the dark;
But public censure speaks a public foe,
Unless a zeal for virtue guide the blow.

The priestly brotherhood, devout, sincere,

From mean self-interest and ambition clear,
Their hope in heaven, servility their scorn,
Prompt to persuade, expostulate, and warn,
Their wisdom pure, and given them from above,
Their usefulness ensured by zeal and love,
As meek as the man Moses, and withal
As bold as in Agrippa's presence Paul,
Should fly the world's contaminating touch,
Holy and unpolluted :—are thine such ?
Except a few with Eli's spirit blest,
Hophni and Phineas may describe the rest.

Where shall a teacher look, in days like these,
For ears and hearts, that he can hope to please ?
Look to the poor—the simple and the plain
Will hear perhaps thy salutary strain :
Humility is gentle, apt to learn,
Speak but the word, will listen and return.
Alas, not so ! the poorest of the flock
Are proud, and set their faces as a rock ;
Denied that earthly opulence they choose,
God's better gift they scoff at and refuse.
The rich, the produce of a nobler stem,
Are more intelligent at least—try them.
Oh vain inquiry ! they without remorse
Are altogether gone a devious course ;
Where beck'ning Pleasure leads them, wildly stray ;
Have burst the bands, and cast the yoke away.

Now borne upon the wings of truth sublime,
Review thy dim original and prime.
This island, spot of unreclaimed rude earth,
The cradle that received thee at thy birth,
Was rocked by many a rough Norwegian blast,
And Danish howlings scared thee as they passed ;
For thou wast born amid the din of arms,
And sucked a breast that panted with alarms.
While yet thou wast a groveling puling chit,
Thy bones not fashioned, and thy joints not knit,
The Roman taught thy stubborn knee to bow,

Though twice a Cæsar could not bend thee now:
His victory was that of orient light,
When the sun's shafts disperse the gloom of night.
Thy language at this distant moment shows
How much the country to the conqueror owes?
Expressive, energetic, and refined,
It sparkles with the gems he left behind;
He brought thy land a blessing when he came,
He found thee savage, and he left thee tame;
Taught thee to clothe thy pinked and painted hide.
And grace thy figure with a soldier's pride.
He sowed the seeds of order where he went,
Improved thee far beyond his own intent,
And, while he ruled thee by the sword alone,
Made thee at last a warrior like his own.
Religion, if in heavenly truths attired,
Needs only to be seen to be admired;
But thine, as dark as witcheries of the night,
Was formed to harden hearts and shock the sight;
Thy Druids struck the well-hung harps they bore
With fingers deeply died in human gore;
And while the victim slowly bled to death,
Upon the rolling chords rung out his dying breath.
Who brought the lamp, that with awakening
beams
Dispelled thy gloom, and broke away thy dreams,
Tradition now decrepit and worn out,
Babbler of ancient fables, leaves a doubt:
But still light reached thee; and those gods of thine,
Woden and Thor, each tottering in his shrine,
Fell broken and defaced at his own door,
As Dagon in Philistia long before.
But Rome, with sorceries and magic wand,
Soon raised a cloud that darkened every land;
And thine was smothered in the stench and fog
Of Tiber's marshes and the papal bog.
Then priests, with bulls and briers, and shaven
crowns,

And griping fists, and unrelenting frowns,
Legates and delegates with powers from hell;
Though heavenly in pretension, fleeced thee well;
And to this hour, to keep it fresh in mind,
Some twigs of that old scourge are left behind.*
The soldiery, the Pope's well-managed pack,
Were trained beneath his lash, and knew the smack
And, when he laid them on the scent of blood,
Would hunt a Saracen through fire and flood.
Lavish of life to win an empty tomb,
That proved a mint of wealth, a mine to Rome,
They left their bones beneath unfriendly skies,
His worthless absolution all the prize.
Thou wast the veriest slave in days of yore,
That ever dragged a chain or tugged an oar ;
Thy monarchs arbitrary, fierce, unjust,
Themselves the slaves of bigotry or lust,
Disdained thy counsels, only in distress
Found thee a goodly sponge for power to press,
Thy chiefs, the lords of many a petty fee,
Provoked and harassed, in return plagued thee ;
Called thee away from peaceable employ,
Domestic happiness and rural joy,
To waste thy life in arms, or lay it down
In causeless feuds and bickerings of their own.
Thy parliaments adored on bended knees
The sovereignty they were convened to please ;
Whate'er was asked, too timid to resist,
Complied with, and were graciously dismissed ;
And if some Spartan soul a doubt expressed,
And, blushing at the tameness of the rest,
Dared to suppose the subject had a choice,
He was a traitor by the general voice.
O slave ! with powers thou didst not dare exert,
Verse cannot stoop so low as thy desert ;
It shakes the sides of splenetic Disdain,
Thou self-entitled ruler of the main,

* Which may be found at Doctors' Commons.

To trace thee to the date when yon fair sea,
That clips thy shores, had no such charms for thee ;
When other nations flew from coast to coast,
And thou hast neither fleet nor flag to boast.

Kneel now, and lay thy forehead in the dust ;
Blush, if thou canst ; not petrified, thou must :
Act but an honest and a faithful part ;
Compare what then thou wast with what thou art ;
And God's disposing providence confessed,
Obduracy itself must yield the rest—
Then thou art bound to serve him, and to prove,
Hour after hour, thy gratitude and love.

Has he not bid thee, and thy favoured land,
For ages safe beneath his sheltering hand,
Given thee his blessing on the clearest proof,
Bid nations leagued against thee stand aloof,
And charged Hostility and Hate to roar
Where else they would, but not upon thy shore ?
His power secured thee when presumptuous Spain,
Baptized her fleet invincible in vain ;
Her gloomy monarch, doubtful and resigned
To every pang that racks an anxious mind,
Asked of the waves, that broke upon his coast,
What tidings ? and the surge replied—All lost !
And when the Stuart leaning on the Scot,
Then too much feared, and now to much forgot,
Pierced to the very centre of the realm,
And hoped to seize his abdicated helm,
'Twas but to prove how quickly with a frown
He that had raised thee could have plucked thee down.
Peculiar is the grace by thee possessed,
Thy foes implacable, thy land at rest ;
Thy thunders travel over earth and seas,
And all at home is pleasure, wealth, and ease.
'Tis thus, extending his tempestuous arm,
Thy Maker fills the nation with alarm,
While his own Heaven surveys the troubled scene,
And feels no change, unshaken and serene.

Freedom, in other lands scarce known to shine,
Pours out a flood of splendour upon thine ;
Thou hast as bright an interest in her rays
As ever Roman had in Rome's best days.

True freedom is where no restraint is known,
That Scripture, justice, and good sense disown,
Where only vice and injury are tied,
And all from shore to shore is free beside.

Such freedom is—and Windsor's hoary towers
Stood trembling at the boldness of thy powers,
That won a nymph on that immortal plain
Like her the fabled Phœbus wooed in vain ;
He found the laurel only—happier you
Th' unfading laurel, and the virgin too !*

Now think, if Pleasure have a thought to spare,
If God himself be not beneath her care ;
If business, constant as the wheels of time,
Can pause an hour to read a serious rhyme ;
If the new mail thy merchants now receive,
Or expectation of the next, give leave ;
Oh think ! if chargeable with deep arrears
For such indulgence gilding all thy years,
How much, though long neglected, shining yet,
The beams of heavenly truth have swelled the debt.
When persecuting zeal made royal sport
With tortured innocence in Mary's court,
And Bonner, blithe as shepherd at a wake
Enjoyed the show, and danced about the stake
The sacred Book, its value understood,
Received the seal of martyrdom in blood.
Those holy men, so full of truth and grace,
Seem to reflection of a different race ;
Meek, modest, venerable, wise, sincere,
In such a cause they could not dare to fear ;
They could not purchase earth with such a prize,
Or spare a life too short to reach the skies.

* Alluding to the grant of Magna Charta, which was extorted from King John by the barons at Runnymede near Windsor.

From them to thee conveyed along the tide,
Their streaming hearts poured freely when they died ;
Those truths, which neither use nor years impair,
Invite thee, woo thee, to the bliss they share.
What dotage will not vanity maintain ?
What web too weak to catch a modern brain ?
The moles and bats in full assembly find,
On special search, the keen-eyed eagle blind.
And did they dream, and art thou wiser now ?
Prove it—if better, I submit and bow.
Wisdom and goodness are twin-born, one heart
Must hold both sisters, never seen apart.
So then—as darkness overspread the deep,
Ere Nature rose from her eternal sleep,
And this delightful earth, and that fair sky,
Leaped out of nothing, called by the Most High ;
By such a change thy darkness is made light,
Thy chaos order, and thy weakness might ;
And He, whose power mere nullity obeys,
Who found thee nothing, formed thee for his praise.
To praise him is to serve him, and fulfil,
Doing and suffering, his unquestioned will ;
'Tis to believe what men inspired of old,
Faithful, and faithfully informed, unfold ;
Candid and just, with no false aim in view,
To take for truth, what cannot be but true ;
To learn in God's own school the Christian part,
And bind the task assigned thee to thy heart :
Happy the man there seeking and there found,
Happy the nation where such men abound.
How shall a verse impress thee ? by what name
Shall I adjure thee not to court thy shame ?
By theirs, whose bright example unimpeached,
Directs thee to that eminence they reached,
Heroes and worthies of days past, thy sires ?
Or his, who touched their hearts with hallowed fires
Their names, alas ! in vain reproach an age,
Whom all the vanities they scorned engage !

And His, that seraphs tremble at, is hung
 Disgracefully on every trifler's tongue,
 Or serves the champion in forensic war,
 To flourish and parade with at the bar.
 Pleasure herself perhaps suggests a plea,
 If interest move thee, to persuade e'en thee ;
 By every charm that smiles upon her face,
 By joys possessed, and joys still held in chase,
 If dear society be worth a thought,
 And if the feast of freedom cloy thee not,
 Reflect that these, and all that seem thine own,
 Held by the tenure of his will alone,
 Like angels in the service of their Lord,
 Remain with thee, or leave thee at his word ;
 That gratitude and temperance in our use
 Of what he gives, unsparing and profuse,
 Secure the favour, and enhance the joy,
 That thankless waste and wild abuse destroy.
 But above all reflect, how cheap so'er
 Those rights, that millions envy thee, appear.
 And, though resolved to risk them, and swim down
 The tide of pleasure, heedless of His frown,
 That blessings truly sacred, and when given
 Marked with the signature and stamp of heaven,
 The word of prophecy, those truths divine,
 Which make that Heaven, if thou desire it, thine,
 (Awful alternative ! believed, beloved,
 Thy glory, and thy shame if unimproved,)
 Are never long vouchsafed, if pushed aside
 With cold disgust or philosophic pride !
 And that, judicially withdrawn, disgrace,
 Error, and darkness occupy their place.
 A world is up in arms, and thou, a spot
 Not quickly found, if negligently sought,
 Thy soul as ample as thy bounds are small,
 Endures the brunt, and darest defy them all.
 And wilt thou join to this bold enterprise
 A bolder still, a contest with the skies ?

Remember, if He guard thee and secure,
Who'er assails thee, thy success is sure ;
But if He leave thee, though the skill and power
Of nations sworn to spoil thee and devour,
Were all collected in thy single arm,
And thou couldst laugh away the fear of harm,
That strength would fail, opposed against the push.
And feeble onset of a pigmy rush.

Say not (and if the thought of such defence
Should spring within thy bosom, drive it thence)
What nation amongst all my foes is free
From crimes as base as any charged on me ?
Their measure filled, they too shall pay the debt,
Which God, though long forborne, will not forget.
But know what wrath divine, when most severe
Makes justice still the guide of his career,
And will not punish, in one mingled crowd,
Them without light, and thee without a cloud.

Muse, hang this harp upon yon aged beach,
Still murmuring with the solemn truths I teach ;
And while at intervals a cold blast sings
Through the dry leaves, and pants upon the strings,
My soul shall sigh in secret, and lament
A nation scourged, yet tardy to repent.
I know the warning song is sung in vain ;
That few will hear, and fewer heed the strain ;
But if a sweeter voice, and one designed
A blessing to my country and mankind,
Reclaim the wandering thousands, and bring home
A flock so scattered and so wont to roam,
Then place it once again between my knees ;
The sound of truth will then be sure to please :
And truth alone, where'er my life be cast,
In scenes of plenty, or the pining waste,
Shall be my chosen theme, my glory to the last.

H O P E.

... doceas iter, et sacra ostia pandas.—*Virg. Æn. 6.*

Ask what is human life—the sage replies,
 With disappointment lowering in his eyes,
 A painful passage o'er a restless flood,
 A vain pursuit of fugitive false good,
 A scene of fancied bliss and heart-felt care,
 Closing at last in darkness and despair.
 The poor inured to drudgery and distress,
 Act without aim, think little, and feel less,
 And nowhere, but in feigned Arcadian scenes,
 Taste happiness, or know what pleasure means.
 Riches are passed away from hand to hand,
 As fortune, vice, or folly may command ;
 As in a dance the pair that take the lead
 Turn downward, and the lowest pair succeed,
 So shifting and so various is the plan,
 By which heaven rules the mixed affairs of man ;
 Vicissitude wheels round the motley crowd,
 The rich grow poor, the poor become purse-proud ;
 Business is labour, and man's weakness such,
 Pleasure is labour too, and tires as much.
 The very sense of it foregoes its use,
 By repetition palled, by age obtuse.
 Youth lost in dissipation we deplore,
 Through life's sad remnant, what no sighs restore ;
 Our years, a fruitless race without a prize,
 Too many, yet too few to make us wise.

Dangling his cane about, and taking snuff,
 Lothario cries, What philosophic stuff—
 O querulous and weak !—whose useless brain
 Once thought of nothing, and now thinks in vain ;
 Whose eyes reverted weep o'er all the past,
 Whose prospect shows thee a disheartening waste
 Would age in thee resign his wintry reign,

And youth invigorate that frame again,
Renewed desire would grace with other speech,
Joys always prized, when placed within our reach.

For lift thy palsied head, shake off the gloom
That overhangs the borders of thy tomb,
See Nature gay, as when she first began,
With smiles alluring her admirer man ;
She spreads the morning over eastern hills,
Earth glitters with the drops the night distils ;
The Sun obedient at her call appears,
To fling his glories o'er the robe she wears ;
Banks clothed with flowers, groves filled with spright-
ly sounds,

The yellow tilth, green meads, rocks, rising grounds,
Streams edged with osiers, fattening every field,
Where'er they flow, now seen and now concealed ;
From the blue rim, where skies and mountains meet,
Down to the very turf beneath thy feet,
Ten thousand charms, that only fools despise,
Or pride can look at with indifferent eyes,
All speak one language, all with one sweet voice
Cry to her universal realm, Rejoice !

Man feels the spur of passions and desires,
And she gives largely more than he requires
Not that his hours devoted all to Care,
Hollow-eyed Abstinence, and lean Despair,
The wretch may pine, while to his smell, taste, sight,
She holds a paradise of rich delight ;
But gently to rebuke his awkward fear,
To prove that what she gives, she gives sincere ;
To banish hesitation, and proclaim
His happiness, her dear, her only aim.
'Tis grave philosophy's absurdest dream,
That Heaven's intentions are not what they seem.
That only shadows are dispensed below,
And earth has no reality but wo.

Thus things terrestrial wear a different hue,
As youth or age persuades ; and neither true.

So Flora's wreath through coloured crystal seen,
The rose or lily appears blue or green;
But still th' imputed tints are those alone
The medium represents, and not their own.

To rise at noon, sit slipshod and undressed,
To read the news, or fiddle, as seems best,
Till half the world comes rattling at his door,
To fill the dull vacuity till four;
And, just when evening turns the blue vault gray,
To spend two hours in dressing for the day;
To make the sun a bauble without use,
Save for the fruits his heavenly beams produce;
Quite to forget, or deem it worth no thought,
Who bids him shine, or if he shine or not;
Through mere necessity to close his eyes
Just when the larks and when the shepherds rise;
Is such a life, so tediously the same,
So void of all utility or aim,
That poor *Jonquil*, with almost every breath
Sighs for his exit, vulgarly called death;
For he, with all his follies, has a mind
Not yet so blank, or fashionably blind
But now and then perhaps a feeble ray
Of distant wisdom shoots across his way,
By which he reads, that life without a plan,
As useless as the moment it began
Serves merely as a soil for discontent
To thrive in; an encumbrance ere half spent;
Oh weariness beyond what asses feel,
That tread the circuit of the cistern wheel;
A dull rotation, never at a stay,
Yesterday's face twin image of to-day;
While conversation, an exhausted stock,
Grows drowsy as the clicking of a clock.
No need, he cries, of gravity stuffed out
With academic dignity devout,
To read wise lectures, vanity the text:
Proclaim the remedy, ye learned, next;

For truth self-evident, with pomp impressed,
Is vanity surpassing all the rest.

That remedy, not hid in deeps profound,
Yet seldom sought where only to be found,
While poison turns aside from its due scope
Th' inquirer's aim, that remedy is hope.
Life is His gift, from whom whate'er life needs,
With every good and perfect gift, proceeds;
Bestowed on man, like all that we partake,
Royally, freely, for his bounty's sake;
Transient indeed, as is the fleeting hour,
And yet the seed of an immortal flower;
Designed in honour of his endless love,
To fill with fragrance his abode above;
No trifle, howsoever short it seem,
And, howsoever shadowy, no dream!
Its value, what no thought can ascertain,
Nor all an angel's eloquence explain;
Men deal with life as children with their play,
Who first misuse, then cast their toys away;
Live to no sober purpose, and contend
That their Creator had no serious end.
When God and man stand opposite in view,
Man's disappointment must of course ensue.
The just Creator condescends to write,
In beams of inextinguishable light,
His names of wisdom, goodness, power, and love,
On all that blooms below, or shines above;
To catch the wandering notice of mankind,
And teach the world, if not perversely blind,
His gracious attributes, and prove the share
His offspring hold in his paternal care.
If, led from earthly things to things divine,
His creature thwart not his august design,
Then praise is heard instead of reasoning pride,
And captious cavil and complaint subside.
Nature, employed in her allotted place,
Is hand-maid to the purposes of Grace;

By good vouchsafed makes known superior good,
And bliss not seen by blessings understood :
That bliss, revealed in Scripture, with a glow
Bright as the covenant-ensuring bow,
Fires all his feelings with a noble scorn
Of sensual evil, and thus Hope is born.

Hope sets the stamp of vanity on all
That men have deemed substantial since the fall,
Yet has the wondrous virtue to educe
From emptiness itself a real use ;
And while she takes, as at a father's hand
What health and sober appetite demand,
From fading good derives, with chymic art,
That lasting happiness, a thankful heart.
Hope, with uplifted foot set free from earth,
Pants for the place of her etherial birth,
On steady wings sails through th' immense abyss,
Plucks amaranthine joys from bowers of bliss,
And crowns the soul, while yet a mourner here,
With wreaths like those triumphant spirits wear.
Hope, as an anchor firm and sure, holds fast
The Christian vessel, and defies the blast.
Hope ! nothing else can nourish and secure
His new-born virtues, and preserve him pure.
Hope ! let the wretch, once conscious of the joy,
Whom now despairing agonies destroy,
Speak, for he can, and none so well as he,
What treasures centre, what delights in thee.
Had he the gems, the spices, and the land
That boasts the treasure, all at his command ;
The fragrant grove, th' inestimable mine,
Were light, when weighed against one smile of thine.
Though, clasped and cradled in his nurse's arms,
He shines with all a cherub's artless charms,
Man is the genuine offspring of revolt,
Stubborn and sturdy, as a wild ass' colt ;
His passions, like the watery stores that sleep
Beneath the smiling surface of the deep,

Wait but the lashes of a wintry storm,
 To frown and roar, and shake his feeble form.
 From infancy through childhood's giddy maze,
 Froward at school, and fretful in his plays,
 The puny tyrant burns to subjugate
 The free republic of the whip-gig state.
 If one, his equal in athletic frame,
 Or, more provoking still, of nobler name,
 Dare step across his arbitrary views,
 An Iliad, only not in verse, ensues :
 The little Greeks look trembling at the scales,
 Till the best tongue, or heaviest hand, prevails.

Now see him launched into the world at large ;
 If priest, supinely droning o'er his charge,
 Their fleece his pillow, and his weekly drawl,
 Though short, too long, the price he pays for all.
 If lawyer, loud, whatever cause he plead,
 But proudest of the worst, if that succeed.
 Perhaps a grave physician, gathering fees,
 Punctually paid for lengthening out disease ;
 No Cotton, whose humanity sheds rays,
 That make superior skill his second praise.
 If arms engage him, he devotes to sport
 His date of life, so likely to be short ;
 A soldier may be any thing, if brave,
 So may a tradesman, if not quite a knave.
 Such stuff the world is made of ; and mankind
 To passion, interest, pleasure, whim resigned,
 Insist on, as if each were his own pope,
 Forgiveness, and the privilege of hope.
 But Conscience, in some awful silent hour,
 When captivating lusts have lost their power,
 Perhaps when sickness, or some fearful dream,
 Reminds him of religion, hated theme !
 Starts from the down, on which she lately slept,
 And tells of laws despised, at least not kept :
 Shows with a pointing finger, but no noise,
 A pale procession of past sinful joys,

All witnesses of blessings foully scorned;
 And life abused, and not to be suborned.
 Mark these, she says ; these summoned from afar,
 Begin their march to meet thee at the bar ;
 There find a Judge inexorably just,
 And perish there, as all presumption must.

Peace be to those (such peace as Earth can give)
 Who live in pleasure, dead e'en while they live ;
 Born capable indeed of heavenly truth ;
 But down to latest age, from earliest youth
 Their mind a wilderness through want of care,
 The plough of wisdom never entering there.
 Peace, (if insensibility may claim
 A right to the meek honours of her name)
 To men of pedigree, their noble race,
 Emulous always of the nearest place
 To any throne, except the throne of Grace.
 Let cottagers and unenlightened swains
 Revere the laws they dream that Heaven ordains :
 Resort on Sundays to the house of prayer
 And ask, and fancy they find blessings there
 'Themselves, perhaps, when weary they retreat
 T' enjoy cool nature in a country seat,
 T' exchange the centre of a thousand trades,
 For clumps, and lawns, and temples, and cascades.
 May now and then their velvet cushions take,
 And seem to pray for good example's sake ;
 Judging, in charity no doubt, the town
 Pious enough, and having need of none.
 Kind souls ! to teach their tenantry to prize
 What they themselves, without remorse, despise :
 Nor hope have they, nor fear, of ought to come,
 As well for them had prophecy been dumb ;
 They could have held the conduct they pursue,
 Had Paul of Tarsus lived and died a Jew ;
 And truth, proposed to reasoners wise as they,
 Is a pearl cast—completely cast away.

They die—Death lends them, pleased, and as in
 sport

All the grim honours of his ghastly court.
 Far other paintings grace the chamber now,
 Where late we saw the mimic landscape glow :
 The busy heralds hang the sable scene
 With mournful 'scutcheons, and dim lamps between ;
 Proclaim their titles to the crowd around,
 But they that wore them move not at the sound ;
 The coronet, placed idly at their head,
 Adds nothing now to the degraded dead ;
 And e'en the star, that glitters on the bier,
 Can only say—Nobility lies here.
 Peace to all such—'twere pity to offend,
 By useless censure, whom we cannot mend ;
 Life without hope can close but in despair,
 'Twas there we found them, and must leave them
 there.

As, when two pilgrims in a forest stray
 Both may be lost, yet each in his own way ;
 So fares it with the multitudes beguiled
 In vain Opinion's waste and dangerous wild ;
 Ten thousand rove the brakes and thorns among,
 Some eastward, and some westward, and all wrong.
 But here, alas ! the fatal difference lies,
 Each man's belief is right in his own eyes ;
 And he that blames what they have blindly chose,
 Incurs resentment for the love he shows.

Say, botanist, within whose province fall
 The cedar and the hyssop on the wall,
 Of all that deck the lanes, the fields, the bowers,
 What parts the kindred tribes of weeds and flowers ?
 Sweet scent, or lovely form, or both combined,
 Distinguish every cultivated kind ;
 The want of both denotes a meaner breed,
 And Chloe from her garland picks the weed.
 Thus hopes of every sort, whatever sect
 Esteem them, sow them, rear them, and protect,
 If wild in nature, and not duly found,
 Gethsemane ! in thy dear hallowed ground,

That cannot bear the blaze of Scripture light,
Nor cheer the spirit, nor refresh the sight,
Nor animate the soul to Christian deeds,
(Oh cast them from thee !) are weeds, arrant weeds.

Ethelred's house, the centre of six ways,
Diverging each from each, like equal rays,
Himself as bountiful as April rains,
Lord paramount of the surrounding plains,
Would give relief of bed and board to none
But guests that sought it in th' appointed *One* ;
And they might enter at his open door,
E'en till his spacious hall would hold no more.
He sent a servant forth by every road,
To sound his horn, and publish it abroad,
That all might mark—knight, menial, high, and low,
An ordinance it concerned them all to know.
If, after all, some headstrong hardy lout
Would disobey, though sure to be shut out,
Could he with reason murmur at his case,
Himself sole author of his own disgrace ?
No !, the decree was just and without flaw ;
And he that made, had right to make, the law ;
His sovereign power and pleasure unrestrained,
The wrong was his who wrongfully complained.

Yet half mankind maintain a churlish strife
With Him, the donor of eternal life,
Because the deed, by which his love confirms
The largess he bestows, prescribes the terms.
Compliance with his will your lot ensures,
Accept it only, and the boon is yours.
And sure it is as kind to smile and give,
As with a frown to say, Do this, and live.
Love is not pedler's trumpery bought and sold :
He *will* give freely, or he *will* withhold ;
His soul abhors a mercenary thought,
And him as deeply who abhors it not ;
He stipulates indeed, but merely this,
That man will freely take an unbought bliss,

Will trust him for a faithful generous part,
 Nor set a price upon a willing heart.
 Of all the ways that seems to promise fair,
 To place you where his saints his presence share,
 This only can ; for this plain cause, expressed
 In terms as plain, Himself has shut the rest.
 But oh the strife, the bickering, and debate,
 The tidings of unpurchased Heaven create !
 The flirted fan, the bridle, and the toss,
 All speakers, yet all language at a loss.
 From stuccoed walls smart argument rebound ;
 And beaux, adepts in every thing profound,
 Die of disdain, or whistle off the sound.
 Such is the clamour of rooks, daws, and kites,
 Th' explosion of the levelled tube excites,
 Where mouldering abbey-walls o'erhang the glade,
 And oaks coeval spread a mournful shade ;
 The screaming nations, hovering in mid air,
 Loudly resent the stranger's freedom there,
 And seem to warn him never to repeat
 His bold intrusion on their dark retreat.
 Adieu, Vinosà cries, ere yet he sips
 The purple bumper trembling at his lips,
 Adieu to all morality ! if Grace
 Make works a vain ingredient in the case.
 The Christian hope is—Waiter draw the cork—
 If I mistake not—Blockhead ! with a fork !
 Without good works, whatever some may boast,
 Mere folly and delusion—Sir, your toast.
 My firm persuasion is, at least sometimes,
 That Heaven will weigh man's virtues and his crimes.
 With nice attention, in a righteous scale,
 And save or damn as these or those prevail.
 I plant my foot upon this ground of trust,
 And silence every fear with—God is just.
 But if perchance on some dull drizzling day
 A thought intrude, that says, or seems to say,
 If thus th' important cause is to be tried,

Suppose the beam should dip on the wrong,
I soon recover from these needless frights,
And God is merciful—sets all to rights.
Thus between justice, as my prime support,
And mercy, fled to as the last resort,
I glide and steal along with Heaven in view,
And,—pardon me, the bottle stands with you.

I never will believe, the Colonel cries,
The sanguinary schemes, that some devise
Who make the good Creator on their plan
A being of less equity than man.
If appetite, or what divines call lust,
Which men comply with, e'en because they must
Be punished with perdition, who is pure ?
Then theirs, no doubt, as well as mine, is sure.
If sentence of eternal pain belong
To every sudden slip and transient wrong,
Then Heaven enjoins the fallible and frail.
A hopeless task, and damns them if they fail.
My creed (whatever some creed-makers mean
By Athanasian nonsense, or Nicene)—
My creed is, he is safe that does his best,
And death's a doom sufficient for the rest.

Right, says an ensign ; and, for aught I see,
Your faith and mine substantially agree ;
The best of every man's performance here
Is to discharge the duties of his sphere.
A lawyer's dealings should be just and fair,
Honesty shines with great advantage there.
Fasting and prayer sit well upon a priest,
A decent caution and reserve at least.
A soldier's best is courage in the field,
With nothing here that wants to be concealed ;
Manly deportment, gallant, easy, gay ;
A hand as liberal as the light of day.
The soldier thus endowed who never shrinks,
Nor closets up his thoughts, whate'er he thinks,
Who scorns to do an injury by stealth,

Must go to Heaven—and I must drink his health.
 Sir Smug, he cries, (for lowest at the board,
 Just made fifth chaplain of his patron lord,
 His shoulders witnessing, by many a shrug,
 How much his feelings suffered, sat Sir Smug,)

Your office is to winnow false from true ;
 Come, prophet, drink, and tell us what think you ?
 Sighing and smiling as he takes his glass,
 Which they that woo preferment rarely pass,
 Fallible man, the church-bred youth replies,
 Is still found fallible, however wise ;
 And different judgments serve but to declare,
 That truth lies somewhere, if we knew but where.
 Of all it ever was my lot to read,
 Of Critics now alive, or long since dead,
 The book of all the world that charmed me most
 Was,—welladay, the title-page was lost ;
 The writer well remarks, a heart that knows
 To take with gratitude what Heaven bestows,
 With prudence always ready at our call,
 To guide our use of it, is all in all.
 Doubtless it is.—To which of my own store,
 I superadd a few essentials more ;
 But these, excuse the liberty I take,
 I waive just now, for conversation's sake.—
 Spoke like an oracle, they all exclaim,
 And add Right Reverend to Smug's honoured name.

And yet our lot is given us in a land
 Where busy arts are never at a stand ;
 Where Science points her telescopic eye,
 Familiar with the wonders of the sky ;
 Where bold inquiry, diving out of sight,
 Brings many a precious pearl of truth to light ;
 Where naught eludes the persevering quest
 That fashion, taste, or luxury, suggest.

But, above all, in her own light arrayed,
 See Mercy's grand apocalypse displayed !
 The sacred book no longer suffers wrong,

Bound in the fetters of an unknown tongue :
 But speaks with plainness, art could never mend,
 What simplest minds can soonest comprehend.
 God gives the word, the preachers throng around,
 Live from his lips, and spread the glorious sound :
 That sound bespeaks Salvation on her way,
 The trumpet of a life-restoring day ;
 'Tis heard where England's eastern glory shines,
 And in the gulfs of her Cornubian mines.

And still it spreads. See Germany send forth
 Her sons* to pour it on the farthest north :
 Fired with a zeal peculiar, *they* defy
 The rage and vigour of a polar sky,
 And plant successfully sweet Sharon's rose
 On icy plains, and in eternal snows.

O blest within th' enclosure of your rocks,
 Nor herds have ye to boast, nor bleating flocks ;
 No fertilizing streams your fields divide,
 That show reversed the villas on their side ;
 No groves have ye ; no cheerful sound of bird,
 Or voice of turtle, in your land is heard :
 Nor grateful eglantine regales the smell
 Of those, that walk at evening where ye dwell :
 But Winter, armed with terrors here unknown,
 Sits absolute on his unshaken throne ;
 Piles up his stores amidst the frozen waste,
 And bids the mountains he has built stand fast ;
 Beckons the legions of his storms away
 From happier scenes, to make your land a prey,
 Proclaims the soil a conquest he has won,
 And scorns to share it with the distant sun.
 Yet Truth is yours, remote, unenvied isle !
 And Peace, the genuine offspring of her smile ;
 The pride of lettered Ignorance, that binds
 In chains of error our accomplished minds,
 That decks, with all the splendour of the true,
 A false religion, is unknown to you.

*The Moravian Missionaries in Greenland. See Krantz.

Nature, indeed, vouchsafes for our delight
 The sweet vicissitudes of day and night :
 Soft airs and genial moisture feed and cheer
 Field, fruit, and flower, and every creature here ;
 But brighter beams than his who fires the skies,
 Have risen at length on your admiring eyes,
 That shoot into your darkest caves the day,
 From which our nicest optics turn away.

Here see th' encouragement Grace gives to vice,
 The dire effect of mercy without price !
 What were they ? what some fools are made by art,
 They were by nature, atheists, head and heart.
 The gross idolatry blind heathens teach
 Was too refined for them, beyond their reach.
 Not e'en the glorious Sun, though men revere
 The monarch most, that seldom will appear,
 And though his beams that quicken where they shine,
 May claim some right to be esteemed divine,
 Not e'en the sun, desirable as rare,
 Could bend one knee, engage one votary there ;
 They were, what base Credulity believes
 True Christians are, dissemblers, drunkards, thieves.
 The full-gorged savage, at his nauseous feast,
 Spent half the darkness, and snored out the rest,
 Was one whom Justice, on an equal plan,
 Denouncing death upon the sins of man,
 Might almost have indulged with an escape,
 Chargeable only with a human shape.

What are they now ?—Morality may spare
 Her grave concern, her kind suspicions there :
 The wretch, who once sang wildly, danced, and
 laughed
 And sucked in dizzy madness with his draught :
 Has wept a silent flood, reversed his ways,
 Is sober, meek, benevolent, and prays,
 Feeds sparingly, communicates his store,
 Abhors the craft he boasted of before,
 And he that stole, has learned to steal no more.

Well spake the prophet, Let the desert sing,
Where sprang the thorn, the spiry fir shall spring,
And where unsightly and rank thistles grew,
Shall grow the myrtle and luxuriant yew.

Go now, and with important tone demand
On what foundation virtue is to stand,
If self-exalting claims be turned adrift,
And grace be grace indeed, and life a gift ;
The poor reclaimed inhabitant, his eyes
Glistening at once with pity and surprise,
Amazed that shadows should obscure the sight
Of one, whose birth was in a land of light,
Shall answer, Hope, sweet Hope, has set me free,
And made all pleasures else mere dross to me.

These, amidst scenes as waste as if denied
The common care that waits on all beside,
Wild as if Nature there, void of all good,
Played only gambols in a frantic mood,
(Yet charge not heavenly skill with having planned
A plaything world, unworthy of his hand,)
Can see his love, though secret evil lurks
In all we touch, stamped plainly on his works,
Deem life a blessing with its numerous woes,
Nor spurn away a gift a God bestows.
Hard task, indeed, o'er arctic seas to roam !
Is hope exotic ? grows it not at home ?
Yes, but an object, bright as orient morn,
May press the eye too closely to be borne ;
A distant virtue we can all confess,
It hurts our pride, and moves our envy, less.

Leuconomus (beneath well sounding Greek
I slur a name a poet must not speak)
Stood pilloried on Infamy's high stage,
And bore the pelting scorn of half an age ;
The very butt of Slander, and the blot
For every dart that Malice ever shot.
The man that mentioned *him* at once dismissed
All mercy from his lips, and sneered and hissed ;

His crimes were such as Sodom never knew,
 And Perjury stood up to swear all true ;
 His aim was mischief, and his zeal pretence,
 His speech rebellion against common sense ;
 A knave, when tried on honesty's plain rule ;
 And when by that of reason, a mere fool ;
 The world's best comfort was, his doom was passed ;
 Die when he might, he must be damned at last.

Now, Truth, perform thine office ; waft aside
 The curtain drawn by Prejudice and Pride,
 Reveal (the man is dead) to wondering eyes
 This more than monster, in his proper guise.
 He loved the world that hated him : the tear
 That dropt upon his Bible was sincere :
 Assailed by scandal and the tongue of strife,
 His only answer was a blameless life ;
 And he that forged, and he that threw the dart,
 Had each a brother's interest in his heart.
 Paul's love of Christ, and steadiness unbribed,
 Were copied close in him, and well transcribed.
 He followed Paul, his zeal a kindred flame,
 His apostolic charity the same.
 Like him, crossed cheerfully tempestuous seas,
 Forsaking country, kindred, friends, and ease ;
 Like him he laboured, and like him content
 To bear it, suffered shame where'er he went.
 Blush, Calumny ! and write upon his tomb,
 If honest Eulogy can spare thee room,
 Thy deep repentance of thy thousand lies,
 Which, aimed at him, have pierced the offended skies !
 And say, blot out my sin, confessed, deplored,
 Against thine image, in thy saint, O Lord !

No blinder bigot, I maintain it still,
 Than he who must have pleasure, come what will :
 He laughs, whatever weapon Truth may draw,
 And deems her sharp artillery mere straw.
 Scripture indeed is plain ; but God and he
 On Scripture ground are sure to disagree ;

Some wiser rule must teach him how to live,
Than this his Maker has seen fit to give ;
Supple and flexible as Indian cane,
To take the bend his appetites ordain ;
Contrived to suit frail Nature's crazy case,
And reconcile his lusts with saving grace.
By this, with nice precision of design,
He draws upon life's map a zigzag line,
That shows how far 'tis safe to follow sin,
And where his danger and God's wrath begin.
By this he forms, as pleased he sports along,
His well-poised estimate of right and wrong ;
And finds the modish manners of the day,
Though loose, as harmless as an infant's play.

Build by whatever plan Caprice decrees,
With what materials, on what ground you please ;—
Your hope shall stand unblamed, perhaps admired,
If not that hope the Scripture has required.
The strange conceits, vain projects and wild dreams,
With which hypocrisy for ever teems,
(Though other follies strike the public eye,
And raise a laugh,) pass unmolested by ;
But if, unblameable in word or thought,
A man arise, a man whom God has taught,
With all Elijah's dignity of tone,
And all the love of the beloved John,
To storm the citadels they build in air,
And smite the untempered wall ; 'tis death to spare.
To sweep away all refuges of lies,
And place, instead of quirks themselves devise,
Lama Sabac'hani before their eyes ;
To prove, that without Christ all gain is loss,
All hope despair, that stands not on his cross ;
Except the few his God may have impressed,
A tenfold frenzy seizes all the rest.

Throughout mankind, the Christian kind at least,
There dwells a consciousness in every breast,
That folly ends where genuine hope begins,

And he that finds his Heaven must lose his ~~sine~~.
 Nature opposes with her utmost force
 This riving stroke, this ultimate divorce ;
 And, while religion seems to be her view,
 Hates with a deep sincerity *the true* :
 For this, of all that ever influenced man,
 Since Abel worshipped, or the world began,
 This only spares no lust, admits no plea,
 But makes him, if at all, completely free ;
 Sounds forth the signal, as she mounts her car,
 Of an eternal, universal war ;
 Rejects all treaty, penetrates all wiles,
 Scorns with the same indifference frowns and smiles ;
 Drives through the realms of Sin, where riot reels,
 And grinds his crown beneath her burning wheels !
 Hence all that is in man, pride, passion, art,
 Powers of the mind, and feelings of the heart,
 Insensible of Truth's almighty charms,
 Starts at her first approach, and sounds to arms !
 While Bigotry, with well dissembled fears,
 His eyes shut fast, his fingers in his ears,
 Mighty to parry and push by God's word,
 With senseless noise, his argument the sword,
 Pretends a zeal for godliness and grace,
 And spits abhorrence in the Christian's face.

Parent of Hope, immortal Truth ! make known
 Thy deathless wreaths, and triumphs all thine own.
 The silent progress of thy power is such,
 Thy means so feeble, and despised so much,
 That few believe the wonders thou hast wrought,
 And none can teach them, but whom thou hast taught.
 O see me sworn to serve thee, and command
 A painter's skill into a poet's hand,
 That, while I trembling trace a work divine,
 Fancy may stand aloof from the design,
 And light, and shade, and every stroke be *thine*.

If ever thou hast felt another's pain,
 If ever when he sighed hast sighed again,

If ever on thy eyelid stood the tear,
That pity had engendered, drop one here.
This man was happy—had the world's good word,
And with it every joy it can afford ;
Friendship and love seem tenderly at strife,
Which most should sweeten his untroubled life ;
Politely learned, and of a gentle race,
Good breeding and good sense gave all a grace,
And whether at the toilette of the fair,
He laughed and trifled, made him welcome there,
Or if in masculine debate he shared,
Ensured him mute attention and regard.
Alas, how changed ! Expressive of his mind,
His eyes are sunk, arms folded, head reclined ;
Those awful syllables, hell, death, and sin,
Though whispered, plainly tell what works within ;
That conscience there performs her proper part,
And writes a doomsday sentence on his heart ;
Forsaking, and forsaken of all friends,
He now perceives where earthly pleasure ends ;
Hard task ! for one who lately knew no care,
And harder still as learnt beneath despair ;
His hours no longer pass unmarked away,
A dark importance saddens every day ;
He hears the notice of the clock perplexed,
And cries, perhaps eternity strikes next ;
Sweet music is no longer music here,
And laughter sounds like madness in his ear :
His grief the world of all her power disarms,
Wine has no taste, and beauty has no charms :
God's holy word, once trivial in his view,
Now by the voice of his experience true,
Seems, as it is, the fountain whence alone
Must spring that hope he pants to make his own.
Now let the bright reverse be known abroad ;
Say man's a worm, and power belongs to God.
As when a felon, whom his country's laws
Have justly doomed for some atrocious cause,

Expects in darkness and heart-chilling fears,
The shameful close of all his mispent years ;
If chance, on heavy pinions slowly borne,
A tempest usher in the dreaded morn,
Upon his dungeon walls the lightnings play,
The thunder seems to summon him away,
The warder at the door his key applies,
Shoots back the bolt, and all his courage dies :
If then, just then, all thoughts of mercy lost,
When hope, long lingering, at last yields the ghost,
The sounds of pardon pierce his startled ear,
He drops at once his fetters and his fear ;
A transport glows in all he looks and speaks,
And the first thankful tears bedew his cheeks.
Joy, far superior joy, that much outweighs
The comfort of a few poor added days,
Invades, possesses, and o'erwhelms the soul
Of him, whom Hope has with a touch made whole.
'Tis Heaven, all Heaven descending on the wings
Of the glad legions of the King of kings ;
'Tis more—'tis God diffused through every part,
'Tis God himself triumphant in his heart.
O welcome now the sun's once hated light,
His noonday beams were never half so bright.
Not kindred minds alone are called t' employ
Their hours, their days, in listening to his joy ;
Unconscious nature, all that he surveys,
Rocks, groves, and streams, must join him in his
praise.

These are thy glorious works, eternal Truth,
The scoff of withered age and beardless youth ;
These move the censure and illiberal grin
Of fools, that hate thee and delight in sin :
But these shall last when night has quenched the pole,
And Heaven is all departed as a scroll ;
And when, as Justice has long since decreed,
This earth shall blaze, and a new world succeed,
Then these thy glorious works, and they who share

That hope which can alone exclude despair,
 Shall live exempt from weakness and decay,
 The brightest wonders of an endless day.

Happy the bard, (if that fair name belong
 To him, that blends no fable with his song,)
 Whose lines, uniting, by an honest art,
 The faithful monitor's and poet's part,
 Seek to delight, that they may mend mankind;
 And, while they captivate, inform the mind :
 Still happier, if he till a thankful soil,
 And fruit reward his honourable toil :
 But happier far, who comfort those, that wait
 To hear plain truth at Judah's hallowed gate :
 Their language simple, as their manners meek,
 No shining ornaments have they to seek ;
 Nor labour they, nor time nor talents waste,
 In sorting flowers to suit a fickle taste ;
 But while they speak the wisdom of the skies,
 Which art can only darken and disguise,
 Th' abundant harvest, recompense divine,
 Repays their work—the gleanings only mine.

 CHARITY.

*Quo nihil majus meliusve terris
 Fata donavere, bonique divi :
 Nec dabunt, quamvis redeant in aurum
 Tempora priscum.* *Hor. Lib. iv. Ode 2.*

FAIREST and foremost of the train, that wait
 On man's most dignified and-happiest state.
 Whether we name thee charity or love,
 Chief grace below, and all in all above,
 Prosper (I press thee with a powerful plea)
 A task I venture on, impelled by thee ;
 O never seen but in thy blest effects,
 Or felt but in the soul that heaven selects ;
 Who seeks to praise thee, and to make thee known,
 To other hearts, must have thee in his own.

Come, prompt me with benevolent desires,
 Teach me to kindle at thy gentle fires,
 And, though disgraced and slighted, to redeem
 A poet's name, by making thee the theme.
 God, working ever on a social plan,
 By various ties attaches man to man :
 He made at first, though free and unconfined,
 One man the common father of the kind ;
 That every tribe, though placed as he sees best
 Where seas nor deserts part them from the rest,
 Differing in language, manners, or in face,
 Might feel themselves allied to all the race.
 When Cook—lamented, and with tears as just
 As ever mingled with heroic dust,—
 Steered Britain's oak into a world unknown,
 And in his country's glory sought his own,
 Wherever he found man, to nature true,
 The rights of man were sacred in his view ;
 He soothed with gifts, and greeted with a smile,
 The simple native of the new-found isle ;
 He spurned the wretch, that slighted or withstood
 The tender argument of kindred blood,
 Nor would endure, that any should control
 His freeborn brethren of the southern pole.

But though some nobler minds a law respect,
 That none shall with impunity neglect,
 In baser souls unnumbered evils meet,
 To thwart its influence, and its end defeat.
 While Cook is loved for savage lives he saved;
 See Cortez odious for a world enslaved !
 Where wast thou then, sweet Charity ? where then,
 Thou tutelary friend of helpless men ?
 Wast thou in monkish cells and nunneries found,
 Or building hospitals on English ground ?
 No.—Mammon makes the world his legatee—
 Through fear, not love ; and Heaven abhors the fee,
 Wherever found, (and all men need thy care,)
 Nor age nor infancy could find thee there.

The hand, that slew till it could slay no more,
Was glued to the sword hilt with Indian gore.
Their prince, as justly seated on his throne
As vain imperial Philip on his own.
Tricked out of all his royalty by art,
That stripped him bare, and broke his honest heart,
Died by the sentence of a shaven priest,
For scorning what they taught him to detest.
How dark the veil, that intercepts the blaze
Of Heaven's mysterious purposes and ways,
God stood not, though he seemed to stand aloof;
And at this hour the conqueror feels the proof:
The wreath he won drew down an instant curse,
The fretting plague is in the public purse,
The cankered spoil corrodes the pining state,
Starved by that indolence their mines create.

O could their ancient Incas rise again,
How would they take up Israel's taunting strain?
Art thou too fallen, Iberia? Do we see
The robber and the murderer weak as we?
Thou, that hast wasted earth, and dared despise
Alike the wrath and mercy of the skies,
Thy pomp is in the grave, thy glory laid
Low in the pits thine avarice has made.
We come with joy from our eternal rest,
To see the oppressor in his turn oppressed.
Art thou the god, the thunder of whose hand
Rolled over all our desolated land,
Shook principalities and kingdoms down,
And made the mountains tremble at his frown!
The sword shall light upon thy boasted powers,
And waste them, as thy sword has wasted ours.
'Tis thus Omnipotence his law fulfils,
And Vengeance executes what Justice wills.

Again—the band of commerce was designed
T' associate all the branches of mankind;
And if a boundless plenty be the robe,
Trade is the golden girdle of the globe.

Wise to promote whatever end he means,
 God opens fruitful nature's various scenes :
 Each climate needs what other climes produce,
 And offers something to the general use ;
 No land but listens to the common call,
 And in return receives supply from all.
 This genial intercourse, and mutual aid,
 Cheers what were else a universal shade,
 Calls Nature from her ivy mantled den,
 And softens human rock-work into men.
 Ingenious Art, with her expressive face,
 Steps forth to fashion and refine the race ;
 Not only fills Necessity's demand,
 But overcharges her capacious hand :
 Capricious Taste itself can crave no more,
 Than she supplies from her abounding store ;
 She strikes out all that luxury can ask,
 And gains new vigour at her endless task.
 Here is the spacious arch, the shapely spire,
 The painter's pencil, and the poet's lyre ;
 From her the canvass borrows light and shade,
 And verse, more lasting, hues that never fade.
 She guides the fingers o'er the dancing keys,
 Gives difficulty all the grace of ease,
 And pours a torrent of sweet notes around,
 Fast as the thirsting ear can drink the sound.

These are the gifts of Art, and Art thrives most
 Where commerce has enriched the busy coast ;
 He catches all improvements in his flight,
 Spreads foreign wonders in his country's sight,
 Imports what others have invented well,
 And stirs his own to match them, or excel.
 'Tis thus reciprocating, each with each,
 Alternately the nations learn and teach ;
 While Providence enjoins to every soul
 A union with the vast terraqueous whole.

Heaven speed the canvass, gallantly unfurled
 To furnish and accommodate a world,

To give the pole the produce of the sun,
And knit th' unsocial climates into one.—
Soft airs and gentle heavings of the wave
Impel the fleet, whose errand is to save,
To succour wasted regions, and replace
The smile of Opulence in Sorrow's face.
Let nothing adverse, nothing unforeseen,
Impede the bark, that ploughs the deep serene.
Charged with a freight transcending in its worth
The gems of India, Nature's rarest birth,
That flies, like Gabriel on his Lord's commands,
A herald of God's love to pagan lands.
But ah ! what wish can prosper, or what prayer,
For merchants rich in cargoes of despair,
Who drive a loathsome traffic, gauge, and span,
And buy the muscles and the bones of man !
The tender ties of father, husband, friend,
All bonds of nature in that moment end ;
And each endures, while yet he draws his breath,
A stroke as fatal as the scythe of Death.
The sable warrior, frantic with regret
Of her he loves, and never can forget,
Loses in tears the far-receding shore,
But not the thought, that they must meet no more ;
Deprived of her and freedom at a blow,
What has he left that he can yet forego ?
Yes, to deep sadness sullenly resigned,
He feels his body's bondage in his mind ;
Puts off his generous nature ; and, to suit
His manners with his fate, puts on the brute.
O most degrading of all ills, that wait
On man, a mourner in his best estate !
All other sorrows Virtue may endure,
And find submission more than half a cure ;
Grief is itself a medicine, and bestowed
T' improve the fortitude that bears the load,
To teach the wanderer, as his woes increase,
The path of Wisdom, all whose paths are peace ;

But slavery !—Virtue dreads it as her grave :
 Patience itself is meanness in a slave :
 Or if the will and sovereignty of God
 Did suffer it awhile, and kiss the rod,
 Wait for the dawning of a brighter day
 And snap the chain the moment when you may.
 Nature imprints upon whate'er we see,
 That has a heart and life in it, Be free ;
 The beasts are chartered—neither age nor force
 Can quell the-love of freedom in a horse :
 He breaks the cord that held him at the rack ;
 And, conscious of an unencumbered back,
 Snuffs up the morning air, forgets the rein ;
 Loose fly his firelock and his ample mane.
 Responsive to the distant neigh he neighs ;
 Nor stops till, overleaping all delays,
 He finds the pasture where his fellows graze.

Canst thou, and honoured with a Christian name,
 Buy what is woman-born, and feel no shame ;
 Trade in the blood of innocence, and plead
 Expedience as a warrant for the deed ?
 So may the wolf, whom famine has made bold,
 To quit the forest and invade the fold :
 So may the ruffian, who, with ghostly glide,
 Dagger in hand, steals close to your bed side ;
 Not he, but his emergence forced the door,
 He found it inconvenient to be poor.
 Has God then given its sweetness to the cane,
 Unless his laws be trampled on—in vain ?
 Built a brave world, which cannot yet subsist,
 Unless his right to rule it be dismissed ?
 Impudent blasphemy ! So Folly pleads,
 And, Avarice being judge, with ease succeeds.

But grant the plea, and let it stand for just,
 That man make man his prey, because he *must* :
 Still there is room for pity to abate,
 And sooth the sorrows of so sad a state.
 A Briton knows, or if he knows it not,

The scripture placed within his reach, he ought,
 That souls have no discriminating hue,
 Alike important in their Maker's view;
 That none are free from blemish since the fall,
 And Love divine has paid one price for all.
 The wretch, that works and weeps without relief,
 Has one that notices his silent grief.
 He, from whose hands alone all power proceeds,
 Ranks its abuse among the foulest deeds,
 Considers *all* injustice with a frown;
 But *marks* the man that treads his fellow down.
 Begone,—the whip and bell in that hard hand
 Are hateful ensigns of usurped command.
 Not Mexico could purchase kings a claim
 To scourge him, weariness his only blame.
 Remember Heaven has an avenging rod :
 To smite the poor is treason against God.

Trouble is grudgingly and hardly brooked,
 While life's sublimest joys are overlooked
 We wander o'er a sunburnt thirsty soil,
 Murmuring and weary of our daily toil,
 Forget t' enjoy the palm-tree's offered shade,
 Or taste the fountain in the neighbouring glade :
 Else who would lose, that had the power t' improve,
 The occasion of transmuting fear to love ?
 O 'tis a god-like privilege to save,
 And he that scorns it is himself a slave.
 Inform his mind ; one flash of heavenly day
 Would heal his heart, and melt his chains away.
 "Beauty for ashes" is a gift indeed,
 And slaves, by truth enlarged, are doubly freed.
 Then would he say, submissive at thy feet,
 While gratitude and love made service sweet,
 My dear deliverer out of hopeless night,
 Whose bounty brought me but to give me light,
 I was a bondman on my native plain,
 Sin forged, and Ignorance made fast the chain ;
 Thy lips have shed instruction as the dew,

Taught me what path to shun, and what pursue;
 Farewell my former joys ! I sigh no more
 For Africa's once loved, benighted shore ;
 Serving a benefactor I am free ;
 At my best home, if not exiled from thee,
 Some men make gain a fountain, whence proceeds
 A stream of liberal and heroic deeds ;
 The swell of pity, not to be confined
 Within the scanty limits of the mind,
 Disdains the bank, and throws the golden sands,
 A rich deposite, on the bordering lands :
 These have an ear for his paternal call,
 Who makes some rich for the supply of all ;
 God's gift with pleasure in his praise employ ;
 And *Thornton* is familiar with the joy.
 O could I worship aught beneath the skies,
 That earth has seen, or fancy can devise,
 Thine altar, sacred liberty, should stand,
 Built by no mercenary vulgar hand,
 With fragrant turf, and flowers as wild and fair
 As ever dressed a bank, or scented summer air.
 Duly, as ever on the mountain's height
 The peep of Morning shed a dawning light.
 Again, when Evening, in her sober vest,
 Drew the gray curtain of the fading west,
 My soul should yield thee willing thanks and praise,
 For the chief blessings of my fairest days :
 But that were sacrilege—praise is not thine,
 But his who gave thee, and preserves thee mine ;
 Else I would say, and as I spake bid fly
 A captive bird into the boundless sky,
 This triple realm adores thee—thou art come
 From Sparta hither, and art here at home.
 We feel thy force still active, at this hour
 Enjoy immunity from priestly power,
 While Conscience, happier than in ancient years,
 Owns no superior but the God she fears.
 Propitious spirit ! yet expunge a wrong

Thy rights have suffered, and our land, too long,
Teach mercy to ten thousand hearts, that share
The fears and hopes of a commercial care.
Prisons expect the wicked, and were built
To bind the lawless, and to punish guilt ;
But shipwreck, earthquake, battle, fire, and flood,
Are mighty mischiefs, not to be withstood ;
And honest merit stands on slippery ground,
Where covert guile and artifice abound.
Let just restraint, for public peace designed,
Chain up the wolves and tigers of mankind ;
The foe of virtue has no claim to thee,
But let insolvent Innocence go free.

Patron of else the most despised of men,
Accept the tribute of a stranger's pen ;
Verse, like the laurel ; its immortal meed,
Should be the guerdon of a noble deed ;
I may alarm thee, but I fear the shame
(Charity chosen as my theme and aim)
I must incur, forgetting *Howard's* name.
Blest with all wealth can give thee, to resign
Joys doubly sweet to feelings quick as thine,
To quit the bliss thy rural scenes bestow,
To seek a nobler amidst scenes of wo,
To traverse seas, range kingdoms, and bring home,
Not the proud monuments of Greece or Rome,
But knowledge such as only dungeons teach,
And only sympathy like thine could reach ;
That grief sequestered from the public stage,
Might smooth her feathers, and enjoy her cage ;
Speaks a divine ambition, and a zeal,
The boldest patriot might be proud to feel.
O that the voice of clamour and debate,
That pleads for peace till it disturbs the state,
Were hushed in favour of thy generous plea,
The poor thy clients, and Heaven's smile thy fee ?
Philosophy, that does not dream or stray,
Walks arm in arm with nature all his way ;

passes earth, dives into it, ascends
 whatever steep Inquiry recommends,
 planetary wonders smoothly roll
 and other systems under her control,
 asks wisdom at the milky stream of light,
 it cheers the silent journey of the night,
 brings at his return a bosom charged
 with rich instruction, and a soul enlarged.
 treasured sweets of the capacious plan,
 that Heaven spreads wide before the view of man,
 prompt his pleased pursuit, and to pursue
 prompt him, with a pleasure always new ;
 so has a connecting power, and draws
 to the centre of the common cause,
 giving a dubious and deficient sight
 in a new medium and a purer light.
 Truth is precious, if not all divine ;
 what dilates the powers must needs refine.
 reads the skies, and, watching every change,
 extends the faculties an ampler range ;
 wins mankind, as his attempts prevail,
 a higher station on the general scale .
 Reason still, unless divinely taught,
 whatever she learns, learns nothing as she ought ;
 the lamp of revelation only shows,
 that human wisdom cannot but oppose,
 that man, in nature's richest mantle clad,
 disgraced with all philosophy can add,
 though fair without and luminous within,
 still the progeny and heir of sin.
 As taught, down falls the plumage of his pride ;
 feels his need of an unerring guide,
 knows that falling he shall rise no more,
 less the power that bade him stand restore.
 This is indeed philosophy ; this known
 true wisdom, worthy of the name, his own ;
 without this, whatever he discuss ;
 whether the space between the stars and us ;

Whether he measure earth, compute the sea;
 Weigh sunbeams, carve a fly, or spit a flea;
 The solemn trifler with his boasted skill
 Toils much, and is a solemn trifler still :
 Blind was he born, and his misguided eyes
 Grown dim in trifling studies, blind he dies.
 Self-knowledge truly learned of course implies
 The rich possession of a nobler prize;
 For self to self, and God to man revealed,
 (Two themes to Nature's eye for ever sealed)
 Are taught by rays, that fly with equal pace
 From the same centre of enlightening grace.
 Here stay thy foot ; how copious, and how clear,
 Th' o'erflowing well of Charity springs here !
 Hark ! 'tis the music of a thousand rills,
 Some through the groves, some down the sloping
 hills,

Winding a secret or an open course,
 And all supplied from an eternal source.
 The ties of Nature do but feebly bind,
 And commerce partially reclaims mankind ;
 Philosophy, without his heavenly guide,
 May blow up self-conceit, and nourish pride ;
 But, while his promise is the reasoning part,
 Has still a veil of midnight on his heart :
 'Tis Truth divine, exhibited on earth,
 Gives Charity her being and her birth.

Suppose (when thought is warm and fancy flows,
 What will not argument sometimes suppose ?)
 An isle possessed by creatures of our kind,
 Endued with reason, yet by nature blind,
 Let supposition lend her aid once more,
 And land some grave optician on the shore :
 He claps his lens, if haply they may see,
 Close to the part where vision ought to be ;
 But finds, that, though his tubes assist the sight,
 They cannot give it, or make darkness light.
 He reads wise lectures, and describes aloud

A sense they know not, to the wondering crowd ;
 He talks of light, and the prismatic hues,
 As men of depth in erudition use ;
 But all he gains for his harangue is— Well,——
 What monstrous lies some travellers will tell !

The soul, whose sight all-quickening grace re-
 news,

Takes the resemblance of the good she views,
 As diamonds, stripped of their opaque disguise,
 Reflect the noonday glory of the skies.
 She speaks of him, her author, guardian, friend,
 Whose love knew no beginning, knows no end,
 In language warm as all that love inspires,
 And in the glow of her intense desires,
 Pants to communicate her noble fires.
 She sees a world stark blind to what employs
 Her eager thought, and feeds her flowing joys ;
 Though Wisdom hail them, heedless of her call,
 Flies to save some, and feels a pang for all :
 Herself as weak as her support is strong,
 She feels that frailty she denied so long ;
 And, from a knowledge of her own disease,
 Learns to compassionate the sick she sees.
 Here see, acquitted of all vain pretence,
 The reign of genuine Charity commence.
 Though scorn repay her sympathetic tears,
 She still is kind, and still she perseveres ;
 The truth she loves a sightless world blaspheme,
 'Tis childish dotage, a delirious dream ;
 The danger they discern not, they deny ;
 Laugh at their only remedy, and die.
 But still a soul thus touched can never cease,
 Whoever threatens war, to speak of peace.
 Pure in her aim, and in her temper mild,
 Her wisdom seems the weakness of a child :
 She makes excuses where she might condemn,
 Reviled by those that hate her, prays for them :
 Suspicion lurks not in her artless breast,

The worst suggested, she believes the best ;
Not soon provoked, however stung and teased,
And, if perhaps made angry, soon appeased ;
She rather waives than will dispute her right,
And, injured, makes forgiveness her delight.

Such was the portrait an apostle drew,
The bright original was one he knew ;
Heaven held his hand, the likeness must be true.

When one, that holds communion with the skies,
Has filled his urn where these pure waters rise,
And once more mingles with us meaner things,
'Tis e'en as if an angel shook his wings ;
Immortal fragrance fills the circuit wide,
That tells us whence his treasures are supplied.
So when a ship, well freighted with the stores
The sun matures on India's spicy shores,
Has dropped her anchor, and her canvass furled
In some safe haven of our western world,
Twere vain inquiry to what port she went
The gale informs us, laden with the scent.

Some seek, when queasy conscience has its qualms,
To lull the painful malady with alms ;
But charity not feigned intends alone
Another's good—theirs centres in their own ;
And, too short lived to reach the realms of peace,
Must cease, for ever when the poor shall cease.
Flavia, most tender of her own good name,
Is rather careless of her sister's fame :
Her superfluity the poor supplies,
But, if she touch a character, it dies.
The seeming virtue weighed against the vice,
She deems all safe, for she has paid the price :
No charity but alms aught values she,
Except in porcelain on her mantel-tree.
How many deeds, with which the world has rung,
From Pride, in league with Ignorance, have sprung !
But God o'errules all human follies still,
And bends the tough materials to his will.

A conflagration, or a wintry flood,
 Has left some hundreds without home or food ;
 Extravagance and Avarice shall subscribe,
 While fame and self-complacence are the bribe.
 The brief proclaimed, it visits every pew,
 But first the squire's a compliment but due :
 With slow deliberation he unties
 His glittering purse, that envy of all eyes,
 And, while the clerk just puzzles out the psalm,
 Slides guinea behind guinea in his palm ;
 Till finding, what he might have found before,
 A smaller piece amidst the precious store,
 Pinched close between his finger and his thumb,
 He half exhibits, and then drops the sum.
 Gold to be sure ?—Throughout the town 'tis told,
 How the good squire gives never less than gold,
 From motives such as his, though not the best,
 Springs in due time supply for the distressed ;
 Not less effectual than what love bestows,
 Except that office clips it as it goes.

But lest I seem to sin against a friend,
 And wound the grace I mean to recommend,
 (Though vice derided with a just design
 Implies no trespass against love divine,)
 Once more I would adopt the graver style,
 A teacher should be sparing of his smile.
 Unless a love of virtue light the flame;
 Satire is, more than those he brands, to blame ;
 He hides behind a magisterial air
 His own offences, and strips others bare ;
 Affects, indeed, a most humane concern,
 That men, if gently tutored, will not learn ;
 That mulish Folly, not to be reclaimed
 By softer methods, must be made ashamed ;
 But (I might instance in St. Patrick's dean)
 Too often rails to gratify his spleen.
 Most satirists are indeed a public scourge ;
 Their mildest physic is a farrier's purge

Their acrid temper turns, as soon as stirred,
The milk of their good purpose all to curd.
Their zeal begotten, as their works rehearse,
By lean despair upon an empty purse,
The wild assassins start into the street,
Prepared to poniard whomsoe'er they meet.
No skill in swordmanship, however just,
Can be secure against a madman's thrust ;
And even Virtue, so unfairly matched,
Although immortal, may be pricked or scratched
When scandal has new minted an old lie,
Or taxed invention for a fresh supply,
'Tis called a satire, and the world appears
Gathering around it with erected ears :
A thousand names are tossed into the crowd ;
Some whispered softly, and some twanged aloud
Just as the sapience of an author's brain
Suggests it safe or dangerous to be plain.
Strange ! how the frequent interjected dash
Quickens a market and helps off the trash ;
The important letters, that include the rest,
Serve as a key to those that are suppressed ;
Conjecture gripes the victims in his paw,
The world is charmed, and Scrib escapes the law
So, when the cold damp.shades of night prevail,
Worms may be caught by either head or tail ;
Forcibly drawn from many a close recess,
They meet with little pity, no redress ;
Plunged in the stream, they lodge upon the mud
Food for the famished rovers of the flood.

All zeal for a reform, that gives offence
To peace and charity, is mere pretence :
A bold remark, but which, if well applied,
Would humble many a towering poet's pride.
Perhaps the man was in a sportive fit,
And had no other play-place for his wit ;
Perhaps enchanted with the love of fame,
He sought the jewel in his neighbour's shame :

Perhaps—whatever end he might pursue,
The cause of virtue could not be his view.
At every stroke wit flashes in our eyes ;
The turns are quick, the polished points surprise,
But shine with cruel and tremendous charms,
That, while they please, possess us with alarms ;
So have I seen (and hastened to the sight
On all the wings of holiday delight,)
Where stands that monument of ancient power,
Named with emphatic dignity, the Tower,
Guns, halberts, swords, and pistols, great and small,
In starry forms disposed upon the wall ;
We wonder, as we gazing stand below,
That brass and steel should make so fine a show ;
But though we praise th' exact designer's skill,
Account them implements of mischief still.

No works shall find acceptance in that day,
When all disguises shall be rent away,
That square not truly with the Scripture plan,
Nor spring from love to God, or love to man.
As he ordains things sordid in their birth
To be resolved into their parent earth ;
And, though the soul shall seek superior orbs,
Whate'er this world produces, it absorbs ;
So self starts nothing, but what tends apace
Home to the goal, where it began the race.
Such as our motive is, our aim must be ;
If this be servile, that can ne'er be free :
If self employ us, whatsoe'er is wrought,
We glorify that self, not him we ought :
Such virtues had need prove their own reward,
The Judge of all men owes them no regard.
True Charity, a plant divinely nursed,
Fed by the love from which it rose at first,
Thrives against hope, and, in the rudest scene,
Storms but enliven its unfading green :
Exuberant is the shadow it supplies,
In fruits on earth, its growth above the skies.

To look at Him, who formed us and redeemed,
So glorious now, though once so disesteemed,
To see God stretch forth his human hand,
T' uphold the boundless scenes of his command ;
To recollect, that, in a form like ours,
He bruised beneath his feet th' infernal powers,
Captivity led captive, rose to claim
The wreath he won so dearly in our name ;
That, throned above all height, he condescends
To call the few that trust in him his friends ;
That, in the Heaven of heavens, that space he deems
Too scanty for th' exertion of his beams,
And shines as if impatient to bestow
Life and a kingdom upon worms below ;
That sight imparts a never-dying flame,
Though feeble in degree, in kind the same.
Like him the soul, thus kindled from above,
Spreads wide her arms of universal love ;
And, still enlarged as she receives the grace,
Includes creation in her close embrace,
Behold a Christian ! and without the fires
The founder of that name alone inspires,
Though all accomplishment, all knowledge meet,
To make the shining prodigy complete,
Whoever boasts that name—behold a cheat !
Where love, in these the world's last doting years,
As frequent as the want of it appears,
The churches warmed, they would no longer hold
Such frozen figures, stiff as they are cold ;
Relenting forms would lose their power or cease ;
And e'en the dipped and sprinkled live in peace :
Each heart would quit its prison in the breast,
And flow in free communion with the rest.
The statesman, skilled in projects dark and deep,
Might burn his useless Machiavel, and sleep ;
His budget often filled, yet always poor,
Might swing at ease behind his study door,
No longer prey upon our annual rents,

Or scare the nation with its big contents :
 Disbanded legions freely might depart,
 And slaying man would cease to be an art.
 No learned disputants would take the field,
 Sure not to conquer, and sure not to yield ;
 Both sides decieved, if rightly understood,
 Pelting each other for the public good.
 Did Charity prevail, the press would prove
 A vehicle of virtue, truth, and love ;
 And I might spare myself the pains to show
 What few can learn, and all suppose they know.
 Thus I have sought to grace a serious lay
 With many a wild, indeed, but flowery spray,
 In hopes to gain, what else I must have lost,
 Th' attention pleasure has so much engrossed.
 But if, unhappily decieved, I dream,
 And prove too weak for so divine a theme,
 Let Charity forgive me a mistake,
 That zeal, not vanity, has chanced to make,
 And spare the poet for his subject's sake.

CONVERSATION.

*Nam neque me tantum venientis sibilus auri,
 Nec percussas juvant fluctu tam litora, nec quas
 Saxosus inter decurrunt flumina valles.* *Virg. Ecl. 5.*

THOUGH Nature weigh our talents, and dispense
 To every man his modicum of sense,
 And conversation in its better part
 May be esteemed a gift, and not an art,
 Yet much depends, as in the tiller's toil,
 On culture, and the sowing of the soil.
 Words learned by rote a parrot may rehearse,
 But talking is not always to converse ;
 Not more distinct from harmony divine,
 The constant creaking of a country sign.
 As alphabets in ivory employ,

Hour after hour, the yet unlettered boy,
Sorting and puzzling with a deal of glee
Those seeds of science called his A B C ;
So language in the mouths of the adult,
Witness its insignificant result,
Too often proves an implement of play,
A toy to sport with, and pass time away.
Collect at evening what the day brought forth,
Compress the sum into its solid worth,
And if it weigh th' importance of a fly,
The scales are false, or algebra a lie.
Sacred interpreter of human thought,
How few respect or use thee as they ought !
But all shall give account of every wrong,
Who dare dishonour or defile the tongue ;
Who prostitute it in the cause of vice,
Or sell the glory at the market-price ;
Who vote for hire, or point it with lampoon,
The dear-bought placeman, and the cheap buffoon.

There is a prurience in the speech of some,
Wrath stays him, or else God would strike him dumb :
His wise forbearance has their end in view,
They fill their measure, and receive their due.
The heathen law-givers of ancient days,
Names almost worthy of a Christian's praise,
Would drive them forth from the resort of men,
And shut up every satyr in his den.
O come not ye near innocence and truth,
Ye worms that eat into the bud of youth !
Infectious as impure, your blighting power
Taints in its rudiments the promised flower,
Its odour perished and its charming hue,
Thenceforth 'tis hateful, for it smells of you.
Not e'en the vigorous and headlong rage
Of adolescence, or a firmer age,
Affords a plea allowable or just
For making speech the pamperer of lust ;
But when the breath of age commits the fault,

'Tis nauseous as the vapour of a vault.
 So withered stumps disgrace the sylvan scene,
 No longer fruitful, and no longer green ;
 The sapless wood, divested of the bark,
 Grows fungous, and takes fire at every spark.

Oaths terminate, as Paul observes, all strife—
 Some men have surely then a peaceful life ;
 Whatever subject occupy discourse,
 The feats of Vestris, or the naval force,
 Asseveration blustering in your face
 Makes contradiction such a hopeless case :
 In every tale they tell, or false or true,
 Well known, or such as no man ever knew,
 They fix attention, heedless of your pain,
 With oaths like rivets forced into the brain ;
 And e'en when sober truth prevails throughout,
 They swear it till affirmance breeds a doubt.
 A Persian, humble servant of the sun,
 Who, though devout, yet bigotry had none, -
 Hearing a lawyer, grave in his address,
 With abjuration every word impress,
 Supposed the man a bishop, or, at least,
 God's name so much upon his lips, a priest ;
 Bowed at the close with all his graceful airs,
 And begged an interest in his frequent prayers.

Go, quit the rank to which ye stood preferred,
 Henceforth associate in one common herd ;
 Religion, virtue, reason, common sense,
 Pronounce your human form a false pretence ;
 A mere disguise, in which a devil lurks,
 Who yet betrays his secret by his works.

Ye powers who rule the tongue, if such there are,
 And make colloquial happiness your care,
 Preserve me from the thing I dread and hate,
 A duel in the form of a debate.
 The clash of arguments and jar of words,
 Worse than the mortal brunt of rival swords,
 Decide no question with their tedious length,

(For opposition gives opinion strength)
Divert the champions, prodigal of breath,
And put the peaceably-disposed to death.
O thwart me not, sir Soph, at every turn,
Nor carp at every flaw you may discern ;
Though syllogisms hang not on my tongue,
I am not surely always in the wrong ;
'Tis hard if all is false that I advance,
A fool must now and then be right by chance.
Not that all freedom of dissent I blame ;
No—there I grant the privilege I claim.
A disputable point is no man's ground ;
Rove where you please, 'tis common all around.
Discourse may want an animated—No,
To brush the surface, and to make it flow ;
But still remember, if you mean to please,
To press your point with modesty and ease.
The mark, at which my juster aim I take,
Is contradiction for its own dear sake.
Set your opinion at whatever pitch,
Knots and impediments make something hitch ;
Adopt his own, 'tis equally in vain,
Your thread of argument is snapped again ;
The wrangler, rather than accord with you,
Will judge himself deceived, and prove it too.
Vociferated logic kills me quite,
A noisy man is always in the right :
I twirl my thumbs, fall back into my chair,
Fix on the wainscoat a distressful stare,
And, when I hope his blunders are all out,
Reply discreetly—To be sure—no doubt !

Dubius is such a scrupulous good man—
Yes—you may catch him tripping if you can.
He would not, with a peremptory tone,
Assert the nose upon his face his own ;
With hesitation admirably slow,
He humbly hopes—presumes—it may be so.
His evidence, if he were called by law

To swear to some enormity he saw,
For want of prominence and just relief,
Would hang an honest man and save a thief.
Through constant dread of giving truth offence,
He ties up all his hearers in suspense;
Knows what he knows, as if he knew it not.
What he remembers, seems to have forgot;
His sole opinion, whatsoe'er befall,
Centering at last in having none at all.
Yet, though he tease and baulk your listening ear,
He makes one useful point exceeding clear;
Howe'er ingenious on his darling theme
A sceptic in philosophy may seem,
Reduced to practice, his beloved rule
Would only prove him a consummate fool;
Useless in him alike both brain and speech,
Fate having placed all truth above his reach,
His ambiguities his total sum,
He might as well be blind, and deaf, and dumb.

Where men of judgment creep and feel their way,
The positive pronounce without dismay;
Their want of light and intellect supplied
By sparks absurdity strikes out of pride.
Without the means of knowing right from wrong,
They always are decisive, clear, and strong;
Where others toil with philosophic force,
Their nimble nonsense takes a shorter course;
Flings at your head conviction in the lump,
And gains remote conclusions at a jump:
Their own defect, invisible to them,
Seen in another, they at once condemn;
And, though self-idolized in every case,
Hate their own likeness in a brother's face.
The cause is plain, and not to be denied,
The proud are always most provoked by pride;
Few competitions but engender spite;
And those the most where neither has a right.
The point of honour has been deemed of use,

To teach good manners, and to curb abuse ;
Admit it true, the consequence is clear,
Our polished manners are a mask we wear,
And at the bottom barbarous still and rude,
We are restrained, indeed, but not subdued.
The very remedy, however sure,
Springs from the mischief it intends to cure,
And savage in its principle appears,
Tried, as it should be, by the fruit it bears.
'Tis hard, indeed, if nothing will defend
Mankind from quarrels but their fatal end ;
That now and then a hero must decease,
That the surviving world may live in peace,
Perhaps at last close scrutiny may show
The practice dastardly, and mean, and low .
That men engage in it compelled by force,
And fear, not courage, is its proper source ;
The fear of tyrant custom, and the fear
Lest fops should censure us, and fools should sneer.
At least, to trample on our Maker's laws,
And hazard life for any or no cause,
To rush into a fixed eternal state.
Out of the very flames of rage and hate,
Or send another shivering to the bar
With all the guilt of such unnatural war,
Whatever use may urge or honour plead,
On reason's verdict is a madman's deed.
Am I to set my life upon a throw,
Because a bear is rude and surly ? No—
A moral, sensible and well-bred man
Will not affront me ; and no other can.
Were I empowered to regulate the lists,
They should encounter with well-loaded fists ;
A Trojan combat would be something new,
Let *Dares* beat *Entellus* black and blue ;
Then each might show, to his admiring friends,
In honourable bumps his rich amends,
And carry in contusions of his skull,

A satisfactory receipt in full.

A story, in which native humour reigns,
Is often useful, always entertains ;
A graver fact, enlisted on your side,
May furnish illustration, well applied ;
But sedentary weavers of long tales
Give me the fidgets, and my patience fails.
'Tis the most asinine employ on earth,
To hear them tell of parentage and birth,
And echo conversations dull and dry,
Embellished with—*He said*, and *So said I*
At every interview their route the same,
The repetition makes attention lame :
We bustle up with unsuccessful speed ;
And in the saddest part cry—*Droll indeed !*
The path of narrative with care pursue,
Still making probability your clew :
On all the vestiges of truth attend,
And let *them* guide you to a decent end.
Of all ambitions man may entertain,
The worst that can invade a sickly brain,
Is that, which angles hourly for surprise,
And baits its hook with prodigies and lies.
Credulous infancy, or age as weak,
Are fittest auditors for such to seek,
Who to please others will themselves disgrace,
Yet please not, but affront you to your face.
A great retailer of this curious ware
Having unloaded and made many a stare,
Can this be true ?—an arch observer cries,
Yes, (rather moved) I saw it with these eyes ;
Sir ! I believe it on that ground alone ;
I could not, had I seen it with my own.

A tale should be judicious, clear, succinct ;
The language plain, and incidents well linked ;
Tell not as new what every body knows,
And, new or old, still hasten to a close ;
There centering in a focus round and neat,

Let all your rays of information meet.
 What neither yields us profit nor delight.
 Is like a nurse's lullaby at night ;
 Guy Earl of Warwick and fair Eleanore,
 Or giant-killing Jack, would please me more.

The pipe, with solemn interposing puff,
 Makes half a sentence at a time enough ;
 The dozing sages drop the drowsy strain,
 Then pause, and puff—then speak, and pause again.
 Such often, like the tube they so admire,
 Important triflers : have more smoke than fire.
 Pernicious weed ! whose scent the fair annoys,
 Unfriendly to society's chief joys,
 Thy worst effect is banishing for hours
 The sex, whose presence civilizes ours :
 Thou art indeed the drug a gardener wants,
 To poison vermin that infest his plants ;
 But are we so to wit and beauty blind,
 As to despise the glory of our kind,
 And show the softest minds and fairest forms
 As little mercy, as the grubs and worms ?
 They dare not wait the riotous abuse,
 Thy thirst-creating steams at length produce,
 When wine has given indecent language birth,
 And forced the flood-gates of licentious mirth ;
 For sea-born Venus her attachment shows
 Still to that element from which she rose,
 And with a quiet which no fumes disturb,
 Sips meek infusions of a milder herb.

Th' emphatic speaker dearly loves t' oppose.
 In contact inconvenient, nose to nose,
 As if the gnomon on his neighbour's phiz,
 Touched with the magnet, had attracted his.
 His whispered theme, dilated and at large,
 Proves after all a wind-gun's airy charge,
 An extract of his diary—no more,
 A tasteless journal of the day before.
 He walked abroad, o'ertaken in the rain,

Called on a friend, drank tea, stepped home again,
 Resumed his purpose, had a word of talk
 With one he stumbled on, and lost his walk.
 I interrupt him with a sudden bow,
 Adieu, dear sir ! lest you should lose it now.

I cannot talk with civet in the room,
 A fine puss-gentleman that's all perfume ;
 The sight's enough—no need to smell a beau—
 Who thrusts his nose into a rareeshow ?
 His odoriferous attempts to please,
 Perhaps might prosper with a swarm of bees :
 But we that make no honey, though we sting,
 Poets, are sometimes apt to maul the thing.
 'Tis wrong to bring into a mixed resort,
 What makes some sick, and others *à la-mort* :
 An argument of cogence, we may say,
 Why such a one should keep himself away.

A graver coxcomb we may sometimes see,
 Quite as absurd, though not so light as he ;
 A shallow brain behind a serious mask,
 An oracle within an empty cask,
 The solemn fop ; significant and budge ;
 A fool with judges, amongst fools a judge ;
 He says but little, and that little said
 Owes all its weight, like loaded dice, to lead.
 His wit invites you by his looks to come,
 But when you knock, it never is at home.
 'Tis like a parcel sent you by the stage,
 Some handsome present, as your hopes presage ;
 'Tis heavy, bulky, and bids fair to prove
 An absent friend's fidelity and love ;
 But when unpacked, your disappointment groans
 To find it stuffed with brickbats, earth, and stones.

Some men employ their health, an ugly trick,
 In making known how oft they have been sick,
 And give us, in recitals of disease,
 A doctor's trouble, but without the fees ;
 Relate how many weeks they kept their bed,

How an emetic or cathartic sped ;
 Nothing is slightly touched, much less forgot,
 Nose, ears, and eyes, seem present on the spot.
 Now the distemper, spite of draught or pill,
 Victorious seemed, and now the doctor's skill ;
 And now—alas for unforeseen mishaps !
 They put on a damp nightcap and relapse ;
 They thought they must have died, they were so bad ;
 Their peevish hearers almost wish they had.

Some fretful tempers wince at every touch.
 You always do too little or too much :
 You speak with life, in hopes to entertain,
 Your elevated voice goes through the brain ;
 You fall at once into a lower key,
 That's worse—the drone-pipe of an humblebee.
 The southern sash admits too strong a light,
 You rise and drop the curtain—now 'tis night.
 He shakes with cold—you stir the fire and strive
 To make a blaze—that's roasting him alive.
 Serve him with venison, and he chooses fish ;
 With soal—that's just the sort he does not wish.
 He takes what he at first professed to loath,
 And in due time feeds heartily on both ;
 Yet still, o'erclouded with a constant frown,
 He does not swallow, but he gulps it down.
 Your hope to please him, vain on every plan,
 Himself should work that wonder if he can—
 Alas ! his efforts double his distress,
 He likes yours little, and his own still less.
 Thus always teasing others, always teased,
 His only pleasure is—to be displeased.

I pity bashful men, who feel the pain
 Of fancied scorn and undeserved disdain,
 And bear the marks upon a blushing face
 Of needless shame, and self-imposed disgrace.
 Our sensibilities are so acute,
 The fear of being silent makes us mute.
 We sometimes think we could a speech produce

Much to the purpose, if our tongues were loose ;
But being tried, it dies upon the lip,
Faint as a chicken's note that has the pip :
Our wasted oil unprofitably burns,
Like hidden lamps in old sepulchral urns.
Few Frenchmen of this evil have complained ;
It seems as if we Britons were ordained,
By way of wholesome curb upon our pride,
To fear each other, fearing none beside.
The cause perhaps inquiry may descry,
Self-searching with an introverted eye,
Concealed within an unsuspected part,
The vainest corner of our own vain heart ;
For ever aiming at the world's esteem,
Our self-importance ruins its own scheme ;
In other eyes our talents rarely shown,
Become at length so splendid in our own,
We dare not risk them into public view,
Lest they miscarry of what seems their due.
True modesty is a discerning grace,
And only blushes in the proper place ;
But counterfeit is blind, and skulks through fear,
Where 'tis a shame to be ashamed t' appear :
Humility the parent of the first,
The last by vanity produced and nursed.
The circle formed, we sit in silent state,
Like figures drawn upon a dial plate ;
Yes ma'am and no ma'am, uttered softly show
Every five minutes how the minutes go ;
Each individual suffering a constraint
Poetry may, but colours cannot paint ;
And if in close committee on the sky,
Reports it hot or cold, or wet or dry ;
And finds a changing clime a happy source
Of wise reflection, and well timed discourse.
We next inquire, but softly and by stealth,
Like conservators of the public health,
Of epidemic throats, if such there are,

And coughs, and rheums, and phthisic, and catarrh.
That theme exhausted, a wide chasm ensues,
Filled up at last with interesting news,
Who danced with whom, and who are like to wed,
And who is hanged, and who is brought to bed ;
But fear to call a more important cause,
As as if 'twere treason against English laws.
The visit paid, with ecstasy we come,
As from a seven years transportation, home,
And there resume an unembarrassed brow,
Recovering what we lost we know not how,
The faculties that seemed reduced to naught,
Expression and the privilege of thought.

The reeking, roaring hero of the chase,
I give him over as a desperate case.
Physicians write in hopes to work a cure,
Never, if honest ones, when death is sure ;
And though the fox he follows may be tamed,
A mere fox-follower never is reclaimed.
Some farrier should prescribe his proper course,
Whose only fit companion is his horse ;
Or if, deserving of a better doom,
The noblest beast judge otherwise, his groom.
Yet e'en the rogue that serves him, though he stand,
To take his honour's orders, cap in hand,
Prefers his fellow-grooms with much good sense,
Their skill a truth, his master's a pretence.
If neither horse nor groom affect the squire,
Where can at last his jockeyship retire ?
O to the club, the scene of savage joys,
The school of coarse good fellowship and noise ;
There, in the sweet society of those
Whose friendship from his boyish years he chose.
Let him improve his talent if he can,
Till none but beasts acknowledge him a man.

Man's heart had been impenetrably sealed,
Like theirs that cleave the flood or graze the field,
Had not his Maker's all-bestowing hand

Given him a soul, and bade him understand ;
The reasoning power vouchsafed of course inferred
The power to clothe that reason with his word :
For all is perfect that God works on earth,
And he that gives conception, aids the birth.
If this be plain, 'tis plainly understood,
What uses of his boon the Giver would.
The Mind, despatched upon her busy toil,
Should range where Providence has blessed the soil ;
Visiting every flower with labour meet,
And gathering all her treasures sweet by sweet,
She should imbue the tongue with what she sips,
And shed the balmy blessing on the lips,
That good diffused may more abundant grow,
And speech may praise the power that bids it flow.
Will the sweet warbler of the livelong night,
That fills the listening lover with delight,
Forget his harmony, with rapture heard,
To learn the twittering of a meaner bird ?
Or make the parrot's mimicry his choice,
That odious libel on a human voice ?
No—Nature, unsophisticate by man,
Starts not aside from her Creator's plan ;
The melody that was at first designed
To cheer the rude forefathers of mankind,
Is note for note delivered in our ears,
In the last scene of her six thousand years.
Yet Fashion, leader of a chattering train,
Whom man, for his own hurt, permits to reign,
Who shifts and changes all things but his shape,
And would degrade her votary to an ape,
The fruitful parent of abuse and wrong,
Holds a usurped dominion o'er his tongue ;
There sits and prompts him with his own disgrace,
Prescribes the theme, the tone, and the grimace,
And when accomplished in her wayward school,
Calls gentleman whom she has made a fool.
'Tis an unalterable fixed decree,

That none could frame or ratify but she,
That heaven and hell, and righteousness and sin,
Snares in his path, and foes that lurk within,
God and his attributes (a field of day
Where 'tis an angel's happiness to stray,)
Fruits of his love and wonders of his might,
Be never named in ears esteemed polite.
That he who dares, when she forbids, be grave,
Shall stand proscribed, a madman or a knave,
A close designer not to be believed,
Or, if excused that charge, at least deceived.
Oh folly worthy of the nurse's lap,
Give it the breast, or stop its mouth with pap !
Is it incredible, or can it seem
A dream to any, except those that dream,
That man should love his maker, and *that* fire,
Warming his heart, should at his lips transpire ?
Know then, and modestly let fall your eyes,
And veil your daring crest that braves the skies ;
That air of insolence affronts your God,
You need his pardon, and provoke his rod :
Now, in a posture that becomes you more
Than that heroic strut assumed before,
Know, your arrears with every hour accrue
For mercy shown, while wrath is justly due.
The time is short, and there are souls on earth,
Though future pain may serve for present mirth,
Acquainted with the woes, that fear or shame,
By fashion taught, forbade them once to name,
And, having felt the pangs you deem a jest,
Have proved them truths too big to be expressed.
Go seek on revelation's hallowed ground,
Sure to succeed, the remedy they found :
Touched by that power that you have dared to mock,
That makes seas stable, and dissolves the rock,
Your heart shall yield a life-renewing stream,
That fools, as you have done, shall call a dream.
It happened on a solemn eventide,

Soon after He that was our surety died,
Two bosom friends, each pensively inclined,
The scene of all those sorrows left behind,
Sought their own village, busied as they went
In musings worthy of the great event :
They spake of him they loved, of him whose life,
Though blameless, had incurred perpetual strife,
Whose deeds have left, in spite of hostile arts,
A deep memorial graven on their hearts.
The recollection, like a vein of ore,
The farther traced, enriched them still the more ;
They thought him, and they justly thought him, one
Sent to do more than he appeared t' have done ;
T' exalt a people, and to place them high
Above all else, and wondered he should die.
Ere yet they brought their journey to an end,
A stranger joined them, courteous as a friend,
And asked them with a kind, engaging air,
What their affliction was, and begged to share.
Informed, he gathered up the broken thread,
And, truth and wisdom gracing all he said,
Explained, illustrated, and searched so well
The tender theme on which they chose to dwell,
That, reaching home, the night, they said, is near
We must not now be parted, sojourn here—
The new acquaintance soon became a guest,
And, made so welcome at their simple feast,
He blessed the bread, but vanished at the word,
And left them both exclaiming, 'Twas the Lord !
Did not our hearts feel all he deigned to say ?
Did they not burn within us on the way ?
Now theirs was converse, such as it behoves
Man to maintain, and such as God approves :
Their views, indeed, were indistinct and dim,
But yet successful, being aimed at him.
Christ and his character their only scope,
Their object, and their subject, and their hope,
They felt what it became them much to feel,

And, wanting him to loose the sacred seal,
Found him as prompt, as their desire was true,
To spread the new-born glories in their view.

Well—what are ages and the lapse of time,
Matched against truths, as lasting as sublime?
Can length of years on God himself exact?
Or make that fiction, which was once a fact?

No—marble and recording brass decay,
And, like the graver's memory, pass away;
The works of man inherit, as is just,
Their author's frailty, and return to dust:
But truth divine for ever stands secure,
Its head is guarded, and its base is sure.
Fixed in the rolling flood of endless years,
The pillar of th' eternal plan appears,
The raving storm and dashing wave defies,
Built by that architect who built the skies.
Hearts may be found, that harbour at this hour
That love of Christ, and all its quickening power;
And lips unstained by folly or by strife,
Whose wisdom, drawn from the deep well of life,
Tastes of its healthful origin, and flows
A Jordan for th' ablution of our woes.
O days of heaven and nights of equal praise,
Serene and peaceful as those heavenly days,
When souls drawn upwards in communion sweet,
Enjoy the stillness of some close retreat,
Discourse, as if released and safe at home,
Of dangers past, and wonders yet to come,
And spread the sacred treasures of the breast
Upon the lap of covenanted Rest.

What, always dreaming over heavenly things,
Like angel-heads in stone with pigeon-wings?
Canting and whining out all day the word,
And half the night? Fanatic and absurd!
None be the friend less frequent in his prayers,
Who makes no bustle with his soul's affairs,
Whose wit can brighten up a wintry day,

And chase the splenetic dull hours away ;
Content on earth in earthly things to shine,
Who waits for heaven ere he becomes divine
Leave saints t' enjoy those altitudes they teach,
And plucks the fruit placed more within his reach.

Well spoken, advocate of sin and shame,
Known by thy bleating, ignorance thy name.
Is sparkling wit the world's exclusive right ?
The fixed fee-simple of the vain and light ?
Can hopes of heaven, bright prospects of an hour,
That come to waft us out of Sorrow's power,
Obscure or quench a faculty, that finds
Its happiest soil in the serenest minds ?
Religion curbs indeed its wanton play,
And brings the trifter under rigorous sway,
But gives it usefulness unknown before,
And, purifying, makes it shine the more.
A Christian's wit is inoffensive light,
A beam that aids, but never grieves the sight ;
Vigorous in age as in the flush of youth,
'Tis always active on the side of truth ;
Temperance and peace ensure its healthful state,
And make it brightest at its latest date.
Oh I have seen (nor hope perhaps in vain,
Ere life go down, to see such sights again)
A veteran warrior in the Christian field,
Who never saw the sword he could not wield ;
Grave without dulness, learned without pride,
Exact, yet not precise, though meek, keen-eyed ;
A man that would have foiled at their own play
A dozen would-be's of the modern day ;
Who, when occasion justified its use,
Had wit as bright as ready to produce,
Could fetch from records of an earlier age,
Or from Philosophy's enlightened page,
His rich materials, and regale your ear
With strains it was a privilege to hear :
Yet, above all, his luxury supreme,

And his chief glory, was the gospel theme :
There he was copious as old Greece or Rome,
His happy eloquence seemed there at home,
Ambition not to shine or to excel,
But to treat justly what he loved so well.

It moves me more perhaps than folly ought,
When some green heads, as void of wit as thought,
Suppose *themselves* monopolists of sense,
And wiser men's ability pretence.

Though time will wear us and we must grow old,
Such men are not forgot as soon as cold ;
Their fragrant memory will outlast their tomb,
Embalmed for ever in its own perfume.
And to say truth, though in its early prime,
And when unstained with any grosser crime
Youth has a sprightliness and fire to boast,
That in the valley of decline are lost,
And Virtue with peculiar charms appears,
Crowned with the garland of life's blooming years ;
Yet Age, by long experience well informed,
Well read, well tempered, with religion warmed,
That fire abated which impels rash youth,
Proud of his speed, to overshoot the truth,
As time improves the grape's authentic juice,
Mellows and makes the speech more fit for use,
And claims a reverence in its shortening day,
That 'tis an honour and a joy to pay.
The fruits of age, less fair, are yet more sound,
Than those a brighter season pours around ;
And, like the stores autumnal suns mature,
Through wintry rigours unimpaired endure.

What is fanatic frenzy, scorned so much,
And dreaded more than a contagious touch ?
I grant it dangerous, and approve your fear,
That fire is catching if you draw too near ;
But sage observers oft mistake the flame,
And give true piety that odious name.
To tremble (as the creature of an hour

Ought at the view of an almighty power)
 Before his presence, at whose awful throne
 All tremble in all worlds, except our own,
 'To supplicate his mercy, love his ways,
 And prize them above pleasure, wealth, or praise,
 Though common sense, allowed a casting voice,
 And free from bias, must approve the choice,
 Convicts a man fanatic in th' extreme,
 And wild as madness in the world's esteem.
 But that disease, when soberly defined,
 Is the false fire of an o'erheated mind ;
 It views the truth with a distorted eye,
 And either warps or lays it useless by ;
 'Tis narrow, selfish, arrogant, and draws
 Its sordid nourishment from man's applause ;
 And while at heart sin unrelinquished lies,
 Presumes itself chief favourite of the skies.
 'Tis such a light as putrefaction breeds
 In fly-blown flesh, whereon the maggot feeds,
 Shines in the dark, but, ushered into day,
 The stench remains, the lustre dies away.

True bliss, if man may reach it, is composed
 Of hearts in union mutually disclosed
 And, farewell else all hope of pure delight,
 Those hearts should be reclaimed, renewed, upright.
 Bad men, profaning friendship's hallowed name,
 Form, in its stead, a covenant of shame,
 A dark confederacy against the laws
 Of virtue, and religion's glorious cause :
 They build each other up with dreadful skill,
 As bastion set point blank against God's will ;
 Enlarge and fortify the dread redoubt,
 Deeply resolved to shut a Saviour out ;
 Call legions up from hell to back the deed ;
 And, cursed with conquest, finally succeed.
 But souls that carry on a blest exchange
 Of joys they meet within their heavenly range,
 And with a fearless confidence make known,

The sorrows sympathy esteems its own,
Daily derive increasing light and force
From such communion in their pleasant course,
Feel less the journey's roughness and its length,
Meet their opposers with united strength,
And, one in heart, in interest, and design,
Gird up each other to the race divine.

But conversation, choose what theme we may,
And chiefly when religion leads the way,
Should flow, like waters after summer showers,
Not as if raised by mere mechanic powers.
The Christian, in whose soul, though now distressed,
Lives the dear thought of joys he once possessed,
When all his glowing language issued forth
With God's deep stamp upon its current worth,
Will speak without disguise, and must impart,
Sad as it is, his undissembling heart,
Abhors constraint, and dares not feign a zeal,
Or seem to boast a fire he does not feel.
The song of Zion is a tasteless thing,
Unless when rising on a joyful wing,
The soul can mix with the celestial bands,
And give the strain the compass it demands.

Strange tidings these to tell a world who treat
All but their own experience as deceit
Will they believe, though credulous enough
To swallow much upon much weaker proof,
That there are blest inhabitants on earth,
Partakers of a new ethereal birth,
Their hopes, desires, and purposes estranged
From things terrestrial, and divinely changed,
Their very language of a kind that speaks
The soul's ~~sure~~ interest in the good she seeks,
Who deal with scripture, its importance felt,
As Tully with philosophy once dealt,
And in the silent watches of the night,
And through the scenes of toil-renewing light,
The social walk, or solitary ride,

Keep still the dear companion at their side !
No—shame upon a self-disgracing age,
God's work may serve an ape upon a stage
With such a jest, as filled with hellish glee
Certain invisibles as shrewd as he ;
But veneration or respect finds none,
Save from the subjects of that work alone.
The world grown old, her deep discernment shows,
Claps spectacles on her sagacious nose,
Peruses closely the true Christian's face,
And finds it a mere mask of sly grimace :
Usurps God's office, lays his bosom bare,
And finds hypocrisy close lurking there ;
And, serving God herself through mere constraint,
Concludes his unfeigned love of him a feint.
And yet, God knows, look human nature through,
(And in due time the world shall know it too)
That since the flowers of Eden felt the blast,
That after man's defection laid all waste,
Sincerity towards the heart-searching God
Has made the new-born creature her abode,
Nor shall be found in unregenerate souls,
Till the last fire burn all between the poles.
Sincerity ! why 'tis his only pride,
Weak and imperfect in all grace beside,
He knows that God demands his heart entire,
And gives him all his just demands require.
Without it his pretensions were as vain,
As having it he deems the world's disdain ;
That great defect would cost him not alone
Man's favourable judgment, but his own ;
His birthright shaken, and no longer clear,
Than while his conduct proves his heart sincere.
Retort the charge, and let the world be told
She boasts a confidence she does not hold ;
That, conscious of her crimes, she feels instead
A cold misgiving, and a killing dread :
That while in health the ground of her support

Is madly to forget that life is short ;
That sick she trembles, knowing she must die,
Her hope presumption, and her faith a lie ;
That while she dotes, and dreams that she believes,
She mocks her Maker, and herself deceives,
Her utmost reach, historical assent,
The doctrines warped to what they never meant ;
That truth itself is in her head as dull
And useless as a candle in a scull,
And all her love of God a groundless claim,
A trick upon the canvass, painted flame.
Tell her again, the sneer upon her face,
And all her censures of the work of grace,
Are insincere, meant only to conceal
A dread she would not, yet is forced to feel :
That in her heart the Christian she reveres,
And while she seems to scorn him, only fears.

A poet does not work by square or line,
As smiths and joiners perfect a design ;
At least we moderns, our attention less,
Beyond the example of our sires digress,
And claim a right to scamper and run wide,
Wherever chance, caprice, or fancy guide.
The world and I fortuitously met ;
I owed a trifle, and have paid the debt ;
She did me wrong, I recompensed the deed,
And, having struck the balance, now proceed.
Perhaps, however, as some years have passed,
Since she and I conversed together last,
And I have lived recluse in rural shades,
Which seldom a distinct report pervades,
Great changes and new manners have occurred,
And blest reforms that I have never heard,
And she may now be as discreet and wise,
As once absurd in all discerning eyes.
Sobriety perhaps may now be found,
Where once Intoxication pressed the ground ;
The subtle and injurious may be just,

And he grown chaste, that was the slave of lust ;
Arts once esteemed may be with shame dismissed ;
Charity may relax the miser's fist ;
The gamester may have cast his cards away,
Forgot to curse, and only kneel to pray.
It has indeed been told me (with what weight,
How credibly, 'tis hard for me to state)
'That fables old, that seemed for ever mute,
Revived, are hastening into fresh repute,
And gods and goddesses discarded long,
Like useless lumber, or a stroller's song,
Are bringing into vogue their heathen train,
And Jupiter bids fair to rule again ;
That certain feasts are instituted now,
Where Venus hears the lover's tender vow ;
That all Olympus through the country roves,
To consecrate our few remaining groves,
And Echo learns politely to repeat
The praise of names for ages obsolete :
That having proved the weakness, it should seem,
Of revelation's ineffectual beam,
To bring the passions under sober sway,
And give the moral springs their proper play,
They mean to try what may at last be done,
By stout substantial gods of wood and stone,
And whether Roman rites may not produce
The virtues of old Rome for English use.
May such success attend the pious plan,
May Mercury once more embellish man,
Grace him again with long forgotten arts,
Reclaim his taste, and brighten up his parts,
Make him athletic as in days of old,
Learned at the bar, in the palæstra bold,
Divest the rougher sex of female airs,
And teach the softer not to copy theirs :
The change shall please, nor shall it matter aught
Who works the wonder, if it be but wrought.
'Tis time, however, if the case stand thus,

For us plain folks, and all who side with us,
To build our altar, confident and bold,
And say as stern Elijah said of old,
The strife now stands upon a fair award,
If Israel's Lord be God, then serve the Lord :
If he be silent, faith is all a whim,
Then Baal is the God, and worship him.

Digression is so much in modern use,
Thought is so rare, and fancy so profuse,
Some never seem so wide of their intent,
As when returning to the theme they meant ;
As mendicants, whose business is to roam,
Make every parish but their own their home.
Though such continual zigzags in a book,
Such drunken reelings have an awkward look,
And I had rather creep to what is true,
Than rove and stagger with no mark in view ;
Yet to consult a little, seemed no crime,
The freakish humour of the present time ;
But now to gather up what seems dispersed,
And touch the subject I designed at first,
May prove, though much beside the rules of art,
Best for the public, and my wisest part.
And first, let no man charge me that I mean
To clothe in sable every social scene,
And give good company a face severe,
As if they met around a father's bier ;
For tell some men, that pleasure all their bent,
And laughter all their work, is life mispent,
Their wisdom bursts into the sage reply,
Then mirth is sin, and we should always cry.
To find the medium asks some share of wit,
And therefore 'tis a mark fools never hit.
But though life's valley be a vale of tears,
A brighter scene beyond that vale appears,
Whose glory, with a light that never fades,
Shoots between scattered rocks and opening shades,
And, while it shows the land the soul desires,

The language of the land she seeks inspires.
 Thus touched, the tongue receives a sacred cure
 Of all that was absurd, profane, impure ;
 Held within modest bounds, the tide of speech
 Pursues the course that Truth and Nature teach ;
 No longer labours merely to produce
 The pomp of sound, or tinkle without use :
 Where'er it winds, the salutary stream,
 Sprightly and fresh, enriches every theme,
 While all the happy man possessed before,
 The gift of nature, or the classic store,
 Is made subservient to the grand design,
 For which heaven formed the faculty divine.
 So should an idiot, while at large he strays,
 Find the sweet lyre, on which an artist plays,
 With rash and awkward force the chords he shakes,
 And grins with wonder at the jar he makes ;
 But let the wise and well instructed hand
 Once take the shell beneath his just command ;
 In gentle sounds it seems as it complained
 Of the rude injuries it late sustained,
 Till tuned at length to some immortal song,
 It sounds Jehovah's name, and pours his praise along.

RETIREMENT.

..... studiis florens ignobilis oti.—*Virg. Geor. Lib. 4.*

HACKNEYED in business, wearied at the oar
 Which thousands, once fast chained to, quit no more,
 But which, when life at ebb runs weak and low,
 All wish, or seem to wish, they could forego ;
 The statesman, lawyer, merchant, man of trade,
 Pants for the refuge of some rural shade,
 Where, all his long anxieties forgot
 Amid the charms of a sequestered spot,
 Or recollected only to gild o'er,
 And add a smile to what was sweet before,

He may possess the joys he thinks he sees,
Lay his old age upon the lap of Ease,
Improve the remnant of his wasted span,
And, having lived a trifier, die a man.
Thus Conscience pleads her cause within the breast,
Though long rebelled against, not yet suppressed,
And calls a creature formed for God alone,
For Heaven's high purposes, and not his own :
Calls him away from selfish ends and aims,
From what debilitates and what inflames,
From cities humming with a restless crowd,
Sordid as active, ignorant as loud,
Whose highest praise is that they live in vain,
The dupes of pleasure, or the slaves of gain,
Where works of man are clustered close around,
And works of God are hardly to be found.
To regions where, in spite of sin and wo,
Traces of Eden are still seen below,
Where mountain, river, forest, field, and grove,
Remind him of his Maker's power and love.
"Tis well if, looked for at so late a day,
In the last scene of such a senseless play,
True wisdom will attend his feeble call,
And grace his action ere the curtain fall.
Souls, that have long despised their heavenly birth,
Their wishes all impregnated with earth,
For threescore years employed with ceaseless care
In catching smoke and feeding upon air,
Conversant only with the ways of men,
Rarely redeem the short remaining ten.
Inveterate habits choke th' unfruitful heart,
Their fibres penetrate its tenderest part,
And, draining its nutritious powers to feed
Their noxious growth, starve every better seed.
Happy, if full of days—but happier far,
If, ere we yet discern life's evening star,
Sick of the service of a world that feeds
Its patient drudges with dry chaff and weeds,

We can escape from custom's idiot sway,
To serve the sovereign we were born to obey.
Then sweet to muse upon his skill displayed
(Infinite skill) in all that he has made !
To trace in Nature's most minute design
The signature and stamp of power divine,
Contrivance intricate, expressed with ease,
Where unassisted sight no beauty sees,
The shapely limb and lubricated joint,
Within the small dimensions of a point,
Muscle and nerve miraculously spun,
His mighty work, who speaks, and it is done,
The invisible in things scarce seen revealed,
To whom an atom is an ample field ;
To wonder at a thousand insect forms,
These hatched, and those resuscitated worms,
New life ordained and brighter scenes to share,
Once prone on earth, now buoyant upon air,
Whose shape would make them, had they bulk and size,
More hideous foes than fancy can devise ;
With helmet-heads and dragon-scales adorned,
The mighty myriads, now securely scorned,
Would mock the majesty of man's high birth,
Despise his bulwarks, and unpeople earth.
Then with a glance of fancy to survey,
Far as the faculty can stretch away,
Ten thousand rivers poured at his command
From urns, that never fail, through every land ;
This like a deluge with impetuous force,
Those winding modestly a silent course ;
The cloud-surmounting Alps, the fruitful vales ;
Seas, on which every nation spreads her sails ;
The sun, a world whence other worlds drink light,
The crescent moon, the diadem of night ;
Stars countless, each in his appointed place,
Fast anchored in the deep abyss of space—
At such a sight to catch the poet's flame,
And with a rapture like his own exclaim,

These are thy glorious works, thou source of good,
How dimly seen, How faintly understood !
Thine, and upheld by thy paternal care,
This universal frame, thus wondrous fair ;
Thy power divine, and bounty beyond thought,
Adored and praised in all that thou hast wrought.
Absorbed in that immensity I see,
I shrink abased, and yet aspire to thee ;
Instruct me, guide me to that heavenly day
Thy words more clearly than thy works display,
That, while thy truths my grosser thoughts refine,
I may resemble thee, and call thee mine.

O blest proficiency ! surpassing all
That men erroneously their glory call,
The recompense that arts or arms can yield,
The bar, the senate, or the tented field.
Compared with this sublimest life below,
Ye kings and rulers, what have courts to show !
Thus studied, used and consecrated thus,
On earth what is, seems formed indeed for us :
Not as the plaything of a froward child,
Fretful unless diverted and beguiled,
Much less to feed and fan the fatal fires
Of pride, ambition, or impure desires,
But as a scale, by which the soul ascends
From mighty means to more important ends,
Securely, though by steps but rarely trod,
Mounts from inferior beings up to God,
And sees, by no fallacious light or dim,
Earth made for man, and man himself for him.

Not that I mean t' approve, or would enforce,
A superstitious and monastic course :
Truth is not local, God alike pervades
And fills the world of traffic and the shades,
And may be feared amidst the busiest scenes,
Or scorned where business never intervenes.
But 'tis not easy with a mind like ours,
Conscious of weakness in its noblest powers,

And in a world where, other ills apart,
The roving eye misleads the careless heart,
To limit Thought, by nature prone to stray
Wherever freakish Fancy points the way ;
To bid the pleadings of Self-love be still,
Resign our own and seek our Maker's will ;
To spread the page of Scripture, and compare
Our conduct with the laws engraven there ;
To measure all that passes in the breast,
Faithfully, fairly, by that sacred test ;
To dive into the secret deeps within,
To spare no passion and no favourite sin,
And search the themes, important above all,
Ourselves, and our recovery from our fall.
But leisure, silence, and a mind released
From anxious thoughts how wealth may be increased,
How to secure, in some propitious hour,
The point of interest or the post of power,
A soul serene, and equally retired
From objects too much dreaded or desired,
Safe from the clamours of perverse dispute,
At least are friendly to the great pursuit.

Opening the map of God's extensive plan,
We find a little isle, this life of man ;
Eternity's unknown expanse appears
Circling around and limiting his years.
The busy race examine and explore
Each creek and cavern of the dangerous shore,
With care collect what in their eyes excels,
Some shining pebbles, and some weeds and shells
Thus laden, dream that they are rich and great,
And happiest he that groans beneath his weight.
The waves o'ertake them in their serious play,
And every hour sweeps multitudes away ;
'They shriek and sink, survivors start and weep,
Pursue their sport, and follow to the deep.
A few forsake the throng : with lifted eyes
Ask wealth of Heaven, and gain a real prize,

Truth, wisdom, grace, and peace like that above,
Sealed with his signet whom they serve and love ;
Scorned by the rest, with patient hope they wait
A kind release from their imperfect state,
And unregretted are soon snatched away
From scenes of sorrow into glorious day.

Now these alone prefer a life recluse,
Who seek retirement for its proper use ;
The love of change, that lives in every breast,
Genius, and temper, and desire of rest,
Discordant motives in one centre meet,
And each inclines its votary to retreat.
Some minds by nature are averse to noise,
And hate the tumult half the world enjoys,
The lure of avarice, or the pompous prize,
That courts display before ambitious eyes ;
The fruits that hang on pleasure's flowery stem,
Whate'er enchants them, are no snares to them.
To them the deep recess of dusky groves
Or forest, where the deer securely roves,
The fall of waters, and the song of birds,
And hills that echo to the distant herds,
Are luxuries excelling all the glare
The world can boast, and her chief favourites share.
With eager step, and carelessly arrayed,
For such a cause the poet seeks the shade,
From all he sees he catches new delight,
Pleased Fancy claps her pinions at the sight,
The rising or the setting orb of day,
The clouds that flit, or slowly float away,
Nature in all the various shapes she wears,
Frowning in storms, or breathing gentle airs ;
The snowy robe her wintry state assumes,
Her summer heats, her fruits, and her perfumes :
All, all alike transport the glowing bard,
Success in rhyme his glory and reward.
O Nature ! whose Elysian scenes disclose
His bright perfections, at whose word they rose,

Next to that power, who form'd thee and sustains,
Be thou the great inspirer of my strains.
Still, as I touch the lyre, do thou expand
Thy genuine charms, and guide an artless hand,
That I may catch a fire but rarely known,
Give useful light, though I should miss renown,
And, poring on thy page, whose every line
Bears proof of an intelligence divine,
May feel a heart enriched by what it pays,
That builds its glory on its Maker's praise.
Wo to the man, whose wit disclaims its use,
Glittering in vain, or only to seduce,
Who studies nature with a wanton eye,
Admires the work, but slips the lesson by ;
His hours of leisure and recess employs
In drawing pictures of forbidden joys,
Retires to blazon his own worthless name,
Or shoot the careless with a surer aim.

The lover too shuns business and alarms,
Tender idolator of absent charms.
Saints offer nothing in their warmest prayers,
That he devotes not with a zeal like theirs ;
'Tis consecration of his heart, soul, time,
And every thought that wanders is a crime.
In sighs he worships his supremely fair,
And weeps a sad libation in despair ;
Adores a creature, and, devout in vain,
Wins in return an answer of disdain.
As woodbine weds the plant within her reach,
Rough elm, or smooth-grained ash, or glossy beech,
In spiral rings ascends the trunk, and lays
Her golden tassels on the leafy sprays,
But does a mischief while she lends a grace,
Straitening its growth by such a strict embrace ;
So love, that clings around the noblest minds,
Forbids th' advancement of the soul he binds :
The suitor's air indeed he soon improves,
And forms it to the taste of her he loves,

Teaches his eyes a language, and no less
Refines his speech, and fashions his address ;
But farewell promises of happier fruits,
Manly designs, and learning's grave pursuits ;
Girt with a chain he cannot wish to break,
His only bliss is sorrow for her sake ;
Who will may pant for glory and excel,
Her smile his aim, all higher aims farewell !
Thyrsis, Alexis, or whatever name
May least offend against so pure a flame,
Though sage advice of friends the most sincere
Sounds harshly in so delicate an ear,
And lovers, of all creatures tame or wild,
Can least brook management, however mild ;
Yet let a poet (poetry disarms
The fiercest animals with magic charms)
Risk an intrusion on thy pensive mood,
And woo and win thee to thy proper good.
Pastoral images and still retreats,
Umbrageous walks and solitary seats,
Sweet birds in concert with harmonious streams,
Soft airs, nocturnal vigils, and day dreams,
Are all enchantments in a case like thine,
Conspire against thy peace with one design,
Sooth thee to make thee but a surer prey,
And feed the fire that wastes thy powers away.
Up—God has formed thee with a wiser view,
Not to be led in chains, but to subdue ;
Calls thee to cope with enemies, and first
Points out a conflict with thyself, the worst.
Woman indeed, a gift he would bestow,
When he designed a paradise below,
The richest earthly boon his hands afford,
Deserves to be beloved, but not adored.
Post away swiftly to more active scenes,
Collect the scattered truths that study gleans,
Mix with the world, but with its wiser part,
No longer give an image all thye heart ;

Its empire is not hers, nor is it thine,
'Tis God's just claim, prerogative divine.

Virtuous and faithful HEBERDEN, whose skill
Attempts no task it cannot well fulfil,
Gives melancholy up to Nature's care,
And sends the patient into purer air.
Look where he comes—in this embowered alcove
Stand close concealed, and see a statue move :
Lips busy, and eyes fixed, foot falling slow,
Arms hanging idly down, hands clasped below,
Interpret to the marking eye distress,
Such as its symptoms can alone express.
That tongue is silent now ; that silent tongue
Could argue once, could jest or join the song,
Could give advice, could censure or commend,
Or charm the sorrows of a drooping friend.
Renounced alike its office and its sport,
Its brisker and its graver strains fall short ;
Both fail beneath a fever's secret sway,
And like a summer brook are past away.
This is a sight for Pity to peruse,
Till she resemble faintly what she views,
Till sympathy contract a kindred pain,
Pierced with the woes that she laments in vain.
This, of all maladies that man infest,
Claims most compassion, and receives the least :
Job felt it, when he groaned beneath the rod
And the barbed arrows of a frowning God ;
And such emollients as his friends could spare,
Friends such as his for modern Jobs prepare.
Blest, rather curst, with hearts that never feel,
Kept snug in caskets of close hammered steel.
With mouths made only to grin wide and eat,
And minds, that deem derided pain a treat,
With limbs of British oak, and nerves of wire,
And wit that puppet-prompters might inspire
Their sovereign nostrum is a clumsy joke
On pants enforced with God's severest stroke.

But with a soul, that never felt the sting
Of sorrow, sorrow is a sacred thing:
Not to molest, or irritate, or raise
A laugh at his expense, is slender praise;
He that has not usurped the name of man,
Does all, and deems too little all, he can,
T' assuage the throbbings of the festered part,
And stanch the bleedings of a broken heart.
Tis not, as heads that never ache suppose,
Forgery of fancy, and a dream of woes;
Man is a harp, whose chords elude the sight,
Each yielding harmony disposed aright;
The screws reversed (a task which, if he please,
God in a moment executes with ease,)
Ten thousand thousand strings at once go loose,
Lost, till he tune them, all their power and use.
Then neither heathy wilds, nor scenes as fair
As ever recompensed the peasant's care
Nor soft declivities with tufted hills,
Nor view of waters turning busy mills,
Parks in which Art preceptress Nature weds,
Nor gardens interspersed with flowery beds,
Nor gales, that catch the scent of blooming groves,
And waft it to the mourner as he roves,
Can call up life into his faded eye,
That passes all he sees unheeded by;
No wounds like those a wounded spirit feels,
No cure for such, till God, who makes them, heals.
And thou, sad sufferer under nameless ill,
That yields not to the touch of human skill,
Improve the kind occasion, understand
A Father's frown, and kiss his chastening hand.
To thee the day-spring, and the blaze of noon,
The purple evening and resplendent moon,
The stars that, sprinkled o'er the vault of night,
Seem drops descending in a shower of light,
Shine not, or undesired and hated shine,
Seen through the medium of a cloud-like thine :-

Yet seek him, in his favour life is found,
All bliss beside a shadow and a sound :
Then heaven, eclipsed so long, and this dull earth,
Shall seem to start into a second birth ;
Nature, assuming a more lovely face,
Borrowing a beauty from the works of grace,
Shall be despised and overlooked no more,
Shall fill thee with delights unfelt before,
Impart to things inanimate a voice,
And bid her mountains and her hills rejoice ;
The sound shall run along the winding vales,
And thou enjoy an Eden ere it fails.

Ye groves (the statesman at his desk exclaims,
Sick of a thousand disappointed aims,)
My patrimonial treasure and my pride,
Beneath your shades your gray possessor hide,
Receive me languishing for that repose
The servant of the public never knows.
Ye saw me once (ah, those regretted days,
When boyish innocence was all my praise !)
Hour after hour delightfully allot
To studies then familiar, since forgot,
And cultivate a taste for ancient song,
Catching its ardour as I mused along ;
Nor seldom, as propitious Heaven might send,
What once I valued and could boast, a friend,
Were witnesses how cordially I pressed
His undissembling virtue to my breast ;
Receive me now, not uncorrupt as then,
Nor guiltless of corrupting other men,
But versed in arts, that, while they seem to stay
A falling empire, hasten its decay.
To the fair haven of my native home,
The wreck of what I was, fatigued I come ;
For once I can approve the patriot's voice,
And make the course he recommends my choice ;
We meet at last in one sincere desire,
His wish and mine both prompt me to retire.

'Tis done—he steps into the welcome chaise,
Lolls at his ease behind four handsome bays,
That whirl away from business and debate
The disencumbered atlas of the state.
Ask not the boy, who, when the breeze of morn
First shakes the glittering drops from every thorn,
Unfolds his flock, then under bank or bush
Sits linking cherry-stones, or plating rush,
How fair is freedom?—he was always free ;
To carve his rustic name upon a tree,
To snare the mole, or with ill-fashioned hook,
To draw th' incautious minnow from the brook,
Are life's prime pleasures in his simple view,
His flock the chief concern he ever knew ;
She shines but little in his heedless eyes,
The good we never miss we rarely prize :
But ask the noble drudge in state affairs,
Escaped from office and its constant cares,
What charms he sees in Freedom's smile expressed,
In Freedom lost so long, now re-possest ;
The tongue whose strains were cogent as commands,
Revered at home, and felt in foreign lands,
Shall own itself a stammerer in that cause,
Or plead its silence as its best applause.
He knows indeed that whether dressed or rude,
Wild without art or artfully subdued,
Nature in every form inspires delight,
But never marked her with so just a sight,
Her hedge-row shrubs, a variegated store,
With woodbine and wild roses mantled o'er,
Green balks and furrowed lands, the stream that
spreads
Its cooling vapour o'er the dewy meads,
Downs, that almost escape th' inquiring eye,
That melt and fade into the distant sky,
Beauties he lately slighted as he passed,
Seem all created since he travelled last.
Master of all the enjoyments he designed,

No rough annoyance rankling in his mind,
What early philosophic hours he keeps,
How regular his meals, how sound he sleeps!
Not sounder he, that on the mainmast head,
While morning kindles with a windy red,
Begins a long look-out for distant land,
Nor quits, till evening watch, his giddy stand,
Then swift-descending with a seaman's haste,
Slips to his hammock, and forgets the blast.
He chooses company, but not the squire's,
Whose wit is rudeness, whose good breeding tires ;
Nor yet the parson's, who would gladly come,
Obsequious when abroad, though proud at home ;
Nor can he much effect the neighbouring peer,
Whose toe of emulation treads too near ;
But wisely seeks a more convenient friend,
With whom, dismissing forms, he may unbend !
A man whom marks of condescending grace
Teach while they flatter him, his proper place ;
Who comes when called, and at a word withdraws,
Speaks with reserve, and listens with applause ;
Some plain mechanic, who, without pretence
To birth or wit, nor gives nor takes offence ;
On whom he rests well-pleased his weary powers,
And talks and laughs away his vacant hours.
The tide of life, swift always in its course,
May run in cities with a brisker force.
But nowhere with a current so serene,
Or half so clear, as in the rural scene.
Yet how fallacious is all earthly bliss,
What obvious truths the wisest heads may miss ;
Some pleasures live a month, and some a year,
But short the date of all we gather here ;
No happiness is felt, except the true,
That does not charm the more for being new.
This observation, as it chanced, not made,
Or, if the thought occurred, not duly weighed,
He sighs—for after all by slow degrees,

The spot he loved has lost the power to please ;
To cross his ambling pony day by day,
Seems at the best but dreaming life away ;
The prospect, such as might enchant despair,
He views it not, or sees no beauty there ;
With aching heart, and discontented looks,
Returns at noon to billiards or to books,
But feels, while grasping at his faded joys,
A secret thirst of his renounced employs.
He chides the tardiness of every post,
Pants to be told of battles won or lost,
Blames his own indolence, observes, though late,
'Tis criminal to leave a sinking state,
Flies to the levee, and received with grace,
Kneels, kisses hands, and shines again in place.

Suburban villas, highway-side retreats,
That dread th' encroachment of our growing streets
Tight boxes neatly sashed, and in a blaze
With all a July sun's collected rays,
Delight the citizen, who, gasping there,
Breathes clouds of dust, and calls it country air.
O sweet retirement, who would balk the thought,
That could afford retirement, or could not ?
'Tis such an easy walk, so smooth and straight,
The second milestone fronts the garden gate ;
A step if fair, and if a shower approach,
You find safe shelter in the next stage-coach.
There, prisoned in a parlour snug and small,
Like bottled wasps upon a southern wall,
The man of business and his friends compressed,
Forget their labours, and yet find no rest ;
But still, 'tis rural—trees are to be seen
From every window, and the fields are green ;
Ducks paddle in the pond before the door,
And what could a remoter scene show more ?
A sense of elegance we rarely find
The portion of a mean or vulgar mind,
And ignorance of better things makes man,

Who cannot much, rejoice in what he can.
 And he, that deems his leisure well bestowed
 In contemplation of a turnpike-road,
 Is occupied **as** well, employs his hours
 As wisely, and as much improves his powers,
 As he that slumbers in pavilions graced
 With all the charms of an accomplished taste.
 Yet, hence, alas ! insolvencies ; and hence
 Th' unpitied victim of ill-judged expense,
 From all his wearisome engagements freed,
 Shakes hands with business and retires indeed.

Your prudent grand-mammas, ye modern belles,
 Content with Bristol, Bath, and Tunbridge-wells
 When health required it would consent to roam,
 Else more attached to pleasures found at home.
 But now alike, gay widow, virgin, wife,
 Ingenious to diversify dull life,
 In coaches, chaises, caravans, and hoys,
 Fly to the coast for daily, nightly joys ;
 And all, impatient of dry land, agree,
 With one consent to rush into the sea.—
 Ocean exhibits, fathomless and broad,
 Much of the power and majesty of God.
 He swathes about the swelling of the deep,
 That shines and rests, as infants smile and sleep ;
 Vast as it is, it answers as it flows
 The breathings of the lightest air that blows ;
 Curling and whitening over all the waste,
 The rising waves obey th' increasing blast,
 Abrupt and horrid as the tempest roars,
 Thunder and flash upon the steadfast shores,
 Till he that rides the whirlwind, checks the rein,
 Then all the world of waters sleep again.—
 Nereids or Dryads, as the fashion leads,
 Now in the floods, now panting in the meads,
 Votaries of Pleasure still, where'er she dwells,
 Near barren rocks, in palaces, or cells,
 O grant a poet leave to recommend

(A poet fond of Nature, and your friend)
 Her slighted works to your admiring view ;
 Her works must needs excel who fashioned you.
 Would ye, when rambling in your morning ride,
 With some unmeaning coxcomb at your side,
 Condemn the prattler for his idle pains,
 To waste unheard the music of his strains,
 And, deaf to all th' impertinence of tongue,
 That, while it courts, affronts and does you wrong,
 Mark well the finished plan without a fault,
 The seas globose and huge, th' o'erarching vault,
 Earth's millions daily fed, a world employed
 In gathering plenty yet to be enjoyed,
 Till gratitude grew vocal in the praise
 Of God, beneficent in all his ways ;
 Graced with such wisdom, how would beauty shine !
 Ye want but that to seem indeed divine.

Anticipated rents, and bills unpaid,
 Force many a shining youth into the shade,
 Not to redeem his time, but his estate,
 And play the fool, but at a cheaper rate.
 There, hid in loathed obscurity, removed
 From pleasures left, but never more beloved,
 He just endures, and with a sickly spleen
 Sigh's o'er the beauties of the charming scene.
 Nature indeed looks prettily in rhyme ;
 Streams tinkle sweetly in poetic chime :
 The warblings of the blackbird, clear and strong,
 Are musical enough in Thomson's song ;
 And Cobham's groves, and Windsor's green retreats,
 When Pope describes them, have a thousand sweets ;
 He likes the country, but in truth must own
 Most likes it, when he studies it in town.

Poor Jack—no matter who—for when I blame
 I pity, and must therefore sink the name,
 Lived in his saddle, loved the chase, the course,
 And always, ere he mounted, kissed his horse.
 The estate his sires had owned in ancient years,

Was quickly distanced, matched against a peer's.
 Jack vanished, was regretted and forgot ;
 'Tis wild good-nature's never-failing lot.
 At length, when all had long supposed him dead,
 By cold submersion, razor, rope, or lead,
 My lord, alighting at his usual place,
 The Crown, took notice of an hostler's face.
 Jack knew his friend, but hoped in that disguise
 He might escape the most observing eyes,
 And whistling, as if unconcerned and gay,
 Curried his nag, and looked another way.
 Convinced at last, upon a nearer view,
 'Twas he, the same, the very Jack he knew,
 O'erwhelmed at once with wonder, grief, and joy,
 He pressed him much to quit his base employ ;
 His countenance, his purse, his heart, his hand,
 Influence and power, were all at his command :
 Peers are not always generous as well bred,
 But Granby was, meant truly what he said.
 Jack bowed, and was obliged—confessed 'twas strange,
 That so retired he should not wish a change,
 But knew no medium between guzzling beer,
 And his old stint—three thousand pounds a year.

Thus some retire to nourish hopeless wo ;
 Some seeking happiness not found below ;
 Some to comply with humour, and a mind
 To social scenes by nature disinclined ;
 Some swayed by fashion, some by deep disgust ;
 Some self-impoverished, and because they must ;
 But few, that court Retirement, are aware
 Of half the toils they must encounter there.

Lucrative offices are seldom lost
 For want of powers proportioned to the post :
 Give e'en a dunce th' employment he desires,
 And he soon finds the talents it requires ;
 A business with an income at its heels
 Furnishes always oil for its own wheels.
 But in his arduous enterprise to close

His active years with indolent repose,
He finds the labours of that state exceed
His utmost faculties, severe indeed.
'Tis easy to resign a toilsome place,
But not to manage leisure with a grace ;
Absence of occupation is not rest,
A mind quite vacant is a mind distressed.
The veteran steed, excused his task at length,
In kind compassion of his failing strength,
And turned into the park or mead to graze,
Exempt from future service all his days,
There feels a pleasure perfect in its kind,
Ranges at liberty, and snuffs the wind :
But when his lord would quit the busy road,
To taste a joy like that he has bestowed,
He proves less happy than his favoured brute,
A life of ease a difficult pursuit.
Thought, to the man that never thinks, may seem
As natural as when asleep to dream ;
But reveries (for human minds will act)
Specious in show, impossible in fact,
Those flimsy webs, that break as soon as wrought,
Attain not to the dignity of thought :
Nor yet the swarms that occupy the brain,
Where dreams of dress, intrigue, and pleasure reign,
Nor such as useless conversation breeds,
Or lust engenders, and indulgence feeds.
Whence, and what are we ? to what end ordained ?
What means the drama by the world sustained ?
Business or vain amusement, care or mirth,
Divide the frail inhabitants of earth.
Is duty a mere sport, or an employ ?
Life an intrusted talent, or a toy ?
Is there, as reason, conscience, Scripture say,
Cause to provide for a great future day,
When, earth's assigned duration at an end,
Man shall be summoned and the dead attend ?
The trumpet—will it sound the curtain rise,

And show th' august tribunal of the skies ;
Where no prevarication shall avail,
Where eloquence and artifice shall fail,
The pride of arrogant distinctions fall,
And conscience and our conduct judge us all ?
Pardon me, ye that give the midnight oil
To learned cares, or philosophic toil,
Though I revere your honourable names
Your useful labours, and important aims,
And hold the world indebted to your aid,
Enriched with the discoveries ye have made ;
Yet let me stand excused, if I esteem
A mind employed on so sublime a theme,
Pushing her bold inquiry to the date
And outline of the present transient state,
And, after poisoning her adventurous wings,
Settling at last upon eternal things,
Far more intelligent and better taught
The strenuous use of profitable thought,
Than ye, when happiest, and enlightened most,
And highest in renown, can justly boast.

A mind unnerved, or indisposed to bear
The weight of subjects worthiest of her care.
Whatever hopes a change of scene inspires,
Must change her nature, or in vain retires.
An idler is a watch, that wants both hands,
As useless if it goes, as when it stands.
Books, therefore, not the scandal of the shelves,
In which lewd sensualists print out themselves ;
Nor those in which the stage gives vice a blow,
With what success let modern manners show ;
Nor his who, for the bane of thousands born,
Built God a church, and laughed his word to scorn,
Skilful alike to seem devout and just,
And stab religion with a sly side-thrust ;
Nor those of learned philologists, who chase
A panting syllable through time and space,
Start at it home, and hunt it in the dark,

To Gaul, to Greece, and into Noah's ark ;
But such as Learning without false pretence,
The friend of Truth, the Associate of good Sense,
And such as, in the zeal of good design,
Strong judgment labouring in the Christian mine,
All such as manly and great souls produce,
Worthy to live, and of eternal use :
Behold in these what leisure hours demand,
Amusement and true knowledge hand in hand.
Luxury gives the mind a childish cast,
And, while she polishes, perverts the taste ;
Habits of close attention, thinking heads,
Become more rare as dissipation spreads,
Till authors hear at length one general cry,—
Tickle and entertain us, or we die.
The loud demand, from year to year the same,
Beggars Invention and makes Fancy lame ;
Till farce itself, most mournfully jejune.
Calls for the kind assistance of a tune ;
And novels (witness every month's review)
Belie their name, and offer nothing new.
The mind, relaxing into needful sport,
Should turn to writers of an abler sort,
Whose wit well managed, and whose classic style,
Give truth a lustre, and make wisdom smile.
Friends (for I cannot stint, as some have done,
Too rigid in my view, that name to one ;
Though one, I grant it, in the generous breast
Will stand advanced a step above the rest ;
Flowers by that name promiscuously we call,
But one, the rose, the regent of them all)—
Friends, not adopted with a schoolboy's haste,
But chosen with a nice discerning taste,
Well-born, well-disciplined, who, placed apart
From vulgar minds, have honour much at heart,
And, though the world may think th' ingredients odd,
The love of virtue, and the fear of God !
Such friends prevent what else would soon succeed,

A temper rustic as the life we lead,
 And keep the polish of the manners clean
 As theirs who bustle in the busiest scene ;
 For solitude, however some may rave,
 Seeming a sanctuary, proves a grave,
 A sepulchre in which the living lie,
 Where all good qualities grow sick and die.
 I praise the Frenchman,* his remark was shrewd—
 How sweet, how passing sweet, is solitude !
 But grant me still a friend in my retreat,
 Whom I may whisper— solitude is sweet.
 Yet neither these delights, nor aught beside,
 That appetite can ask, or wealth provide,
 Can save us always from a tedious day,
 Or shine the dulness of still life away :
 Divine communion, carefully enjoyed,
 Or sought with energy, must fill the void.
 O sacred art, to which alone life owes
 Its happiest seasons, and a peaceful close,
 Scorned in a world, indebted to that scorn
 For evils daily felt and hardly borne,
 Not knowing thee, we reap with bleeding hands
 Flowers of rank odour upon thorny lands,
 And, while Experience cautions us in vain,
 Grasp seeming happiness, and find it pain.
 Despondence, self-deserted in her grief,
 Lost by abandoning her own relief,
 Murmuring and ungrateful Discontent,
 That scorns afflictions mercifully meant,
 Those humours, tart as wine upon the fret,
 Which idleness and weariness beget ;
 These, and a thousand plagues, that haunt the breast,
 Fond of the phantom of an earthly rest,
 Divine communion chases, as the day
 Drives to their dens th' obedient beasts of prey.
 See Judah's promised king bereft of all,
 Driven out an exile from the face of Saul,
 To distant caves the lonely wanderer flies,

*Bruyere.

To seek that peace a tyrant's frown denies.
 Hear the sweet accents of his tuneful voice,
 Hear him, o'erwhelmed with sorrow, yet rejoice :
 No womanish or wailing grief has part,
 No, not a moment, in his royal heart ;
 'Tis manly music, such as martyrs make,
 Suffering with gladness for a Saviour's sake ;
 His soul exults, hope animates his lays,
 'The sense of mercy kindles into praise,
 And wilds, familiar with a lion's roar,
 Ring with ecstatic sounds unheard before :
 'Tis love like his, that can alone defeat
 The foes of man, or make a desert sweet.

Religion does not censure or exclude
 Unnumbered pleasures harmlessly pursued ;
 To study culture, and with artful toil
 To meliorate and tame the stubborn soil ;
 To give dissimilar yet fruitful lands
 The grain, or herb, or plant that each demands ;
 To cherish virtue in an humble state,
 And share the joys your bounty may create ;
 To mark the matchless workings of the power
 That shuts within its seed the future flower,
 Bids these in elegance of form excel,
 In colour these, and those delight the smell,
 Sends Nature forth the daughter of the skies,
 To dance on earth and charm all human eyes ;
 To teach the canvass innocent deceit,
 Or lay the landscape on the snowy sheet—
 These, these are arts pursued without a crime,
 That leave no stain upon the wing of Time.

Me poetry (or rather notes that aim
 Feebly and vainly at poetic fame)
 Employs, shut out from more important views,
 Fast by the banks of the slow winding Ouse ;
 Content if thus sequestered I may raise
 A monitor's though, not a poet's praise,
 And while I teach an art too little known,
 To close life wisely, may not waste my own.

THE TASK.

BOOK I.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE history of the following production is briefly this: A lady, fond of blank verse, demanded a poem of that kind from the author, and gave him the SOFA for a subject. He obeyed; and having much leisure, connected another subject with it; and pursuing the train of thought to which his situation and turn of mind led him, brought forth at length, instead of the trifle which he at first intended, a serious affair—a Volume.

In the poem on the subject of Education, he would be very sorry to stand suspected of having aimed his censure at any particular school. His objections are such, as naturally apply themselves to schools in general. If there were not, as for the most part there is, wilful neglect in those who manage them, and an omission even of such discipline as they are susceptible of, the objects are yet too numerous for minute attention; and the aching hearts of ten thousand parents, mourning under the bitterness of all disappointments, attest the truth of the allegation. His quarrel, therefore, is with the mischief at large, and not with any particular instance of it.

THE SOFA.

ARGUMENT.

Historical deduction of seats, from the Stool to the Sofa.—A School-boy's ramble.—A walk in the country.—The scene described.—Rural sounds as well as sights delightful.—Another walk.—Mistake concerning the charms of solitude corrected.—Colonnades commended.—Alcove, and the view from it.—The wilderness.—The grove.—The thresher.—The necessity and the benefits of exercise.—The works of nature superior to, and in some instances inimitable by, art.—The wearisomeness of what is commonly called a life of pleasure.—Change of scene sometimes expedient.—A common described, and the character of crazy Kate introduced.—Gipsies.—The blessings of civilized life.—That state most favourable to virtue.—The South Sea islanders compassionate, but chiefly Omai.—His present state of mind supposed.—Civilized life friendly to virtue, but not great cities.—Great cities, and London in particular, allowed their due praises, but censured.—Fete Champetre.—The book concludes with a reflection on the fatal effects of dissipation and effeminacy upon our public measures.

I SING the Sofa, I, who lately sang
Truth, Hope, and Charity, and touched with awe
The solemn chords, and with a trembling hand,
Escaped with pain from that adventurous flight,
Now seek repose upon an humbler theme;

The theme though humble, yet august and proud
Th' occasion—for the Fair commands the song.

Time was, when clothing sumptuous or for use,
Save their own painted skins, our sires had none.
As yet black breeches were not ; satin smooth,
Or velvet soft, or plush with shaggy pile ;
The hardy chief upon the rugged rock
Washed by the sea, or on the gravelly bank
Thrown up by wintry torrents roaring loud,
Fearless of wrong, reposed his weary strength.
Those barbarous ages past, succeeded next
The birth-day of invention ; weak at first,
Dull in design, and clumsy to perform.
Joint-stools were then created ; on three legs
Upborne they stood. Three legs upholding firm
A massy slab, in fashion square or round.
On such a stool immortal Alfred sat,
And swayed the sceptre of his infant realms :
And such in ancient halls and mansions drear
May still be seen ; but perforated sore,
And drilled in holes, the solid oak is found,
By worms voracious eaten through and through.

At length a generation more refined
Improved the simple plan ; made three legs four,
Gave them a twisted form vermicular,
And o'er the seat with plenteous wadding stuffed,
Induced a splendid cover, green and blue,
Yellow and red, of tapestry richly wrought
And woven close, or needlework sublime.
There might you see the piony spread wide,
The full blown rose, the shepherd and his lass,
Lapdog and lambkin with black staring eyes,
And parrots with twin cherries in their beak.

Now came the cane from India, smooth and bright
With Nature's varnish ; severed into stripes,
That interlaced each other, these supplied
Of texture firm a lattice-work, that braced
The new machine, and it became a chair.

But restless was the chair ; the back erect
Distressed the weary loins, that felt no ease ;
'The slippery seat betrayed the sliding part
That pressed it, and the feet hung dangling down,
Anxious in vain, to find the distant floor.
These for the rich ; the rest whom Fate had placed
In modest mediocrity, content
With base materials, sat on well tanned hides,
Obdurate and unyielding, glassy smooth,
With here and there a tuft of crimson yarn,
Or scarlet crewel, in the cushion fixed,
If cushion might be called, what harder seemed
Than the firm oak, of which the frame was formed.
No want of timber then was felt or feared
In Albion's happy isle. The lumber stood
Ponderous and fixed by its own massy weight.
But elbows still were wanting ; these, some say
An alderman of Cripplegate contrived ;
And some ascribe th' invention to a priest,
Burly, and big, and studious of his ease.
But rude at first, and not with easy slope
Receding wide, they pressed against the ribs,
And bruised the side ; and, elevated high,
Taught the raised shoulders to invade the ears.
Long time elapsed or e'er our rugged sires
Complained, though incommodiously pent in,
And ill at ease behind. The ladies first
'Gan murmur, as became the softer sex.
Ingenious Fancy, never better pleased,
Than when employed t' accommodate the fair,
Heard the sweet moan with pity, and devised
The soft settee ; one elbow at each end.
And in the midst an elbow it received,
United yet divided, twain at once.
So sit two kings of Brentford on one throne ;
And so two citizens, who take the air,
Close packed, and smiling, in a chaise and one.
But relaxation of the languid frame,

Was bliss reserved for happier days. So slow
The growth of what is excellent ; so hard
T' attain perfection in this nether world.
Thus first necessity invented stools,
Convenience next suggested elbow chairs.
And Luxury th' accomplished Sofa last.

The nurse sleeps sweetly, hired to watch the sick,
Whom snoring she disturbs. As sweetly he,
Who quits the coach-box at the midnight hour,
To sleep within the carriage more secure,
His legs depending at the open door.
Sweet sleep enjoys the curate in his desk,
The tedious rector drawling o'er his head ;
And sweet the clerk below. But neither sleep
Of lazy nurse, who snores the sick man dead ;
Nor his, who quits the box at midnight hour,
To slumber in the carriage more secure ;
Nor sleep enjoyed by curate in his desk ;
Nor yet the dozings of the clerk, are sweet,
Compared with the repose the Sofa yields.

O may I live exempted (while I live
Guiltless of pampered appetite obscene)
From pangs arthritic, that infest the toe
Of libertine Excess. The Sofa suits
The gouty limb, 'tis true : but gouty limb
Though on a Sofa, may I never feel ;
For I have loved the rural walk through lanes
Of grassy swarth, close cropped by nibbling sheep,
And skirted thick with intertexture firm
Of thorny boughs ; have loved the rural walk
O'er hills, through valleys, and by rivers' brink,
E'er since a truant boy I passed my bounds,
T' enjoy a ramble on the banks of Thames ;
And still remember nor without regret
Of hours, that sorrow since has much endeared.
How oft, my slice of pocket store consumed,
Still hungering, pennyless, and far from home,
I fed on scarlet hips and stony haws,

Or blushing crabs, or berries, that emboss
The bramble, black as jet, or sloes austere.
Hard fare ! but such as boyish appetite
Disdains not ; nor the palate undepraved
By culinary arts, unsavoury deems.
No Sofa then awaited my return ;
Nor Sofa then I needed. Youth repairs
His wasted spirits quickly, by long toil
Incurring short fatigue ; and though our years,
As life declines, speed rapidly away,
And not a year but pilfers as he goes
Some youthful grace, that age would gladly keep ;
A tooth or auburn lock, and by degrees
Their length and colour from the locks they spare ;
Th' elastic spring of an unwearied foot,
That mounts the stile with ease, or leaps the fence,
That play of lungs, inhaling and again
Respiring freely the fresh air, that makes
Swift pace or steep ascent, no toil to me,
Mine have not pilfered yet, nor yet impaired
My relish or fair prospect ; scenes that soothed
Or charmed me young no longer young, I find
Still soothing, and of power to charm me still.
And witness, dear companion of my walks,
Whose arm this twentieth winter I perceive
Fast locked in mine, with pleasure such as love,
Confirmed by long experience of thy worth
And well tried virtues could alone inspire—
Witness a joy that thou hast doubled long.
Thou knowest my praise of nature most sincere,
And that my raptures are not conjured up
To serve occasions of poetic pomp,
But genuine, and art partner of them all.
How oft upon yon eminence our pace
Has slackened to a pause, and we have borne
The rustling wind, scarce conscious that it blew,
While admiration, feeding at the eye,
And still unsated dwelt upon the scene.

Thence with what pleasure have we just discerned
The distant plough slow moving, and beside
His labouring team, that swerved not from the track,
The sturdy swain diminished to a boy !
Here Ouse, slow winding through a level plain
Of spacious meads with cattle sprinkled o'er,
Conducts the eye along his sinuous course
Delighted. There, fast rooted in their bank,
Stand, never overlooked, our favourite elms,
That screen the herdsman's solitary hut ;
While far beyond, and overthwart the stream,
That, as with molten glass, inlays the vale,
The sloping land recedes into the clouds ;
Displaying on its varied side the grace
Of hedge-row beauties numberless, square tower,
Tall spire, from which the sound of cheerful bell
Just undulates upon the listening ear,
Groves, heaths, and smoking villages, remote.
Scenes must be beautiful, which daily viewed
Please daily, and whose novelty survives
Long knowledge and the scrutiny of years :
Praise justly due to those that I describe.
Nor rural sights alone, but rural sounds,
Exhilarate the spirit and restore
The tone of languid Nature. Mighty winds,
That sweep the skirt of some far-spreading wood
Of ancient growth, make music not unlike
The dash of Ocean on his winding shore,
And lull the spirit while they fill the mind ;
Unnumbered branches waving in the blast,
And all their leaves fast fluttering, all at once.
Nor less composure waits upon the roar
Of distant floods, or on the softer voice
Of neighboring fountain, or of rills that slip
Through the cleft rock, and, chiming as they fall
Upon loose pebbles, lose themselves at length
In matted grass, that, with a livelier green
Betrays the secret of their silent course.

Nature inanimate employs sweet sounds,
But animated nature sweeter still,
To sooth and satisfy the human ear.
Ten thousand warblers cheer the day, and one
The livelong night : nor these alone, whose notes
Nice-fingered art must emulate in vain,
But cawing rooks, and kites that swim sublime
In still repeated circles, screaming loud,
The jay, the pie, and e'en the boding owl,
That hails the rising moon, have charms for me.
Sounds inharmonious in themselves and harsh,
Yet heard in scenes where peace for ever reigns,
And only there, please highly for their sake.
Peace to the artist whose ingenious thought
Devised the weather-house, that useful toy !
Fearless of humid air and gathering rains,
Forth steps the man—an emblem of myself !
More delicate his timorous mate retires.
When Winter soaks the fields, and female feet,
Too weak to struggle with tenacious clay,
Or ford the rivulets, are best at home,
The task of new discoveries falls on me.
At such a season, and with such a charge,
Once went I forth ; and found, till then unknown
A cottage, whither oft we since repair ;
'Tis perched upon the green hill tops, but close
Environed with a ring of branching elms
That overhang the thatch, itself unseen
Peeps at the vale below ; so thick beset
With foliage of such dark redundant growth,
I called the low-roofed lodge the *peasant's nest*.
And, hidden as it is, and far remote
From such unpleasing sounds, as haunt the ear
In village or in town, the bay of curs
Incessant, clinking hammers, grinding wheels,
And infants clamorous, whether pleased or pained,
Oft have I wished the peaceful covert mine.
Here, I have said, at least I should possess

The poet's treasure, silence, and indulge
 The dreams of fancy, tranquil and secure.
 Vain thought ! the dweller in that still retreat
 Dearly obtains the refuge it affords.
 Its elevated site forbids the wretch
 To drink sweet waters of the crystal well ;
 He dips the bowl into the weedy ditch,
 And, heavy laden, brings his beverage home,
 Far fetched and little worth ; nor seldom waits,
 Dependent on the baker's punctual call,
 To hear his creaking panniers at the door,
 Angry and sad, and his last crust consumed,
 So farewell envy of the *peasant's nest* !
 If solitude makes scant the means of life,
 Society for me !—thou seeming sweet,
 Be still a pleasing object in my view ;
 My visit still, but never mine abode.

Not distant far, a length of colonnade
 Invites us. Monument of ancient taste,
 Now scorned, but worthy of a better fate.
 Our fathers knew the value of a screen
 From sultry suns : and, in their shaded walks
 And long protracted bowers, enjoyed at noon
 The gloom and coolness of declining day.
 We bear our shades about us ; self-deprived
 Of other screen, the thin umbrella spread,
 And range an Indian waste without a tree.
 Thanks to Benevolus* he spares me yet
 These chestnuts ranged in corresponding lines ;
 And, though himself so polished, still reprieves
 The obsolete prolixity of shade.

Descending now (but cautious, lest too fast)
 A sudden steep, upon a rustic bridge
 We pass a gulf, in which the willows dip
 Their pendent boughs, stooping as if to drink.
 Hence, ankle deep in moss and flowery thyme,
 We mount again, and feel at every step

* John Courtney Throckmorton, Esq. of Weston Underwood.

Our foot half sunk in hillocks green and soft,
Raised by the mole, the miner of the soil.
He, not unlike the great ones of mankind,
Disfigures Earth : and, plotting in the dark,
Toils much to earn a monumental pile,
That may record the mischiefs he has done.

The summit gained, behold the proud alcove
That crowns it ! yet not all its pride secures
The grand retreat from injuries impressed
By rural carvers, who with knives deface
The pannels, leaving an obscure, rude name,
In characters uncouth, and spelt amiss.
So strong the zeal to immortalize himself
Beats in the breast of man, that e'en a few,
Few transient years, won from the abyss abhorred
Of blank oblivion, seem a glorious prize,
And even to a clown. Now roves the eye ;
And, posted on this speculative height,
Exults in its command. The sheepfold here
Pours out its fleecy tenants o'er the glebe.
At first, progressive as a stream, they seek
The middle field ; but scattered by degrees,
Each to his choice, soon whiten all the land.
There from the sun-burnt hayfield homeward creeps
The loaded wain ; while, lightened of its charge,
The wain that meets it passes swiftly by ;
The boorish driver leaning o'er his team
Vociferous, and impatient of delay.
Nor less attractive is the woodland scene,
Diversified with trees of every growth,
Alike, yet various. Here the gray smooth trunks
Of ash, or lime, or beech, distinctly shine,
Within the twilight of their distant shades ;
There, lost behind a rising ground, the wood
Seems sunk, and shortened to its topmost boughs.
No tree in all the grove but has its charms,
Though each its hue peculiar ; paler some,
And of a wanish gray ; the willow such,

And poplar, that with silver lines his leaf,
And ash far stretching his umbrageous arm,
Of deeper green the elm; and deeper still,
Lord of the woods, the long-surviving oak.
Some glossy-leaved, and shining in the sun,
The maple, and the beech of oily nuts
Prolific, and the lime at dewy eve
Diffusing odours : nor unnoted pass
The sycamore, capricious in attire,
Now green, now tawny, and ere autumn yet
Have changed the woods, in scarlet honours bright.
O'er these, but far beyond (a spacious map
Of hill and valley interposed between,)
The Ouse dividing the well-watered land,
Now glitters in the sun, and now retires,
As, bashful, yet impatient to be seen.

Hence the declivity is sharp and short,
And such a reascent ; between them weeps
A little naiad her impoverished urn
All summer long, which winter fills again.
The folded gates would bar my progress now,
But that the lord* of this enclosed demesne,
Communicative of the good he owns,
Admits me to a share ; the guiltless eye
Commits no wrong, nor wastes what it enjoys.
Refreshing change ! where now the blazing sun ?
By short transition we have lost his glare,
And stepped at once into a cooler clime.
Ye fallen avenues ! once more I mourn
Your fate unmerited, once more rejoice
That yet a remnant of your race survives.
How airy and how light the graceful arch,
Yet awful as the consecrated roof
Re-echoing pious anthems ! while beneath
The checkered earth seems restless as a flood
Brushed by the wind. So sportive is the light
Shot through the boughs, it dances as they dance.

*. See the foregoing note.



Shadow and sunshine intermingling quick,
And darkening and enlightening, as the leaves
Play wanton, every moment, every spot.

And now, with nerves new-braced and spirits
cheered,

We tread the wilderness, whose well-rolled walks,
With curvature of slow and easy sweep—
Deception innocent—give ample space

To narrow bounds. The grove receives us next ;
Between the upright shafts of whose tall elms
We may discern the thresher at his task.

Thump after thump resounds the constant flail,
That seems to swing uncertain, and yet falls
Full on the destined ear. Wide flies the chaff,
The rustling straw sends up a frequent mist
Of atoms, sparkling in the noonday beam.

Come hither, ye that press your beds of down,
And sleep not ; see him sweating o'er his bread
Before he eats it. 'Tis the primal curse,
But softened into mercy ; and made the pledge
Of cheerful days, and nights without a groan.

By ceaseless action all that is subsists.
Constant rotation of th' unwearied wheel,
That nature rides upon, maintains her health,
Her beauty, her fertility. She dreads
An instant's pause, and lives but while she moves.
Its own revolvency upholds the world.

Winds from all quarters agitate the air,
And fit the limpid element for use,
Else noxious ; oceans, rivers, lakes, and streams,
All feel the freshening impulse, and are cleansed
By restless undulation ; e'en the oak

Thrives by the rude concussion of the storm :
He seems indeed indignant, and to feel
Th' impression of the blast with proud disdain,
Frowning, as if in his unconscious arm
He held the thunder : but the monarch owes
His firm stability to what he scorns,

More fixed below, the more disturbed above.
The law, by which all creatures else are bound,
Binds man, the lord of all. Himself derives
No mean advantage from a kindred cause,
From strenuous toil his hours of sweetest ease.
The sedentary stretch their lazy length
When Custom bids, but no refreshment find,
For none they need : the languid eye, the cheek
Deserted of its bloom, the flaccid, shrunk,
And withered muscle, and the vapid soul,
Reproach their owner with that love of rest,
To which he forfeits e'en the rest he loves.
Not such the alert and active. Measure life
By its true worth, the comfort it affords,
And theirs alone seems worthy of the name.
Good health, and, its associate in the most,
Good temper ; spirits prompt to undertake,
And not soon spent, though in an arduous task ;
The powers of fancy and strong thought are theirs ;
E'en age itself seems privileged in them
With clear exemption from its own defects.
A sparkling eye beneath a wrinkled front
The veteran shows, and gracing a gray beard
With youthful smiles, descends toward the grave
Sprightly and almost without decay.
Like a coy maiden, Ease, when courted most,
Farthest retires—an idol, at whose shrine
Who oftenest sacrifice are favoured least.
The love of Nature, and the scenes she draws
Is Nature's dictate. Strange ! there should be found
Who, self-imprisoned in their proud saloons,
Renounce the odours of the open field.
For the unscented fictions of the loom :
Who, satisfied with only pencilled scenes
Prefer to the performance of a God
Th' inferior wonders of an artist's hand !
Lovely indeed the mimic works of Art ;
But Nature's works far lovelier. I admire,

None more admires, the painter's magic skill,
Who shows me that which I shall never see,
Conveys a distant country into mine,
And throws Italian light on English walls :
But imitative strokes can do no more
Than please the eye—sweet Nature's every sense,
The air salubrious of her lofty hills,
The cheering fragrance of her dewy vales
And music of her woods—no works of man
May rival these, these all bespeak a power
Peculiar, and exclusively her own.
Beneath the open sky she spreads the feast ;
'Tis free to all—'tis every day renewed ;
Who scorns it starves deservedly at home.
He does not scorn it, who, imprisoned long,
In some unwholesome dungeon, and a prey
To sallow sickness, which the vapours, dank
And clammy, of his dark abode have bred,
Escapes at last to liberty and light :
His cheek recovers soon its healthful hue ;
His eye relumines its extinguished fires ;
He walks, he leaps, he runs—is winged with joy,
And riots in the sweets of every breeze.
He does not scorn it, who has long endured
A fever's agonies, and fed on drugs.
Nor yet the mariner, his blood inflamed
With acrid salts : his very heart athirst,
To gaze at Nature in her green array,
Upon the ship's tall side he stands, possessed
With visions prompted by intense desire :
Fair fields appear below, such as he left
Far distant, such as he would die to find—
He seeks them headlong, and is seen no more.

The spleen is seldom felt where Flora reigns,
The lowering eye, the petulance, the frown,
And sullen sadness that o'ershade, distort,
And mar the face of beauty, when no cause
For such immeasurable wo appears,

These Flora banishes, and gives the fair
Sweet smiles, and bloom less transient than her own.
It is the constant revolution, stale
And tasteless, of the same repeated joys,
That palls and satiates, and makes languid life
A pedler's pack, that bows the bearer down.
Health suffers, and the spirits ebb, the heart
Recoils from its own choice—at the full feast
Is famished—finds no music in the song,
No smartness in the jest ; and wonders why.
Yet thousands still desire to journey on,
Though halt, and weary of the path they tread.
The paralytic, who can hold her cards,
But cannot play them, borrows a friend's hand
To deal and shuffle, to divide and sort
Her mingled suits and sequences ; and sits,
Spectatress both and spectacle, a sad
And silent cipher, while her proxy plays.
Others are dragged into the crowded room
Between supporters ; and, once seated, sit,
Through downright inability to rise,
Till the stout bearers lift the corpse again.
These speak a loud memento. Yet e'en these
Themselves love life, and cling to it, as he,
That overhangs a torrent, to a twig.
They love it, and yet loathe it ; fear to die,
Yet scorn the purposes for which they live.
Then wherefore not renounce them ? No—the dread,
The slavish dread of solitude, that breeds
Reflection and remorse, the fear of shame,
And their inveterate habits, all forbid.

Whom call we gay ? That honour has been long
The boast of mere pretenders to the name.
The innocent are gay, the lark is gay,
That dries his feathers, saturate with due,
Beneath the rosy cloud, while yet the beams
Of dayspring overshoot his humble nest.
The peasant too, a witness of his song



Himself a songster, is as gay as he.
But save me from the gayety of those,
Whose headaches nail them to a noonday bed ;
And save me too from theirs, whose haggard eyes
Flash desperation and betray their pangs
For property stripped off by cruel chance ;
From gayety, that fills the bones with pain,
The mouth with blasphemy, the heart with wo.

The earth was made so various, that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change,
And pleased with novelty, might be indulged.
Prospects, however lovely, may be seen
Till half their beauties fade ; the weary sight,
Too well acquainted with their smiles, slides off
Fastidious, seeking less familiar scenes.
Then snug enclosures in the sheltered vale,
Where frequent hedges intercept the eye,
Delight us ; happy to renounce awhile,
Not senseless of its charms, what still we love,
That such short absence may endear it more.
Then forests, or the savage rock, may please,
That hides the seamew in his hollow clefts
Above the reach of man. His hoary head,
Conspicuous many a league, the mariner
Bound homeward, and in hope already there,
Greets with three cheers exulting. At his waist,
A girdle of half withered shrubs he shows,
And at his feet the baffled billows die.
'The common, overgrown with fern, and rough
With prickly gorse, that, shapeless and deformed,
And dangerous to the touch, has yet its bloom,
And decks itself with ornaments of gold,
Yields no unpleasing ramble ; there the turf
Smells fresh, and rich in odoriferous herbs,
And fungous fruits of earth, regales the sense
With luxury of unexpected sweets.

'There often wanders one, whom better days
Saw better clad, in cloak of satin trimmed

With lace, and hat with splendid riband bound.
 A servant maid was she, and fell in love
 With one who left her, went to sea, and died.
 Her fancy followed him through foaming waves
 To distant shores ; and she would sit and weep
 At what a sailor suffers ; fancy too,
 Delusive most where warmest wishes are,
 Would oft anticipate his glad return,
 And dream of transports she was not to know.
 She heard the doleful tidings of his death—
 And never smiled again ! and now she roams
 The dreary waste ; there spends the livelong day,
 And there, unless when charity forbids,
 The livelong night. A tattered apron hides,
 Worn as a cloak, and hardly hides a gown
 More tattered still ; and both but ill conceal
 A bosom heaved with never-ceasing sighs.
 She begs an idle pin of all she meets,
 And hoards them in her sleeve ; but needful food,
 Tho' pressed with hunger oft, or comelier clothes,
 Tho' pinched with cold asks never.—Kate is crazed.

I see a column of slow rising smoke
 O'ertop the lofty wood that skirts the wild.
 A vagabond and useless tribe there eat
 Their miserable meal. A kettle slung
 Between two poles upon a stick transverse,
 Receives the morsel—flesh obscene of dog,
 Or vermin, or at best of cock purloined
 From his accustomed perch. Hard faring race !
 They pick their fuel out of every hedge,
 Which, kindled with dry leaves, just saves unquenched
 The spark of life. The sportive wind blows wide
 Their fluttering rags, and shows a tawny skin,
 The vellum of the pedigree they claim.
 Great skill have they in palmistry, and more
 To conjure clean away the gold they touch,
 Conveying worthless dross into its place ;
 Loud when they beg, dumb only when they steal.

Strange ! that a creature rational, and cast
 In human mould, should brutalize by choice
 His nature ; and though capable of arts, -
 By which the world might profit, and himself ;
 Self-banished from society, prefer
 Such squallid sloth to honourable toil !
 Yet even these, though feigning sickness oft,
 They swathe the forehead, drag the limping limb,
 And vex their flesh with artificial sores,
 Can change their whine into a mirthful note,
 When safe occasion offers ; and with dance,
 And music of the bladder and the bag,
 Beguile their woes, and make the woods resound.
 Such health and gayety of heart enjoy
 The houseless rovers of the sylvan world ;
 And, breathing wholesome air, and wandering much,
 Need other physic none to heal th' effects
 Of loathsome diet, penury and cold.

Blest he, though undistinguished from the crowd
 By wealth or dignity, who dwells secure,
 Where man, by nature fierce, has laid aside
 His fierceness, having learnt, though slow to learn,
 The manners and the arts of civil life.
 His wants indeed are many ; but supply
 Is obvious, placed within the easy reach
 Of temperate wishes and industrious hands.
 Here virtue thrives as in her proper soil ;
 Not rude and surly, and beset with thorns,
 And terrible to sight, as when she springs
 (If e'er she springs spontaneous) in remote
 And barbarous climes, where violence prevails,
 And strength is lord of all ; but gentle, kind,
 By culture tamed, by liberty refreshed,
 And all her fruits by radiant truth matured.
 War and the chase engross the savage whole ;
 War followed for revenge, or to supplant
 The envied tenants of some happier spot :
 The chase for sustenance, precarious trust !

His hard condition with severe constraint
 Binds all his faculties, forbids all growth
 Of wisdom, proves a school, in which he learns
 Sly circumvention, unrelenting hate,
 Mean self-attachment, and scarce aught beside.
 Thus fare the shivering natives of the north,
 And thus the rangers of the western world,
 Where it advances far into the deep,
 Towards the antarctic. E'en the favoured isles
 So lately found, although the constant sun
 Cheer all their seasons with a grateful smile,
 Can boast but little virtue ; and inert
 Through plenty, lose in morals what they gain
 In manners—victims of luxurious ease.
 These therefore I can pity, placed remote
 From all that science traces, art invents,
 Or inspiration teaches ; and enclosed
 In boundless oceans, never to be passed
 By navigators uninformed as they,
 Or ploughed perhaps by British bark again :
 But far beyond the rest, and with most cause,
~~Three~~ gentle savage !* whom no love of thee
 Or thine, but curiosity perhaps,
 Or else vainglory, prompted us to draw
 Forth from thy native bowers to show thee here
 With what superior skill we can abuse
 The gifts of Providence, and squander life.
 The dream is past ; and thou hast found again
 Thy cocoas and bananas, palms and yams,
 And homestall thatched with leaves. But hast thou
 found
 Their former charms ? And having seen our state,
 Our palaces, our ladies, and our pomp
 Of equipage, our gardens, and our sports,
 And heard our music ; are thy simple friends,
 Thy simple fare, and all thy plain delights,
 As dear to thee as once ? and have thy joys

* Omai.

Lost nothing by comparison with ours ?
Rude as thou art, (for we returned thee rude
And ignorant, except of outward show)
I cannot think thee yet so dull of heart
And spiritless, as never to regret
Sweets tasted here, and left as soon as known.
Methinks I see thee straying on the beach,
And asking of the surge that bathes thy foot,
If ever it has washed our distant shore.
I see thee weep, and thine are honest tears,
A patriot's for his country : thou art sad
At thought of her forlorn and abject state,
From which no power of thine can raise her up.
Thus Fancy paints thee, and, though apt to err,
Perhaps errs little, when she paints thee thus.
She tells me too, that duly every morn
Thou climbest the mountain top, with eager eye
Exploring far and wide the watery waste
For sight of ship from England. Every speck
Seen in the dim horizon turns thee pale
With conflict of contending hopes and fears.
But comes at last the dull and dusky eve,
And sends thee to thy cabin, well prepared
To dream all night of what the day denied.
Alas ! expect it not. We found no bait
To tempt us in thy country. Doing good,
Disinterested good is not our trade.
We travel far, 'tis true, but not for naught ;
And must be bribed to compass earth again
By other hopes and richer fruits than yours.
But though true worth and virtue in the mild
And genial soil of cultivated life
Thrive most, and may perhaps thrive only there,
Yet not in cities oft : in proud, and gay
And gain devoted cities. Thither flow,
As to a common and most noisome sewer,
The dregs and feculence of every land.
In cities foul example on most minds

Begets its likeness. Rank abundance breeds,
In gross and pampered cities, sloth and lust,
And wantonness, and gluttonous excess.
In cities vice is hidden with most ease,
Or seen with least reproach ; and virtue, taught
By frequent lapse, can hope no triumph there
Beyond th' achievements of successful flight.
I do confess them nurseries of the arts,
In which they flourish most ; where, in the beams
Of warm encouragement, and in the eye
Of public note, they reach their perfect size.
Such London is, by taste and wealth proclaimed
The fairest capital of all the world,
By riot and incontinence the worst.
There, touched by Reynolds, a dull blank becomes
A lucid mirror, in which Nature sees
All her reflected features. Bacon there
Gives more than female beauty to a stone,
And Chatham's eloquence to marble lips
Nor does the chisel occupy alone
The powers of sculpture, but the style as much,
Each province of her art her equal care.
With nice incision of her guided steel
She ploughs a brazen field, and clothes a soil
So steril with what charms soe'er she will,
The richest scenery and the loveliest forms.
Where finds Philosophy her eagle eye,
With which she gazes at yon burning disk
Undazzled, and detects and counts his spots ?
In London. Where her implements exact,
With which she calculates, computes, and scans,
All distance, motion, magnitude, and now
Measures an atom, and now girds a world ?
In London. Where has commerce such a mart,
So rich, so thronged, so drained, and so supplied,
As London—opulent, enlarged, and still
Increasing London ? Babylon of old
Not more the glory of the earth than she,

A more accomplished world's chief glory now.

She has her praise. Now mark a spot or two,
That so much beauty would do well to purge ;
And show this queen of cities, that so fair
May yet be foul ; so witty, yet not wise.
It is not seemly, nor of good report,
That she is slack in discipline ; more prompt
T' avenge than to prevent the breach of law
That she is rigid in denouncing death
On petty robbers, and indulges life
And liberty, and oftentimes honour too,
To peculators of the public gold :
That thieves at home must hang ; but he that puts
Into his overgorged and bloated purse
The wealth of Indian provinces, escapes.
Nor is it well, nor can it come to good,
That, through profane and infidel contempt
Of holy writ, she has presumed t' annul
And abrogate, as roundly as she may,
The total ordinance and will of God ;
Advancing Fashion to the post of Truth,
And centering all authority in modes
And customs of her own till sabbath rites
Have dwindled into unrespected forms,
And knees and hassocks are well-nigh divorced.

God made the country, and man made the town.
What wonder then that health and virtue, gifts
That can alone make sweet the bitter draught
That life holds out to all, should most abound
And least be threatened in the fields and groves ?
Possess ye therefore, ye who, borne about
In chariots and sedans, know no fatigue
But that of idleness, and taste no scenes
But such as art contrives, possess ye still
Your element ; there only can ye shine ;
There only minds like yours can do no harm.
Our groves were planted to console at noon
The pensive wanderer in their shades. At eve

The moonbeam, sliding softly in between
 The sleeping leaves, is all the light they wish,
 Birds warbling all the music. We can spare
 The splendour of your lamps ; they but eclipse
 Our softer satellite. Your songs confound
 Our more harmonious notes ; the thrush departs
 Scared, and the offended nightingale is mute.
 There is a public mischief in your mirth ;
 It plagues your country. Folly such as yours,
 Graced with a sword, and worthier of a fan,
 Has made, what enemies could ne'er have done,
 Our arch of empire, steadfast but for you,
 A mutilated structure soon to fall.

THE TASK.

BOOK II.

THE TIME-PIECE.

ARGUMENT.

REFLECTIONS suggested by the conclusion of the former book—Peace among the nations recommended, on the ground of their common fellowship in sorrow.—Prodigies enumerated.—Sicilian Earthquakes.—Man rendered obnoxious to these calamities by sin.—God the agent in them.—The philosophy that stops at secondary causes reproved.—Our own late miscarriages accounted for.—Satirical notice taken of our trips to Fontainebleau.—But the pulpit, not satire, the proper engine of reformation.—The Reverend Advertiser of engraved sermons.—Petit-maitre parson.—The good preacher.—Picture of a theatrical clerical coxcomb.—Story-tellers and jesters in the pulpit reproved.—Apostrophe to popular applause.—Retailers of ancient philosophy expostulated with.—Sum of the whole matter.—Effects of sacerdotal mismanagement on the laity.—Their folly and extravagance.—The mischiefs of profusion.—Profusion itself, with all its consequent evils, ascribed, as to its principal cause, to the want of discipline in the universities.

O FOR a lodge in some vast wilderness,
 Some boundless contiguity of shade,
 Where rumour of oppression and deceit,
 Of unsuccessful or successful war,
 Might never reach me more. My ear is pained,
 My soul is sick with every day's report

Of wrong and outrage with which earth is filled.
There is no flesh in man's obdurate heart,
It does not feel for man ; the natural bond
Of brotherhood is severed as the flax,
That falls asunder at the touch of fire.
He finds his fellow guilty of a skin
Not coloured like his own ; and having power
T' enforce the wrong, for such a worthy cause
Dooms and devotes him as his lawful prey.
Lands intersected by a narrow frith
Abhor each other. Mountains interposed
Make enemies of nations, who had else
Like kindred drops been mingled into one.
Thus man devotes his brother, and destroys ;
And, worse than all, and most to be deplored
As human natures' broadest, foulest blot,
Chains him, and tasks him, and exacts his sweat
With stripes, that mercy with a bleeding heart
Weeps when she sees inflicted on a beast.
Then what is man ? And what man, seeing this,
And having human feelings, does not blush,
And hang his head, to think himself a man ?
I would not have a slave to till my ground,
To carry me, to fan me while I sleep,
And tremble when I wake, for all the wealth
That sinews bought and sold have ever earned,
No : dear as freedom is, and in my heart's
Just estimation prized above all prize,
I had much rather be myself the slave,
And wear the bonds, than fasten them on him.
We have no slaves at home—then why abroad ?
And they themselves once ferried o'er the wave
That parts us, are emancipate and loosed.
Slaves cannot breathe in England : if their lungs
Receive our air, that moment they are free ;
They touch our country, and their shackles fall.
That's noble, and bespeaks a nation proud
And jealous of the blessing. Spread it then

And let it circulate through every vein
Of all your empire ; that, where Briton's power
Is felt, mankind may feel her mercy too.

Sure there is need of social intercourse,
Benevolence, and peace, and mutual aid,
Between the nations in a world; that seems
To toll the death bell of its own decease,
And by the voice of all its elements
To preach the general doom.* When were the
winds

Let slip with such a warrant to destroy ?
When did the waves so haughtily o'erleap
Their ancient barriers, deluging the dry ?
Fires from beneath, and meteorst from above,
Portentous, unexampled, unexplained,
Have kindled beacons in the skies ; and th' old
And crazy earth has had her shaking fits
More frequent, and foregone her usual rest.
It is a time to wrangle, when the props
And pillars of our planet seem to fail,
And Nature† with a dim and sickly eye
To wait the close of all ? But grant her end
More distant, and that prophecy demands
A longer respite, unaccomplished yet ;
Still they are frowning signals, and bespeak
Displeasure in his breast, who smites the earth
Or heals it, makes it languish or rejoice.
And 'tis but seemly, that, where all deserve
And stand exposed by common peccancy,
To what no few have felt, there should be peace,
And brethren in calamity should love.

Alas for Sicily ! rude fragments now
Lie scattered, where the shapely column stood.
Her palaces are dust. In all her streets
The voice of singing and the sprightly chord

* Alluding to the calamities in Jamaica.

† August, 18, 1783.

‡ Alluding to the fog that covered both Europe and Asia, during the whole summer of 1788.

Are silent. Revelry, and dance, and show,
Suffer a syncope and a solemn pause ;
While God performs upon the trembling stage
Of his own works his dreadful part alone.
How does the earth receive him ?—with what signs
Of gratulation and delight her king ?
Pours she not all her choicest fruits abroad,
Her sweetest flowers, her aromatic gums,
Disclosing Paradise where'er he treads ?
She quakes at his approach. Her hollow womb,
Conceiving thunders, through a thousand deeps
And fiery caverns, roars beneath his foot.
The hills move lightly, and the mountains smoke,
For he has touched them. From the extremest
point
Of elevation down into the abyss
His wrath is busy, and his frown is felt.
The rocks fall headlong, and the valleys rise,
The rivers die into offensive pools,
And charged with putrid verdure, breathe a gross
And mortal nuisance into all the air.
What solid was, by transformation strange,
Grows fluid ; and the fixed and rooted earth,
Tormented into billows, heaves and swells,
Or with vortiginous and hideous whirl
Sucks down its prey insatiable. Immense
The tumult and the overthrow, the pangs
And agonies of human and of brute
Multitudes, fugitive on every side,
And fugitive in vain. The sylvan scene
Migrates uplifted : and, with all its soil
Alighting in far distant fields, finds out
A new possessor, and survives the change.
Ocean has caught the frenzy, and, upwrought
To an enormous and o'erbearing height.
Not by a mighty wind, but by that voice,
Which winds and waves obey, invades the shore
Resistless. Never such a sudden flood,

Upridged so high, and sent on such a charge,
Possessed an inland scene. Where now the throng
That pressed the beach, and, hasty to depart,
Looked to the sea for safety? They are gone,
Gone with the reflux wave into the deep—
A prince with half his people! Ancient towers,
And roofs embattled high, the gloomy scenes,
Where beauty oft and lettered worth consume
Life in the unproductive shades of death,
Fall prone : the pale inhabitants come forth,
And, happy in their unforeseen release
From all the rigours of restraint, enjoy
The terrors of the day, that sets them free.
Who then, that has thee, would not hold thee fast,
Freedom? whom they that lose thee so regret,
That e'en a judgment, making way for thee,
Seems in their eyes a mercy for thy sake.

Such evils Sin hath wrought ; and such a flame
Kindled in Heaven, that it burns down to Earth,
And in the furious inquest that it makes
On God's behalf, lays waste his fairest works.
The very elements, though each be meant
The minister of man, to serve his wants,
Conspire against him. With his breath he draws
A plague into his blood ; and cannot use
Life's necessary means, but he must die.
Storms rise t' o'erwhelm him : or, if stormy winds
Rise not, the waters of the deep shall rise,
And, needing none assistance of the storm,
Shall roll themselves ashore, and reach him there.
The earth shall shake him out of all his holds,
Or make his house his grave ; nor so content,
Shall counterfeit the motions of the flood,
And drown him in her dry and dusty gulfs.
What then !—were they the wicked above all,
And we the righteous, whose fast anchored isle
Moved not, while theirs was rocked, like a light skiff
The sport of every wave ? No : none are clear,

And none than we more guilty. But, where all
Stand chargeable with guilt, and to the shafts
Of wrath obnoxious, God may choose his mark :
May punish, if he please, the less, to warn
The more malignant. If he spared not them,
Tremble and be amazed at thine escape,
Far guiltier England, lest he spare not thee ?

Happy the man, who sees a God employed
In all the good and ill that checker life !
Resolving all events, with their effects
And manifold results, into the will
And arbitration wise of the Supreme.
Did not his eye rule all things, and intend
The least of our concerns (since from the least
The greatest oft originate ;) could chance
Find place in his dominion, or dispose
One lawless particle to thwart his plan ;
Then God might be surprised, and unforeseen
Contingence might alarm him, and disturb
The smooth and equal course of his affairs.
This truth Philosophy, though eagle-eyed
In nature's tendencies, oft overlooks ;
And, having found his instrument, forgets,
Or disregards, or, more presumptuous still,
Denies the power that wields it. God proclaims
His hot displeasure against foolish men,
That live an atheist life : involves the Heaven
In tempests ; quits his grasp upon the winds,
And gives them all their fury ; bids a plague
Kindle a fiery bile upon the skin,
And putrefy the breath of blooming Health.
He calls for Famine, and the meager fiend
Blows mildew from between his shrivelled lips,
And taints the golden ear. He springs his mines,
And desolates a nation at a blast.
Forth steps the spruce philosopher, and tells
Of homogeneal and discordant springs
And principles ; of causes, how they work

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By necessary laws their sure effects ;
Of action and re-action : he has found
The source of the disease, that nature feels,
And bids the world take heart and banish fear.
Thou fool ! will thy discovery of the cause
Suspend th' effect, or heal it ? Has not God
Still wrought by means since first he made the
world ?

And did he not of old employ his means
To drown it ? What is his creation less
Than a capacious reservoir of means
Formed for his use, and ready at his will ?
Go, dress thine eye with eye-salve ; ask of him,
Or ask of whomsoever he has taught ;
And learn, though late, the genuine cause of all.

England, with all thy faults I love thee still—
My country ! and while yet a nook is left,
Where English minds and manners may be found,
Shall be constrained to love thee. Though thy clime
Be fickle, and thy year most part deformed
With dripping rains, or withered by a frost,
I would not yet exchange thy sullen skies,
And fields without a flower, for warmer France
With all her vines ; nor for Ausonia's groves
Of golden fruitage, and her myrtle bowers.
To shake thy senate, and from heights sublime
Of patriot eloquence to flash down fire
Upon thy foes, was never meant my task :
But I can feel thy fortunes, and partake
Thy joys and sorrows, with as true a heart
As any thunderer there. And I can feel
Thy follies too ; and with a just disdain,
Frown at effeminates, whose very looks
Reflect dishonour on the land I love.
How, in the name of soldiery and sense,
Should England prosper, when such things, as smooth
And tender as a girl, all essenced o'er
With odours, and as profligate as sweet .

Who sell their laurel for a myrtle wreath,
And love when they should fight; when such as these
Presume to lay their hands upon the ark
Of her magnificent and awful cause?

Time was when it was praise and boast enough
In every clime, and travel where we might,
That we were born her children. Praise enough
To fill th' ambition of a private man,
That Chatham's language was his mother tongue,
And Wolfe's great name compatriot with his own.
Farewell those honours, and farewell with them
The hope of such hereafter! They have fallen
Each in his field of glory; one in arms,
And one in council—Wolfe upon the lap
Of smiling Victory that moment won,
And Chatham heart-sick of his country's shame!
They made us many soldiers. Chatham, still
Consulting England's happiness at home,
Secured it by an unforgiving frown,
If any wronged her. Wolfe, where'er he fought,
Put so much of his heart into his act,
That his example had a magnet's force,
And all were swift to follow whom all loved.
Those suns are set. O rise some other such!
Or all that we have left is empty talk
Of old achievements, and despair of new.

Now hoist the sail, and let the streamers float
Upon the wanton breezes. Strew the deck
With lavender, and sprinkle liquid sweets,
That no rude savour maritime invade
The nose of nice nobility! Breathe soft
Ye clarionets, and softer still ye flutes;
That winds and waters, lulled by magic sounds,
May bear us smoothly to the Gallic shore!
True; we have lost an empire—let it pass.
True; we may thank the perfidy of France,
That picked the jewel out of England's crown,
With all the cunning of an envious shrew.

And let that pass—'twas but a trick of state
 A brave man knows no malice, but at once
 Forgets in peace the injuries of war,
 And gives his direst foe a friend's embrace.
 And, shamed as we have been, to th' very beard
 Braved and defied, and in our own sea proved
 Too weak for those decisive blows that once
 Ensured us mastery there, we yet retain
 Some small pre-eminence ; we justly boast
 At least superior jockeyship, and claim
 The honours of the turf as all our own !
 Go then, well worthy of the praise ye seek,
 And show the shame, ye might conceal at home,
 In foreign eyes !—Be grooms and win the plate,
 Where once your noble fathers won a crown !—
 'Tis generous to communicate your skill
 To those that need it. Folly is soon learned :
 And under such preceptors who can fail !

There is a pleasure in poetic pains,
 Which only poets know. The shifts and turns,
 Th' expedients and inventions multiform,
 To which the mind resorts, in chase of terms
 Though apt, yet coy, and difficult to win—
 To arrest the fleeting images, that fill
 The mirror of the mind, and hold them fast,
 And force them sit till he has pencilled off
 A faithful likeness of the forms he views ;
 Then to dispose his copies with such art,
 That each may find its most propitious light,
 And shine by situation, hardly less
 Than by the labour and the skill it cost ;
 Are occupations of the poet's mind
 So pleasing, and that steal away the thought
 With such address from themes of sad import,
 That, lost in his own musings, happy man !
 He feels th' anxieties of life, denied
 Their wonted entertainment, all retire.
 Such joys has he that sings. But ah ! not such,

Or seldom such, the hearers of his song.
 Fastidious, or else listless, or perhaps
 Aware of nothing arduous in a task
 They never undertook, they little note
 His dangers or escapes, and haply find
 Their least amusement where he found the most.
 But is amusement all? Studios of song,
 And yet ambitious not to sing in vain,
 I would not trifle merely, though the world
 Be loudest in their praise, who do no more.
 Yet what can satire, whether grave or gay?
 It may correct a foible, may chastise
 The freaks of fashion, regulate the dress,
 Retrench a sword-blade, or displace a patch;
 But where are its sublimer trophies found?
 What vice has it subdued? whose heart reclaimed
 By rigour, or whom laughed into reform?
 Alas! Leviathan is not so tamed;
 Laughed at, he laughs again; and stricken hard,
 Turns to his stroke his adamant scales,
 That fear no discipline of human hands.

The pulpit, therefore, (and I name it filled
 With solemn awe, that bids me well beware
 With what intent I touch that holy thing)—
 The pulpit (when the satirist has at last,
 Strutting and vapouring in an empty school,
 Spent all his force and made no proselyte)—
 I say the pulpit (in the sober use
 Of its legitimate, peculiar powers)
 Must stand acknowledged, while the world shall
 stand,

The most important and effectual guard,
 Support, and ornament of Virtue's cause.
 There stands the messenger of truth: there stands
 The legate of the skies!—His theme divine,
 His office sacred, his credentials clear.
 By him the violated law speaks out
 Its thunders; and by him in strains as sweet

As angels use, the Gospel whispers peace.
He establishes the strong, restores the weak,
Reclaims the wanderer, binds the broken heart,
And, armed himself in panoply complete
Of heavenly temper, furnishes with arms
Bright as his own, and trains, by every rule
Of holy discipline, to glorious war,
The sacramental host of God's elect !
Are all such teachers ?—would to Heaven all were !
But hark—the doctor's voice !—fast wedged between
Two empirics he stands, and with sworn cheeks
Inspires the news, his trumpet. Keener far
Than all invective is his bold harangue.
While through that public organ of report
He hails the clergy ; and, defying shame,
Announces to the world his own and theirs !
He teaches those to read, whom schools dismissed,
And colleges, untaught ; sells accent, tone,
And emphasis in score, and gives to prayer
The *adagio* and *andante* it demands.
He grinds divinity of other days
Down into modern use ; transforms old print
To zigzag manuscript, and cheats the eyes
Of gallery critics by a thousand arts.
Are there who purchase of the doctor's ware ?
O, name it not in Gath !—it cannot be,
That grave and learned clerks should need such aid.
He doubtless is in sport, and does but droll,
Assuming thus a rank unknown before—
Grand caterer and dry-nurse of the church !
I venerate the man whose heart is warm,
Whose hands are pure, whose doctrine and whose life,
Coincident, exhibit lucid proof
That he is honest in the sacred cause,
To such I render more than mere respect,
Whose actions say, that they respect themselves.
But loose in morals, and in manners vain,
In conversation frivolous, in dress.

Extreme, at once rapacious and profuse ;
 Frequent in park with lady at his side,
 Ambling and prattling scandal as he goes ;
 But rare at home, and never at his books,—
 Or with his pen, save when he scrawls a card ;
 Constant at routs, familiar with a round
 Of ladyships, a stranger to the poor ;
 Ambitious of preferment for its gold,
 And well-prepared, by ignorance and sloth,
 By infidelity and love of world,
 To make God's work a sinecure ; a slave
 To his own pleasures and his patron's pride ;
 From such apostles, O ye mitred heads,
 Preserve the church ! and lay not careless hands
 On sculls, that cannot teach, and will not learn.

Would I describe a preacher, such as Paul,
 Were he on earth, would hear, approve, and own,
 Paul should himself direct me. I would trace
 His master-strokes, and draw from his design,
 I would express him simple, grave, sincere ;
 In doctrine uncorrupt ; in language plain,
 And plain in manner ; decent, solemn, chaste,
 And natural in gesture ; much impressed
 Himself, as conscious of his awful charge,
 And anxious mainly that the flock he feeds
 May feel it too ; affectionate in look,
 And tender in address, as well becomes
 A messenger of grace to guilty men.
 Behold the picture !—Is it like ?—Like whom ?
 The things that mount the rostrum with a skip,
 And then skip down again ; pronounce a text ;
 Cry—hem ; and reading what they never wrote,
 Just fifteen minutes, huddle up their work,
 And with a well-bred whisper close the scene !

In man or woman, but far most in man,
 And most of all in man that ministers
 And serves the altar, in my soul I loathe

All affectation. 'Tis my perfect scorn ;
Object of my implacable disgust.
What !—will a man play tricks, will he indulge
A silly fond conceit of his fair form,
And just proportion, fashionable mien,
And pretty face, in presence of his God ?
Or will he seek to dazzle me with tropes,
As with the diamond on his lily hand,
And play his brilliant parts before my eyes,
When I am hungry for the bread of life ?
He mocks his Maker, prostitutes and shames
His noble office, and, instead of truth,
Displaying his own beauty, starves his flock.
Therefore avaunt all attitude, and stare,
And start theatric, practised at the glass !
I seek divine simplicity in him,
Who handles things divine ; and all besides,
Though learned with labour, and though much ad-
mired
By curious eyes and judgments ill-informed,
To me is odious as the nasal twang
Heard at conventicle, where worthy men,
Misled by custom, strain celestial themes
Through the pressed nostril, spectacle bestrid.
Some decent in demeanour while they preach,
That task performed, relapse into themselves :
And having spoken wisely, at the close
Grow wanton, and give proof to every eye,
Whoe'er was edified, themselves were not !
Forth comes the pocket mirror—First we stroke
An eyebrow ; next compose a straggling look ;
Then with an air most gracefully performed,
Fall back into our seat, extend an arm,
And lay it at its ease with gentle care,
With handkerchief in hand depending low :
The better hand more busy gives the nose
Its bergamot, or aids the indebted eye

With opera glass, to watch the moving scene,
 And recognise the slow-retiring fair.—
 Now this is fulsome, and offends me more
 That in a churchman slovenly neglect
 And rustic coarseness would. A heavenly mind
 May be indifferent to her house of clay,
 And slight the hovel as beneath her care ;
 But how a body so fantastic, trim,
 And quaint, in its deportment and attire,
 Can lodge a heavenly mind—demands a doubt.

He, that negotiates between God and man,
 As God's ambassador, the grand concerns
 Of judgment and of mercy, should beware
 Of lightness in his speech. 'Tis pitiful
 To court a grin, when you should woo a soul ;
 To break a jest, when pity would inspire
 Pathetic exhortation ; and t' address
 The skittish fancy with facetious tales,
 When sent with God's commission to the heart :
 So did not Paul. Direct me to a quip
 Or merry turn in all he ever wrote,
 And I consent you take it for your text,
 Your only one, till sides and benches fail.
 No : he was serious in a serious cause,
 And understood too well the weighty terms,
 That he had taken in charge. He would not stoop
 To conquer those by jocular exploits,
 Whom truth and soberness assailed in vain.
 O Popular Applause ! what heart of man
 Is proof against thy sweet seducing charms ?
 The wisest and the best feel urgent need
 Of all their caution in thy gentlest gales ;
 But swelled into a gust—Who then, alas !
 With all his canvass set, and inexpert,
 And therefore heedless, can withstand thy power ?
 Praise from the rivelled lips of toothless, bald
 Decrepitude, and in the looks of lean
 And craving Poverty, and in the bow

Respectful of the smutched artificer,
Is oft too welcome, and may much disturb
The bias of the purpose. How much more,
Poured forth by beauty splendid and polite,
In language soft as Adoration breathes ?
Ah spare your idol ! think him human still.
Charms he may have, but he has frailties too !
Dote not too much, nor spoil what ye admire.

All truth is from the sempiternal source
Of light divine. But Egypt, Greece and Rome,
Drew from the stream below. More favoured we
Drink, when we choose it, at the fountain head.
To them it flowed much mingled and defiled
With hurtful error, prejudice and dreams
Illusive of philosophy, so called;
But falsely. Sages after sages strove
In vain to filter off a crystal draught
Pure from the lees, which often more enhanced
The thirst than slaked it, and not seldom bred
Intoxication and delirium wild.
In vain they pushed inquiry to the birth
And spring time of the world ; asked, Whence is man ?
Why formed at all ? and wherefore as he is ?
Where must he find his Maker ? with what rites
Adore him ? Will he hear, accept, and bless ?
Or does he sit regardless of his works ?
Has man within him an immortal seed ?
Or does the tomb take all ? If he survive
His ashes, where ? and in what weal or wo ?
Knots worthy of solution, which alone
A deity could solve. Their answers, vague
And all at random, fabulous and dark,
Left them as dark themselves. Their rules of life,
Defective and unsanctioned, prove too weak
To bind the roving appetite, and lead
Blind nature to a God not yet revealed.
'Tis revelation satisfies all doubts,
Explains all mysteries, except her own,



And so illuminates the path of life,
 That fools discover it, and stray no more.
 Now tell me, dignified and sapient sir,
 My man of morals, nurtured in the shades
 Of Academus—is this false or true?
 Is Christ the abler teacher, or the schools?
 If Christ, then why resort at every turn
 To Athens or to Rome, for wisdom short
 Of man's occasions, when in him reside
 Grace, knowledge, comfort—an unfathomed store?
 How oft, when Paul has served us with a text,
 Has Epictetus, Plato, Tully, preached!
 Men that, if now alive, would sit content
 And humble learners of a Saviour's worth,
 Preach it who might. Such was their love of truth,
 Their thirst of knowledge, and their candour too!

And thus it is—The pastor, either vain
 By nature, or by flattery made so, taught
 To gaze at his own splendour, and t' exalt
 Absurdly, not his office, but himself;
 Or unenlightened, and too proud to learn;
 Or vicious, and not therefore apt to teach;
 Perverting often by the stress of lewd
 And loose example, whom he should instruct;
 Exposes, and holds up to broad disgrace
 The noblest function, and discredits much
 The brightest truths that man has ever seen.
 For ghostly counsel; if it either fall
 Below the exigence, or be not backed
 With show of love, at least with hopeful proof
 Of some sincerity on the giver's part;
 Or be dishonoured in th' exterior form
 And mode of its conveyance by such tricks
 As move derision, or by foppish airs
 And histrionic mummery, that let down
 The pulpit to the level of the stage;
 Drops from the lips a disregarded thing.
 The weak perhaps are moved, but are not taught,

While prejudice in men of stronger minds
 Takes deeper root, confirmed by what they see.
 A relaxation of religion's hold.
 Upon the roving and untutored heart,
 Soon follows, and, the curb of conscience snapped,
 The laity run wild—But do they know?
 Note their extravagance, and be convinced.

As nations, ignorant of God, contrive
 A wooden one; so we, no longer taught
 By monitors that mother church supplies,
 Now make our own. Posterity will ask
 (If e'er posterity see verse of mine)
 Some fifty or a hundred lustrums hence,
 What was a monitor in George's days?
 My very gentle reader, yet unborn,
 Of whom I needs must augur better things.
 Since Heaven would sure grow weary of a world
 Productive only of a race like ours,
 A monitor is wood—plank shaven thin.
 We wear it at our backs. There, closely braced
 And neatly fitted, it compresses hard
 The prominent and most unsightly bones,
 And binds the shoulders flat. We prove its use
 Sovereign and most effectual to secure
 A form, not now gymnastic as of yore,
 From rickets and distortion, else our lot.
 But thus admonished, we can walk erect—
 One proof at least of manhood! While the friend
 Sticks close, a Mentor worthy of his charge.
 Our habits, costlier than Lucullus wore,
 And by caprice as multiplied as his,
 Just please us while the fashion is at full,
 But change with every moon. The sycophant,
 Who waits to dress us, arbitrates their date;
 Surveys his fair reversion with keen eye;
 Finds one ill made, another obsolete,
 This fits not nicely, that is ill conceived;
 And making prize of all that he condemns,

With our expenditure defrays his own.
 Variety's the very spice of life,
 That gives it all its flavour. We have run
 Through every change, that Fancy, at the loom
 Exhausted, has had genius to supply;
 And studious of mutation still, discard
 A real elegance, a little used,
 For monstrous novelty, and strange disguise.
 We sacrifice to dress, till household joys
 And comfort cease. Dress drains our cellar dry,
 And keeps our larder lean; puts out our fires;
 And introduces hunger, frost, and wo,
 Where peace and hospitality might reign.
 What man that lives, and that knows how to live,
 Would fail t' exhibit at the public shows
 A form as splendid as the proudest there,
 Though appetite raise outcries at the cost?
 A man o' th' town dines late, but soon enough
 With reasonable forecast and despatch,
 T' ensure a side-box station at half-price.
 You think, perhaps, so delicate his dress,
 His daily fare as delicate. Alas!
 He picks clean teeth, and busy as he seems
 With an old tavern quill, is hungry yet!
 The route is Folly's circle, which he draws
 With magic wand. So potent is the spell,
 That none, decoyed into that fatal ring,
 Unless by Heaven's peculiar grace, escape.
 There we grow early gray, but never wise;
 There form connexions, but acquire no friend;
 Solicit pleasure hopeless of success;
 Waste youth in occupations only fit
 For second childhood, and devote old age
 To sports, which only childhood could excuse;
 There they are happiest, who dissemble best
 Their weariness; and they the most polite,
 Who squander time and treasure, with a smile,
 Though at their own destruction. She that asks

Her dear five hundred friends contemns them all,
And hates their coming. They (what can they less
Make just reprisals ; and, with cringe and shrug,
And bow obsequious, hide their hate of her.

All catch the frenzy, downward from her grace,
Whose flambeaux flash against the morning skies,
And gild our chamber ceiling as they pass,
To her, who, frugal only that her thrift
May feed excesses she can ill afford,
Is hackneyed home unlackeyed ; who, in haste
Alighting, turns the key in her own door,
And, at the watchman's lantern borrowing light,
Finds a cold bed her only comfort left.

Wives beggar husbands, husbands starve their wives
On Fortune's velvet altar offering up
Their last poor pittance.—Fortune, most severe
Of Goddesses yet known, and costlier far
Than all, that held their routs in Juno's heaven —
So fare we in this prison-house the World ;
And 'tis a fearful spectacle to see
So many maniacs dancing in their chains.
They gaze upon the links that hold them fast,
With eyes of anguish, execrate their lot,
Then shake them in despair, and dance again !

Now basket up the family of plagues,
That wastes our vitals ; peculation, sale
Of honour, perjury, corruption, frauds
By forgery, by subterfuge of law,
By tricks and lies as numerous and as keen
As the necessities their authors feel ;
Then cast them, closely bundled, every brat
At the right door. Profusion is the sire.
Profusion unrestrained, with all that's base
In character, has littered all the land,
And bred, within the memory of no few,
A priesthood, such as Baal's was of old,
A people, such as never was till now.
It is a hungry vice :—it eats up all

That gives society its beauty, strength,
 Convenience, and security, and use :
 Makes men mere vermin, worthy to be trapped
 And gibbeted, as fast as catchpole claws,
 Can seize the slippery prey : unties the knot
 Of union, and converts the sacred band,
 That holds mankind together, to a scourge.
 Profusion, deluging a state with lusts
 Of grossest nature and of worst effects,
 Prepares it for its ruin : hardens, blinds,
 And warps the consciences of public men,
 Till they can laugh at Virtue ; mock the fools
 That trust them ; and in the end disclose a face,
 That would have shocked Credulity herself,
 Unmasked, vouchsafing their sole excuse—
 Since all alike are selfish, why not they ?
 This does Profusion, and the accursed cause
 Of such deep mischief has itself a cause.

In colleges and halls in ancient days,
 When learning, virtue, piety and truth,
 Were precious, and inculcated with care,
 There dwelt a sage called Discipline. His head
 Not yet by time completely silvered o'er,
 Bespoke him past the bounds of freakish youth,
 But strong for service still, and unimpaired.
 His eye was meek and gentle, and a smile
 Played on his lips ; and in his speech was heard
 Paternal sweetness, dignity and love.
 The occupation dearest to his heart
 Was to encourage goodness. He would stroke
 The head of modest and ingenuous worth,
 That blushed at its own praise ; and press the youth
 Close to his side, that pleased him. Learning grew
 Beneath his care a thriving vigorous plant ;
 The mind was well informed, the passions held
 Subordinate, and diligence was choice.
 If e'er it chanced, as sometimes chance it must,
 That one among so many overleaped

The limits of control, his gentle eye
Grew stern, and darted a severe rebuke :
His frown was full of terror, and his voice
Shook the delinquent with such fits of awe,
As left him not, till penitence had won
Lost favour back again, and closed the breach.
But Discipline, a faithful servant long ;
Declined at length into the vale of years :
A palsy struck his arm ; his sparkling eye
Was quenched in rheums of age ; his voice unstrung,
Grew tremulous, and drew derision more
Than reverence in perverse, rebellious youth.
So colleges and halls neglected much
Their good old friend ; and Discipline at length,
O'erlooked and unemployed, fell sick and died.
Then Study languished, Emulation slept,
And Virtue fled. The schools became a scene
Of solemn farce, where Ignorance in stilts,
His cap well lined with logic not his own,
With parrot tongue performed the scholar's part,
Proceeding soon a graduated dunce.
Then compromise had place, and scrutiny
Became stone blind ; precedence went in truck
And he was competent whose purse was so.
A dissolution of all bonds ensued ;
The curbs invented for the mulish mouth,
Of headstrong youth were broken ; bars and bolts
Grew rusty by disuse ; and massy gates
Forgot their office, opening with a touch ;
Till gowns at length are found mere masquerade
The tasseled cap and the spruce band a jest,
A mockery of the world ! What need of these
For gamesters, jockeys, brothellers impure,
Spendthrifts, and booted sportsmen oftener seen
With belted waist and pointers at their heels,
Than in the bounds of duty ? What was learned,
If aught was learned in childhood, is forgot ;
And such expense as pinches parents blue,

mortifies the liberal hand of love,
 wandered in pursuit of idle sports
 vicious pleasure ; buys the boy a name,
 sits a stigma on his father's house,
 cleaves through life inseparably close
 him that wears it. What can after-games
 ripen joys, and commerce with the world,
 lewd vain world, that must receive him soon,
 to such erudition, thus acquired,
 ere science and where virtue are professed ?
 may confirm his habits, rivet fast
 folly, but to spoil him is a task,
 bids defiance to th' united powers
 fashion, dissipation, taverns, stews.
 blame we most the nursling or the nurse ?
 children crooked, twisted, and deformed,
 ough want of care ; or her, whose winking eye,
 slumbering oscitancy mars the brood ?
 nurse no doubt. Regardless of her charge,
 needs herself correction ; needs to learn,
 it is dangerous sporting with the world,
 things so sacred as the nation's trust,
 nurture of her youth, her dearest pledge.
 ll are not such. I had a brother once
 ce to the memory of a man of worth,
 an of letters, and of manners too !
 manners sweet as Virtue always wears,
 en gay Good-nature dresses her in smiles.
 graced a college,* in which order yet
 sacred ; and was honoured, loved, and wept,
 more than one, themselves conspicuous there.
 e minds are tempered happily, and mixed
 h such ingredients of good sense, and taste,
 what is excellent in man, they thirst
 h such a zeal to be what they approve,
 at no restraints can circumscribe them more
 an they themselves by choice, for wisdom's sake.

* Bene't Coll. Cambridge.

Nor can example hurt them : what they see
Of vice in others but enhancing more
The charms of virtue in their just esteem.
If such escape contagion, and emerge
Pure from so foul a pool to shine abroad,
And give the world their talents and themselves,
Small thanks to those whose negligence or sloth
Exposed their inexperience to the snare,
And left them to an undirected choice.

See then the quiver broken and decayed;
In which are kept our arrows ! Rustling there
In wild disorder, and unfit for use,
What wonder if, discharged into the world,
They shame their shooters with a random flight,
Their points obtuse, and feathers drunk with wine !
Well may the church wage unsuccessful war
With such artillery armed. Vice parries wide
Th' undreaded volley with a sword of straw,
And stands an impudent and fearless mark.

Have we not tracked the felon home, and found
His birth-place and his dam ? The country mourns
Mourns because every plague, that can infest
Society, and that saps and worms the base
Of th' edifice that Policy has raised,
Swarms in all quarters : meets the eye, the ear,
And suffocates the breath at every turn,
Profusion breeds them ; and the cause itself
Of that calamitous mischief has been found :
Found too where most offensive, in the skirts
Of the robed pedagogue ! Else let th' arraigned
Stand up unconscious, and refute the charge.
So when the Jewish leader stretched his arm,
And waved his rod divine, a race obscene,
Spawned in the muddy beds of Nile, came forth,
Polluting Egypt : gardens, fields, and plains,
Were covered with the pest ; the streets were filled
The croaking nuisance lurked in every nook ;
Nor palaces, nor even chambers, 'scaped ;
And the land stank—so numerous was the fry.

THE TASK.

BOOK III.

THE GARDEN.

ARGUMENT.

SELF-RECOLLECTION and reproof.—Address to domestic happiness.—Some account of myself.—The vanity of many of their pursuits who are reputed wise.—Justification of my censures.—Divine illumination necessary to the most expert philosopher.—The question, What is truth? answered by other questions.—Domestic happiness addressed again.—Few lovers of the country.—My tame hare.—Occupations of a retired gentleman in his garden.—Pruning.—Framing.—Green-house.—Sowing of flower-seeds.—The country preferable to the town even in winter.—Reasons why it is deserted at that season.—Ruinous effects of gaming, and of expensive improvement.—Book concludes with an apostrophe to the metropolis.

As one, who long in thickets and in brakes
Entangled, winds now this way and now that
His devious course uncertain, seeking home;
Or, having long in miry ways been foiled
And sore discomfited, from slough to slough
Plunging, and half-despairing of escape;
If chance at length he find a greensward smooth
And faithful to the foot, his spirits rise,
He cherups brisk his ear-erecting steed,
And winds his way with pleasure and with ease;
So I, designing other themes, and called
T' adorn the Sofa with eulogium due,
To tell its slumbers, and to paint its dreams,
Have rambled wide: in country, city, seat
Of academic fame (howe'er deserved,)
Long held, and scarcely disengaged at last.
But now with pleasant pace a cleaner road
I mean to tread: I feel myself at large,
Courageous and refreshed for future toil,
If toil await me, or if dangers new.

Since pulpits fail, and sounding boards reflect,

Most part an empty, ineffectual sound,
What chance that I, to fame so little known,
Nor conversant with men or manners much,
Should speak to purpose, or with better hope
Crack the satiric thong? 'Twere wiser far
For me, enamoured of sequestered scenes,
And charmed with rural beauty, to repose
Where chance may throw me, beneath elm or vine,
My languid limbs, when summer seers the plains,
Or, when rough winter rages, on the soft
And sheltered Sofa, while the nitrous air
Feeds a blue flame, and makes a cheerful hearth
There, undisturbed by Folly, and apprised
How great the danger of disturbing her,
To muse in silence, or, at least, confine
Remarks that gall so many, to the few
My partners in retreat. Disgust concealed
Is oftentimes proof of wisdom, when the fault
Is obstinate, and cure beyond our reach.

Domestic happiness, thou only bliss
Of Paradise, that has survived the fall!
Though few now taste thee unimpaired and pure,
Or tasting long enjoy thee! too infirm,
Or too incautious to preserve thy sweets
Unmixed with drops of bitter, which neglect
Or temper sheds into thy crystal cup;
Thou art the nurse of Virtue, in thine arms
She smiles, appearing, as in truth she is,
Heaven-born, and destined to the skies again.
Thou art not known where Pleasure is adored,
That reeling goddess with the zoneless waist
And wandering eyes, still leaning on the arm
Of Novelty, her fickle, frail support;
For thou art meek and constant, hating change
And finding in the calm of truth-tried love
Joys that her stormy raptures never yield.
Forsaking thee what shipwreck have we made
Of honour, dignity and fair renown!

Till prostitution elbows us aside
 In all our crowded streets ; and senates seem
 Convened for purposes of empire, less
 Than to release the adulteress from her bond.
 Th' adulteress ! what a theme for angry verse !
 What provocation to the indignant heart,
 That feels for injured love ! but I disdain
 The nauseous task to paint her as she is,
 Cruel, abandoned, glorying in her shame !
 No : let her pass, and, charioted along
 In guilty splendour, shake the public ways ;
 The frequency of crimes has washed them white.
 And verse of mine shall never brand the wretch
 Whom matrons now, of character unsmirched,
 And chaste themselves, are not ashamed to own.
 Virtue and vice had boundaries in old time,
 Not to be passed : and she, that had renounced
 Her sex's honour, was renounced herself
 By all that prized it ; not for prudery's sake,
 But dignity's, resentful of the wrong.
 'Twas hard perhaps on here and there a waif,
 Desirous to return, and not received ;
 But 'twas a wholesome rigour in the main,
 And taught th' unblemished to preserve with care
 That purity, whose loss was loss of all.
 Men too were nice in honour in those days,
 And judged offenders well. Then he that sharpened,
 And pocketed a prize by fraud obtained,
 Was marked and shunned as odious. He that sold
 His country, or was slack when she required
 His every nerve in action and at stretch,
 Paid with the blood that he had basely spared,
 The price of his default. But now—yes, now
 We are become so candid and so fair,
 So liberal in construction, and so rich
 In Christian charity, (good natured age !)
 That they are safe, sinners of either sex,
 Transgress what laws they may. Well dressed, well
 bred,

Well equipaged, is ticket good enough
To pass as readily through every door.
Hypocrisy, detest her as we may,
(And no man's hatred ever wronged her yet)
May claim this merit still—that she admits
The worth of what she mimics with such care,
And thus gives Virtue indirect applause ;
But she has burnt her mask, not needed here,
Where vice has such allowance, that her shifts
And specious semblances have lost their use.

I was a stricken deer, that left the herd.
Long since. With many an arrow deep infix'd
My panting side was charged, when I withdrew
To seek a tranquil death in distant shades,
There was I found by one who had himself
Been hurt by th' archers. In his side he bore,
And in his hands and feet, the cruel scars.
With gentle force soliciting the darts,
He drew them forth, and healed, and bade me live.
Since then, with few associates in remote
And silent woods I wander, far from those
My former partners of the peopled scene ;
With few associates, and not wishing more..
Here much I ruminate, as much I may,
With other views of men and manners now
Than once, and others of a life to come.
I see that all are wanderers, gone astray
Each in his own delusions ; they are lost
In chase of fancied happiness, still wooed
And never won. Dream after dream ensues ;
And still they dream that they shall still succ ed,
And still are disappointed: Rings the world
With the vain stir. I sum up half mankind;
And add two thirds of the remaining half,
And find the total of their hopes and fears
Dreams, empty dreams. The million flit as gay
As if created only like the fly,
That spreads his motley wings in th' eye of noon,

To sport their season, and be seen no more.
The rest are sober dreamers, grave and wise,
And pregnant with discoveries new and rare.
Some write a narrative of wars, and feats
Of heroes little known ; and call the rant
A history : describe the man of whom
His own coëvals took but little note,
And paint his person, character, and views,
As they had known him from his mother's womb.
They disentangle from the puzzled skein,
In which obscurity has wrapped them up
The threads of politic and shrewd design,
That ran through all his purposes, and charge
His mind with meanings that he never had,
Or, having, kept concealed. Some drill and bore
The solid earth, and from the strata there
Extract a register, by which we learn,
That he who made it, and revealed its date
To Moses, was mistaken in its age.
Some, more acute, and more industrious still,
Contrive creation ; travel nature up
To the sharp peak of her sublimest height,
And tell us whence the stars ; why some are fixed
And planetary some ; what gave them first
Rotation, from what fountain flowed their light.
Great contest follows, and much learned dust
Involves the combatants ; each claiming truth,
And truth disclaiming both. And thus they spend
The little wick of life's poor shallow lamp
In playing tricks with nature, giving laws
To distant worlds, and trifling in their own.
Is't not a pity now that tickling rheums
Should ever tease the lungs, and blear the sight
Of oracles like these ? Great pity too,
That having wielded the elements, and built
A thousand systems, each in his own way,
They should go out in fume, and be forgot
Ah ! what is life thus spent ? and what are they

On all her branches ; piety has found
Friends in the friends of science, and true prayer
Has flowed from lips wet with Castalian dew.
Such was thy wisdom, Newton, child-like sage !
Sagacious reader of the works of God,
And in this word sagacious. Such too thine,
Milton, whose genius had angelic wings,
And fed on manna ! And such thine, in whom
Our British Themis gloried with just cause,
Immortal Hale ! for deep discernment praised,
And sound integrity, not more than famed
For sanctity of manners undefiled.

All flesh is grass, and all its glory fades
Like the fair flower dishevelled in the wind ;
Riches have wings, and grandeur is a dream.
The man we celebrate must find a tomb,
And we that worship him ignoble graves.
Nothing is proof against the general curse
Of vanity, that seizes all below.
The only amaranthine flower on earth
Is virtue ; th' only lasting treasure, truth.
But what is truth ? 'Twas Pilate's question put
To truth itself, that deigned him no reply.
And wherefore ? will not God impart his light
To them that ask it ?—Freely—'tis his joy,
His glory, and his nature, to impart.
But to the proud, uncandid, insincere,
Or negligent inquirer, not a spark.
What's that, which brings contempt upon a book,
And him who writes it, though the style be neat,
The method clear, and argument exact ?
That makes a minister in holy things
The joy of many, and the dread of more,
His name a theme for praise and for reproach ?—
That, while it gives us worth in God's account,
Depreciates and undoes us in our own ?
What pearl is it that rich men cannot buy,
That learning is too proud to gather up ;

But which the poor, and the despised of all,
Seek and obtain, and often find unsought?
Tell me—and I will tell thee what is truth.

O friendly to the best pursuits of man,
Friendly to thought, to virtue, and to peace,
Domestic life in rural pleasure passed!
Few know thy value, and few taste thy sweets;
Though many boast thy favours, and affect
To understand and choose thee for their own.
But foolish man foregoes his proper bliss,
E'en as his first progenitor, and quits,
Though placed in Paradise (for earth has still
Some traces of her youthful beauty left,)
Substantial happiness for transient joy.
Scenes formed for contemplation, and to nurse
The growing seeds of wisdom; that suggest,
By every pleasing image they present,
Reflections such as meliorate the heart,
Compose the passions, and exalt the mind;
Scenes such as these 'tis his supreme delight
To fill with riot and defile with blood.
Should some contagion, kind to the poor brutes
We persecute, annihilate the tribes
That draw the sportsman over hill and dale
Fearless, and wrapt away from all his cares;
Should never game-fowl hatch her eggs again,
Nor baited hook deceive the fish's eye;
Could pageantry and dance, and feast and song,
Be quelled in all our summer-months' retreats;
How many self-deluded nymphs and swains,
Who dream they have a taste for fields and groves,
Would find them hideous nurseries of the spleen
And crowd the roads, impatient for the town!
They love the country, and none else, who seek
For their own sake its silence, and its shade.
Delights which who would leave, that has a heart
Susceptible of pity, or mind
Cultured and capable of sober thought,

For all the savage din of the swift pack,
 And clamours of the field?—detested sport,
 That owes its pleasures to another's pain;
 That feeds upon the sobs and dying shrieks
 Of harmless nature, dumb, but yet endued
 With eloquence, that agonies inspire,
 Of silent tears and heart-distending sighs?
 Vain tears, alas, and sighs that never find
 A corresponding tone in jovial souls!
 Well—one at least is safe. One sheltered hare
 Has never heard the sanguinary yell
 Of cruel man, exulting in her woes.
 Innocent partner of my peaceful home,
 Whom ten long years' experience of my care
 Has made at last familiar; she has lost
 Much of her vigilant instinctive dread,
 Not needful here, beneath a roof like mine.
 Yes—thou mayest eat thy bread, and lick the hand
 That feeds thee; thou mayest frolic on the floor
 At evening, and at night retire secure
 To thy straw couch, and slumber unalarmed;
 For I have gained thy confidence, have pledged
 All that is human in me, to protect
 Thine unsuspecting gratitude and love,
 If I survive thee, I will dig thy grave;
 And, when I place thee in it, sighing say,
 I knew at least one hare that had a friend.

How various his employments, whom the world
 Calls idle; and who justly in return
 Esteems that busy world an idler too!
 Friends, books, a garden, and perhaps his pen.
 Delightful industry enjoyed at home,
 And Nature, in her cultivated trim,
 Dressed to his taste, inviting him abroad.—
 Can he want occupation, who has these?
 Will he be idle, who has much to enjoy?
 Me therefore studious of laborious ease,
 Not slothful, happy to deceive the time,

Not waste it, and aware that human life
Is but a loan to be repaid with use,
When He shall call his debtors to account,
From whom are all our blessings, business finds
E'en here : while sedulous I seek t' improve,
At least neglect not, or leave unemployed,
The mind he gave me ; driving it, though slack
Too oft, and much impeded in its work
By causes not to be divulged in vain,
To its just point—the service of mankind.
He that attends to his interior self,
That has a heart and keeps it ; has a mind
That hungers, and supplies it : and who seeks
A social, not a dissipated life,
Has business ; feels himself engaged t' achieve
No unimportant, though a silent, task.
A life all turbulence and noise may seem
To him that leads it wise, and to be praised ;
But wisdom is a pearl with most success
Sought in still water, and beneath clear skies.
He that is ever occupied in storms,
Or dives not for it, or brings up instead,
Vainly industrious, a disgraceful prize.

The morning finds the self-sequestered man
Fresh for his task, intend what task he may.
Whether inclement seasons recommend
His warm but simple home, where he enjoys,
With her, who shares his pleasures and his heart,
Sweet converse, sipping calm the fragrant lymph,
Which neatly she prepares : then to his book
Well chosen, and not sullenly perused
In selfish silence, but imparted oft,
As aught occurs, that she may smile to hear,
Or turn to nourishment, digested well,
Or if the garden with its many cares,
All well repaid, demand him, he attends
The welcome call, conscious how much the hand
Of lubbard labour needs his watchful eye,

Oft loitering lazily, if not o'erseen,
Or misapplying his unskilful strength.
Nor does he govern only or direct,
But much performs himself. No works, indeed
That ask robust, tough sinews, bred to toil,
Servile employ : but such as may amuse,
Not tire, demanding rather skill than force.
Proud of his well-spread walls, he views his trees
That meet, no barren interval between,
With pleasure more than e'en their fruits afford ;
Which, save himself who trains them, none can feel.
These therefore are his own peculiar charge ;
No meaner hand may discipline the shoots,
None but his steel approach them. What is weak,
Distempered, or has lost prolific powers,
Impaired by age, his unrelenting hand
Dooms to the knife : nor does he spare the soft
And succulent, that feeds its giant growth,
But barren, at th' expense of neighbouring twig
Less ostentatious, and yet studded thick
With hopeful gems. The rest, no portion left
That may disgrace his art, or disappoint
Large expectation, he disposes neat
At measured distances, that air and sun,
Admitted freely may afford their aid,
And ventilate and warm the swelling buds.
Hence Summer has her riches, Autumn hence,
And hence e'en Winter fills his withered hand.
With blushing fruits, and plenty not his own.*
Fair recompense of labour well bestowed,
And wise precaution ; which a clime so rude
Makes needful still, whose Spring is but the child
Of churlish Winter, in her froward moods
Discovering much the temper of her sire.
For oft, as if in her the stream of mild
Maternal nature had reversed its course,
She signs her infants forth with many smiles ;

* *Miraturque novus fructus et non sua poma.*—Voss.

But, once delivered, kills them with a frown:
He therefore, timely warned himself, supplies
Her want of care, screening and keeping warm
The plenteous bloom, that no rough blast may sweep
His garlands from the boughs. Again, as oft
As the sun peeps and vernal airs breathe mild,
The fence withdrawn, he gives them every beam,
And spreads his hopes before the blaze of day.

To raise the prickly and green-coated gourd
So grateful to the palate, and when rare
So coveted, else base and disesteemed—
Food for the vulgar merely—is an art
That toiling ages have but just matured,
And at this moment unessayed in song.
Yet gnats have had, and frogs and mice, long since,
Their eulogy ; those sang the Mantuan bard
And these the Grecian, in ennobling strains ;
And in thy numbers, Philips, shines for aye
The solitary shilling. Pardon then,
Ye sage dispensers of poetic fame,
Th' ambition of one meaner far, whose powers,
Presuming an attempt not less sublime,
Pant for the praise of dressing to the taste
Of critic appetite, no sordid fare,
A cucumber, while costly yet and scarce.

The stable yields a stercoraceous heap,
Impregnated with quick fermenting salts,
And potent to resist the freezing blast :
For, e'er the beech and elm have cast their leaf
Deciduous, when now November dark
Checks vegetation in the torpid plant
Exposed to his cold breath, the task begins.
Warily, therefore, and with prudent heed,
He seeks a favoured spot ; that where he builds
Th' agglomerated pile his frame may front
The sun's meridian disk, and at the back
Enjoy close shelter, wall, or reeds, or hedge
Impervious to the wind. First he bids spread

Dry fern or littered hay, that may imbibe
Th' ascending damps ; then leisurely impose,
And lightly, shaking it with agile hand
From the full fork, the saturated straw.
What longest binds the closest forms secure
The shapely side, that as it rises takes,
By just degrees, an overhanging breadth,
Sheltering the base with its projected eaves ;
Th' uplifted frame, compact at every joint,
And overlaid with clear translucent glass,
He settles next upon the sloping mount,
Whose sharp declivity shoots off secure
From the dashed pane the deluge as it falls.
He shuts it close, and the first labour ends.
Thrice must the voluble and restless earth
Spin round upon her axle, ere the warmth
Slow gathering in the midst, through the square ~~it~~
Diffused, attain the surface ; when, behold !
A pestilent and most corrosive steam,
Like a gross fog Bœotian, rising fast,
And ~~fast~~ condensed upon the dewy sash,
Asks egress ; which obtained, the overcharged
And drenched conservatory breathes abroad,
In volumes wheeling slow, the vapour dank ;
And, purified, rejoices to have lost
Its foul inhabitant. But to assuage
Th' impatient fervour, which it first conceives
Within its reeking bosom, threatening death
To his young hopes, requires discreet delay,
Experience, slow preceptress, teaching oft
The way to glory by miscarriage foul,
Must prompt him, and admonish how to catch
Th' auspicious moment, when the tempered heat,
Friendly to vital motion, may afford
Soft fomentation, and invite the seed.
The seed, selected wisely, plump and smooth,
And glossy, he commits to pots of size
Diminutive, well filled with well prepared

And fruitful soil, that has been treasured long,
 And drank no moisture from the dripping clouds.
 These on the warm and genial earth, that hides
 The smoking manure, and o'erspreads it all,
 He places lightly, and, as time subdues
 The rage of fermentation, plunges deep
 In the soft medium, till they stand immersed.
 Then rise the tender germs, upstarting quick,
 And spreading wide their spongy lobes ; at first
 Pale, wan, and livid ; but assuming soon,
 If fanned by balmy and nutritious air,
 Strained through the friendly mats, a vivid green.
 Two leaves produced, two rough indented leaves,
 Cautious he pinches from the second stalk
 A pimple, that portends a future sprout,
 And interdicts its growth. Thence straight succeed
 The branches, sturdy to his utmost wish ;
 Prolific all, and harbingers of more.
 The crowded roots demand enlargement now,
 And transplantation in an ampler space.
 Indulged in what they wish, they soon supply
 Large foliage, overshadowing golden flowers,
 Blown on the summit of th' apparent fruit.
 These have their sexes ! and, when summer shines,
 The bee transports the fertilizing meal.
 From flower to flower, and e'en the breathing air
 Wafts the rich prize to its appointed use.
 Not so when winter scowls. Assistant art
 Then acts in Nature's office, brings to pass
 The glad espousals, and ensures the crop.
 Grudge not, ye rich, (since luxury must have
 His dainties, and the world's more numerous half
 Lives by contriving delicates for you,)
 Grudge not the cost. You little know the cares,
 The vigilance, the labour, and the skill,
 That day and night are exercised, and hang
 Upon the ticklish balance of suspense,
 That ye may garnish your profuse regales

With summer fruits brought forth by wintry suns
 Ten thousand dangers lie in wait to thwart
 The process. Heat and cold, and wind, and steam,
 Moisture and drought, mice, worms, and swarming
 flies,

Minute as dust, and numberless, oft work
 Dire disappointment, that admits no cure,
 And which no care can obviate. It were long,
 Too long, to tell th' expedients and the shifts,
 Which he that fights a season so severe
 Devises, while he guards his tender trust ;
 And oft at last in vain. The learned and wise
 Sarcastic would exclaim, and judge the song
 Cold as its theme, and like its theme, the fruit
 Of too much labour, worthless when produced.

Who loves a garden loves a green-house too.
 Unconscious of a less propitious clime,
 There blooms exotic beauty, warm and snug,
 While the winds whistle, and the snows descend.
 The spiry myrtle with unwithering leaf
 Shines there and flourishes. The golden boast
 Of Portugal and western India there,
 The ruddier orange, and the paler lime,
 Peep through the polished foliage at the storm,
 And seem to smile at what they need not fear.
 Th' anemum there, with intermingling flowers
 And cherries hangs her twigs. Geranium boasts
 Her crimson honours ; and the spangled beau,
 Ficoides, glitters bright the winter long.
 All plants of every leaf that can endure
 The winter's frown, if screened from his shrewd
 bite,

Live there, and prosper. Those Ausonia claims,
 Levantine regions these ; the Azores send
 Their jessamine, her jessamine remote
 Caffraria ; foreigners from many lands,
 They form one social shade, as if convened
 By magic summons of th' Orphean lyre.

Yet just arrangement, rarely brought to pass
But by a master's hand, disposing well
The gay diversities of leaf and flower,
Must lend its aid t' illustrate all their charms,
And dress the regular yet various scene.
Plant behind plant aspiring, in the van
The dwarfish, in the rear retired, but still,
Sublime above the rest, the statelier stand.
So once were ranged the sons of ancient Rome
A noble show ! while Roscius trod the stage,
And so, while Garrick, as renowned as he,
The sons of Albion ; fearing each to lose
Some note of Nature's music from his lips,
And covetous of Shakspeare's beauty, seen
In every flash of his far-beaming eye.
Nor taste alone and well contrived display
Sufficed to give the marshalled ranks the grace
Of their complete effect. Much yet remains
Unsung, and many cares are yet behind,
And more laborious ; cares on which depends
Their vigour, injured soon, not soon restored.
The soil must be renewed, which, often washed,
Loses its treasure of salubrious salts,
And disappoints the roots ; the slender roots
Close interwoven, and where they meet the vase
Must smooth be shorn away ; the sapless branch
Must fly before the knife ; the withered leaf
Must be detached, where it strews the floor
Swept with a woman's neatness, breeding else
Contagion, and disseminating death.
Discharge but these kind offices, (and who
Would spare, that loves them, offices like these ?)
Well they reward the toil. The sight is pleased,
The scent regaled, each odoriferous leaf,
Each opening blossom freely breathes abroad
Its gratitude, and thanks him with its sweets.
So manifold, all pleasing in their kind,
All healthful, are th' employs of rural life,

Reiterated as the wheel of time
Runs round ; still ending, and beginning still:
Nor are these all. To deck the shapely knoll,
That softly swelled and gayly dressed appears
A flowery island, from the dark green lawn
Emerging, must be deemed a labour due
To no mean hand, and asks the touch of taste.
Here also grateful mixture of well-matched
And sorted hues (each giving each relief
And by contrasted beauty shining more)
Is needful. Strength may wield the ponderous
spade,
May turn the clod, and wheel the compost home ;
But elegance, chief grace the garden shows,
And most attractive, is the fair result
Of thought, the creature of a polished mind.
Without it all is gothic as the scene,
To which the insipid citizen resorts
Near yonder heath ; where Industry mispent,
But proud of his uncouth ill-chosen task,
Has made a heaven on earth ; with suns and moons
Of close rammed stones has charged th' encumbered
soil,
And fairly laid the zodiac in the dust.
He, therefore, who would see his flowers disposed
Sightly and in just order, ere he gives
The beds the trusted treasure of their seeds,
Forecasts the future whole ; that when the scene
Shall break into its preconceived display,
Each for itself, and all as with one voice
Conspiring, may attest his bright design.
Nor even then, dismissing as performed
His pleasant work may he suppose it done.
Few self-supported flowers endure the wind
Uninjured, but expect th' upholding aid
Of the smooth-shaven prop, and, neatly tied,
Are wedded thus, like beauty to old age,
For interest sake, the living to the dead.

Some clothe the soil that feeds them, far diffused
 And lowly creeping, modest and yet fair,
 Like virtue, thriving most where little seen.
 Some more aspiring catch the neighbour shrub
 With clasping tendrils, and invest his branch,
 Else unadorned, with many a gay festoon
 And fragrant chaplet, recompensing well
 The strength they borrow with the grace they lend.
 All hate the rank society of weeds,
 Noisome, and ever greedy to exhaust
 Th' impoverished earth ; an overbearing race.
 That, like the multitude made faction-mad,
 Disturb good order, and degrade true worth.

O blest seclusion from a jarring world,
 Which he thus occupied enjoys ! Retreat
 Cannot indeed to guilty man restore
 Lost innocence, or cancel follies past ;
 But it has peace, and much secures the mind
 From all assaults of evil ; proving still
 A faithful barrier, not o'erleaped with ease
 By vicious Custom, raging uncontrolled
 Abroad, and desolating public life.
 When fierce Temptation, seconded within
 By traitor Appetite, and armed with darts
 Tempered in hell, invades the throbbing breast,
 To combat may be glorious, and success
 Perhaps may crown us ; but to fly is safe.
 Had I the choice of sublunary good,
 What could I wish, that I possessed not here ?
 Health, leisure, means t' improve it, friendship, peace,
 No loose or wanton, though a wandering muse,
 And constant occupation without care.
 Thus blest I draw a picture of that bliss ;
 Hopeless, indeed, that dissipated minds,
 And profligate abusers of a world
 Created fair so much in vain for them,
 Should seek the guiltless joys, that I describe,
 Allured by my report : but sure no less,

That self-condemned they must neglect the prize,
And what they will not taste must yet approve.
What we admire we praise ; and, when we praise
Advance it into notice, that is worth
Acknowledged, others may admire it too.
I therefore recommend, though at the risk
Of popular disgust, yet boldly still,
The cause of piety, and sacred truth,
And virtue, and those scenes, which God ordaine
Should best secure them, and promote them most
Scenes that I love, and with regret perceive
Forsaken, or through folly not enjoyed.
Pure is the nymph, though liberal of her smiles,
And chaste, though unconfined, whom I extol,
Not as the prince in Shushan, when he called,
Vainglorious of her charms, his Vashti forth,
To grace the full pavilion. His design
Was but to boast his own peculiar good,
Which all might view with envy, none partake.
My charmer is not mine alone ; my sweets,
And she that sweetens all my bitters too,
Nature, enchanting Nature, in whose form
And lineaments divine I trace a hand
That errs not, and find raptures still renewed,
Is free to all men—universal prize.
Strange that so fair a creature should yet want
Admirers and be destined to divide
With meaner objects e'en the few she finds ;
Stripped of her ornaments, her leaves and flowers
She loses all her influence. Cities then
Attract us, and neglected Nature pines
Abandoned, as unworthy of our love.
But are not wholesome airs, though unperfumed
By roses ; and clear suns, though scarcely felt ;
And groves, if unharmonious, yet secure
From clamour, and whose very silence charms ;
To be preferred to smoke, to the eclipse
That metropolitan volcanoes make,

Whose Stygian throats breathe darkness all day
long?

And to the stir of Commerce, driving slow,
And thundering loud, with his ten thousand wheels;
They would be, were not madness in the head,
And folly in the heart; were England now
What England was,—plain, hospitable, kind,
And undebauched. But we have bid farewell
To all the virtues of those better days,
And all their honest pleasures. Mansions once
Knew their own masters; and laborious hinds,
Who had survived the father, served the son.
Now the legitimate and rightful lord
Is but a transient guest, newly arrived,
As soon to be supplanted. He, that saw
His patrimonial timber cast its leaf,
Sells the last scantling, and transfers the price
To some shrewd sharper, ere it buds again.
Estates are landscapes, gazed upon awhile
Then advertised, and auctioneered away.
The country starves, and they that feed th' o'er-
charged

And surfeited lewd town with her fair dues,
By a just judgment strip and starve themselves.
The wings that waft our riches out of sight,
Grow on the gamester's elbows; and th' alert
And nimble motion of those restless joints,
That never tire, soon fans them all away.
Improvement too, the idol of the age,
Is fed with many a victim. Lo, he comes!
The omnipotent magician, Brown, appears!
Down falls the venerable pile, th' abode
Of our forefathers—a grave whiskered race,
But tasteless. Springs a palace in its stead,
But in a distant spot; where more exposed
It may enjoy th' advantage of the north,
And aguish east, till time shall have transformed
Those naked acres to a sheltering grove.

He speaks. The lake in front becomes a lawn ;
Woods vanish, hills subside, and valleys rise ;
And streams, as if created for his use,
Pursue the tract of his directing wand,
Sinuous or straight, now rapid and now slow,
Now murmuring soft, now roaring in cascades—
E'en as he bids ! Th' enraptured owner smiles.
'Tis finished, and yet, finished as it seems,
Still wants a grace, the loveliest it could show,
A mine to satisfy th' enormous cost.
Drained to the last poor item of its wealth,
He sighs, departs, and leaves th' accomplished plan
That he has touched, retouched, many a long day
Labour'd, and many a night pursued in dreams,
Just when it meets his hopes, and proves the heaven
He wanted, for a wealthier to enjoy !
And now perhaps the glorious hour is come,
When, having no stake left, no pledge t' endear
Her interests, or that gives her sacred cause
A moment's operation on his love,
He burns with most intense and flagrant zeal
To serve his country. Ministerial grace
Deals him out money from the public chest ;
Or, if that mine be shut, some private purse
Supplies his need with a usurious loan,
To be refunded duly, when his vote,
Well-managed, shall have earned its worthy price.
O innocent, compared with arts like these,
Crape, and cocked pistol, and the whisting ball
Sent through the traveller's temples ! He that finds
One drop of Heaven's sweet mercy in his cup,
Can dig, beg, rot, and perish, well content,
So he may wrap himself in honest rags
At his last gasp ; but could not for a world
Fish up his dirty and dependant bread
From pools and ditches of the commonwealth,
Sordid and sickening at his own success.
Ambition, avarice, penury incurred

By endless riot, vanity, the lust
Of pleasure and variety, despatch,
As duly as the swallows disappear
The world of wandering knights and squires to town
London ingulfs them all ! The shark is there,
And the shark's prey ; the spendthrift, and the leech
That sucks him ; there the sycophant, and he
Who with bareheaded and obsequious bows
Begs a warm office, doomed to a cold jail
And groat per diem, if his patron frown.
The levee swarms, as if in golden pomp
Were charactered on every statesman's door,
'Battered and bankrupt fortunes mended here.'
These are the charms, that sully and eclipse
The charms of nature. 'Tis the cruel gripe,
That lean, hard-handed Poverty inflicts,
The hope of better things, the chance to win,
The wish to shine, the thirst to be amused,
That at the sound of Winter's hoary wing
Unpeople all our counties of such herds
Of fluttering, loitering, cringing, begging, loose,
And wanton vagrants, as make London, vast
And boundless as it is, a crowded coop.

O thou, resort and mart of all the earth,
Checkered with all complexions of mankind,
And spotted with all crimes ; in whom I see
Much that I love, and more that I admire,
And all that I abhor ; thou freckled fair,
That pleasest and yet shock'st me, I can laugh,
And I can weep, can hope, and can despond,
Feel wrath and pity, when I think on thee !
Ten righteous would have saved a city once,
And thou hast many righteous.—Well for thee—
That salt preserves thee ; more corrupted else,
And therefore more obnoxious, at this hour,
Than Sodom in her day had power to be,
For whom God heard his Abraham plead in vain,

THE TASK.

BOOK IV.

THE WINTER EVENING.

ARGUMENT.

THE post comes in.—The newspaper is read.—The world contemplated at a distance.—Address to Winter.—The rural amusements of a winter evening compared with the fashionable ones.—Address to evening.—A brown study.—Fall of snow in the evening.—The wagoner.—A poor family-piece.—The rural thief.—Public houses.—The multitude of them censured.—The farmer's daughter; what she was—what she is.—The simplicity of country manners almost lost.—Causes of the change.—Desertion of the country by the rich.—Neglect of magistrates.—The militia principally in fault.—The new recruit and his transformation.—Reflection on bodies corporate.—The love of rural objects natural to all, and never to be totally extinguished.

HARK ! 'tis the twanging horn o'er yonder bridge,
 That with its wearisome but needful length
 Bestrides the wintry flood, in which the moon
 Sees her unwrinkled face reflected bright ;—
 He comes, the herald of a noisy world,
 With spattered boots, strapped waist, and frozen locks;
 News from all nations lumbering at his back.
 True to his charge, the close packed load behind,
 Yet careless what he brings, his one concern
 Is to conduct it to the destined inn ;
 And, having dropped th' expected bag, pass on.
 He whistles as he goes, light-hearted wretch,
 Cold and yet cheerful : messenger of grief
 Perhaps to thousands, and of joy to some ;
 To him indifferent whether grief or joy.
 Houses in ashes, and the fall of stocks,
 Births, deaths, and marriages, epistles wet
 With tears, that trickled down the writer's cheeks,
 Fast as the periods from his fluent quill,
 Or charged with amorous sighs of absent swains,
 Or nymphs responsive, equally affect

His horse and him, unconscious of them all.
 But O, th' important budget ! ushered in
 With such heart-shaking music, who can say,
 What are its tidings ? have our troops awaked ?
 Or do they still, as if with opium drugged,
 Snore to the murmurs of the Atlantic wave ?
 Is India free ? and does she wear her plumed
 And jeweled turban with a smile of peace,
 Or do we grind her still ? The grand debate,
 The popular harangue, the tart reply,
 The logic, and the wisdom, and the wit,
 And the loud laugh—I long to know them all ;
 I burn to set th' imprisoned wranglers free,
 And give them voice and utterance once again.

Now stir the fire, and close the shutters fast,
 Let fall the curtains, wheel the sofa round,
 And, while the bubbling and loud hissing urn
 Throws up a steamy column, and the cups
 That cheer but not inebriate, wait on each,
 So let us welcome peaceful evening in ;
 Not such his evening, who with shining face
 Sweats in the crowded theatre, and, squeezed
 And bored with elbow-points through both his sides,
 Outcolds the ranting actor on the stage :
 Nor his, who patient stands till his feet throb,
 And his head thumps, to feed upon the breath
 Of patriots, bursting with heroic rage,
 Or placemen, all tranquillity and smiles.
 This folio of four pages, happy work,
 Which not e'en critics criticise ; that holds
 Inquisitive attention, while I read,
 Fast bound in chains of silence, which the fair,
 Though eloquent themselves, yet fear to break ;
 What is it, but a map of busy life,
 Its fluctuations, and its vast concerns ?
 Here runs the mountainous and craggy ridge,
 That tempts ambition. On the summit see
 The seals of office glitter in his eyes :

He climbs, he pants, he grasps them ! At his heels,
Close at his heels, a demagogue ascends,
And with a dexterous jerk soon twists him down,
And wins them, but to lose them in his turn.
Here rills of oily eloquence in soft
Meanders lubricate the course they take ;
The modest speaker is ashamed and grieved,
T' engross a moment's notice ; and yet begs,
Begs a propitious ear for his poor thoughts,
However trivial all that he conceives.
Sweet bashfulness ! it claims at least this praise ;
The dearth of information and good sense,
That it foretells us, always comes to pass.
Cataracts of declamation thunder here ;
There forests of no meaning spread the page,
In which all comprehension wanders lost ;
While fields of pleasantry amuse us there
With merry descants on a nation's woes.
The rest appears a wilderness of strange
But gay confusion ; roses for the cheeks,
And lilies for the brows of faded age,
Teeth for the toothless, ringlets for the bald,
Heaven, earth, and ocean, plundered of their sweets,
Nectareous essences, Olympian dews,
Sermons, and city feasts, and favourite airs,
Æthereal journeys, submarine exploits,
And Katterfelto, with his hair on end
At his own wonders, wondering for his bread.
'Tis pleasant, through the loopholes of retreat,
To peep at such a world ; to see the stir
Of the great Babel, and not feel the crowd ;
To hear the roar she sends through all her gates
At a safe distance, where the dying sound
Falls a soft murmur on th' uninjured ear.
Thus sitting, and surveying thus at ease
The globe and its concerns, I seem advanced
To some secure and more than mortal height,
That liberates and exempts me from them all.

It turns submitted to my view, turns round
 With all its generations ; I behold
 The tumult, and am still. The sound of war
 Has lost its terrors ere it reaches me ;
 Grieves, but alarms me not. I mourn the pride
 And avarice that makes man a wolf to man ;
 Hear the faint echo of those brazen throats,
 By which he speaks the language of his heart,
 And sigh, but never tremble at the sound.
 He travels and expatiates, as the bee
 From flower to flower, so he from land to land :
 The manners, customs, policy of all
 Pay contribution to the store he gleans ;
 He sucks intelligence in every clime,
 And spreads the honey of his deep research
 At his return—a rich repast for me.
 He travels, and I too. I tread his deck,
 Ascend his topmast, through his peering eyes
 Discover countries, with a kindred heart
 Suffer his woes, and share in his escapes ;
 While fancy, like the finger of a clock,
 Runs the great circuit, and is still at home.

O Winter, ruler of th' inverted year,
 Thy scattered hair with sleet like ashes filled,
 Thy breath congealed upon thy lips; thy cheeks
 Fringed with a beard made white with other snows
 Than those of age, thy forehead wrapped in clouds,
 A leafless branch thy sceptre, and thy throne
 A sliding car, indebted to no wheels,
 But urged by storms along its slippery way,
 I love thee, all unlovely as thou seem'st,
 And dreaded as thou art ! Thou hold'st the sun
 A prisoner in the yet undawning east,
 Shortening his journey between morn and noon,
 And hurrying him, impatient of his stay,
 Down to the rosy west ; but kindly still
 Compensating his loss with added hours
 Of social converse and instructive ease,

And gathering, at short notice, in one group
The family dispersed, and fixing thought,
Not less dispersed by daylight and its cares.
I crown thee king of intimate delights,
Fireside enjoyments, homeborn happiness,
And all the comforts, that the lowly roof
Of undisturbed Retirement, and the hours
Of long uninterrupted evening, know.
No rattling wheels stop short before these gates :
No powdered pert proficient in the art
Of sounding an alarm assaults these doors
Till the street rings ; no stationary steeds
Cough their own knell, while heedless of the sound,
The silent circle fan themselves, and quake :
But here the needle plies its busy task,
The pattern grows, the well depicted flower,
Wrought patiently into the snowy lawn,
Unfolds its bosom ; buds, and leaves, and sprigs,
And curling tendrils, gracefully disposed,
Follow the nimble finger of the fair ;
A wreath that cannot fade, of flowers, that blow
With most success when all besides decay.
The poet's or historian's page, by one
Made vocal for th' amusement of the rest ;
The sprightly lyre, whose treasure of sweet sounds
The touch from many a trembling chord shakes out ;
And the clear voice symphonious, yet distinct,
And in the charming strife triumphant still,
Beguile the night, and set a keener edge
On female industry : the threaded steel
Flies swiftly, and unfelt the task proceeds.
The volume closed, the customary rights
Of the last meal commence. A Roman meal ;
Such as the mistress of the world once found
Delicious, when her patriots of high note,
Perhaps by moonlight, at their humble doors,
And under an old oak's domestic shade,
Enjoyed, spare feast ! a radish and an egg.

Discourse ensues, not trivial, yet not dull,
Nor such as with a frown forbids the play
Of fancy, or prescribes the sound of mirth.
Nor do we madly, like an impious world,
Who deem religion frenzy, and the God
That made them, an intruder on their joys,
Start at his awful name, or deem his praise
A jarring note. Themes of a graver tone,
Exciting oft our gratitude and love,
While we retrace with Memory's pointing wand,
That calls the past to our exact review,
The dangers we have 'scaped, the broken snare,
The disappointed foe, deliverance found
Unlooked for, life preserved, and peace restored,
Fruits of omnipotent eternal love.

O evenings worthy of the gods! exclaimed
The Sabine bard. O evenings, I reply,
More to be prized and coveted than yours,
As more illumined, and with nobler truths,
That I, and mine, and those we love, enjoy.

Is Winter hideous in a garb like this?
Needs he the tragic fur, the smoke of lamps,
The pent-up breath of an unsavoury throng,
To thaw him into feeling; or the smart
And snappish dialogue, that flippant wits
Call comedy, to prompt him with a smile?
The self-complacent actor, when he views
(Stealing a sidelong glance at a full house)
The slope of faces from the floor to th' roof
(As if one master-spring controlled them all)
Relaxed into a universal grin,
Sees not a countenance there that speaks of joy
Half so refined or so sincere as ours.
Cards were superfluous here, with all the tricks
That idleness has ever yet contrived
To fill the void of an unfurnished brain,
To palliate dulness, and give time a shove.
Time, as he passes us, has a dove's wing,

Unsoiled and swift, and of a silken sound ;
But the world's Time is Time in masquerade !
Theirs, should I paint him, has his pinions fledged
With motley plumes ; and, where the peacock shows,
His azure eyes, is tinctured black and red
With spots quadrangular of diamond form,
Ensanguined hearts, clubs typical of strife,
And spades, the emblem of untimely graves.
What should be, and what was an hour-glass once,
Becomes a dice-box, and a billiard mace
Well does the work of his destructive scythe.
Thus decked, he charms a world whom fashion
blinds

To his true worth, most pleased when idle most ;
Whose only happy are their wasted hours.
E'en misses, at whose age their mothers wore
The backstring and the bib, assume the dress
Of womanhood, fit pupils in the school
Of card-devoted Time, and night by night
Placed at some vacant corner of the board,
Learn every trick, and soon play all the game.
But truce with censure. Roving as I rove,
Where shall I find an end, or how proceed ?
As he who travels far oft turns aside,
To view some rugged rock or mouldering tower,
Which seen delights him not ; then coming home,
Describes and prints it, that the world may know
How far he went for what was nothing worth :
So I, with brush in hand, and palette spread,
With colours mixed for a far different use,
Paint cards, and dolls, and every idle thing,
That Fancy finds in her excursive flights.

Come, Evening, once again, season of peace ;
Return, sweet Evening, and continue long.
Methinks I see thee in the streaky west,
With matron step slow moving, while the night
Treads on thy sweeping train ! one hand employed
In letting fall the curtain of repose.

On bird and beast, the other charged for man
With sweet oblivion of the cares of day :
Not sumptuously adorned, not needing aid,
Like homely-featured Night, of clustering gems ;
A star or two just twinkling on thy brow,
Suffices thee ; save that the moon is thine
No less than hers, not worn indeed on high
With ostentatious pageantry, but set
With modest grandeur in thy purple zone,
Resplendent less, but of an ampler round.
Come then, and thou shalt find thy votary calm,
Or make me so. Composure is thy gift :
And, whether I devote thy gentle hours
To books, to music, or the poet's toil ;
To weaving nets for bird-alluring fruit ;
Or twining silken threads round ivory reels.
When they command whom man was born to please
I slight thee not, but make thee welcome still.
Just when our drawing-rooms begin to blaze
With lights, by clear reflection multiplied
From many a mirror, in which he of Gath,
Goliah, might have seen his giant bulk
Whole without stooping, towering crest and all,
My pleasures too begin. But me perhaps
The glowing hearth may satisfy awhile
With faint illumination, that uplifts
The shadows to the ceiling, there by fits
Dancing uncouthly to the quivering flame.
Not undelighted is an hour to me
So spent in parlour twilight : such a gloom
Suits well the thoughtful or unthinking mind,
The mind contemplative, with some new theme
Pregrant, or indisposed alike to all.
Laugh ye, who boast your more mercurial powers,
That never felt a stupor, know no pause,
Nor need one ; I am conscious, and confess
Fearless, a soul that does not always think.
Me oft has Fancy ludicrous and wild

Soothed with a waking dream of houses, towers,
Trees, churches, and strange visages, expressed
In the red cinders, while with poring eye
I gazed, myself creating what I saw.
Nor less amused have I quiescent watched
The sooty films, that play upon the bars
Pendulous, and foreboding in the view
Of superstition, prophesying still,
Though still deceived, some stranger's near approach,
'Tis thus the understanding takes repose
In indolent vacuity of thought,
And sleeps, and is refreshed. Meanwhile the face
Conceals the mood lethargic with a mask
Of deep deliberation, as the man
Were tasked to his full strength, absorbed and lost.
Thus oft, reclined at ease, I lose an hour
At evening, till at length the freezing blast,
That sweeps the bolted shutter, summons home
The recollected powers ; and snapping short
The glassy threads, with which the fancy weaves
Her brittle toils, restores me to myself.
How calm is my recess ; and how the frost,
Raging abroad, and the rough wind endear
The silence and the warmth enjoyed within ?
I saw the woods and fields at close of day
A variegated show ; the meadows green,
Though faded ; and the lands, where lately waved
The golden harvest, of a mellow brown,
Upturned so lately by the forceful share.
I saw far off the weedy fallows smile
With verdure not unprofitable, grazed
By flocks, fast feeding ; and selecting each
His favourite herb ; while all the leafless groves
That skirt the horizon, wore a sable hue,
Scarce noticed in the kindred dusk of eve.
To-morrow brings a change, a total change !
Which even now, though silently performed,
And slowly, and by most unfelt, the face

Of universal nature undergoes.

Fast falls a fleecy shower : the downy flakes
Descending, and, with never ceasing lapse,
Softly alighting upon all below,
Assimilate all objects. Earth receives
Gladly the thickening mantle ; and the green
And tender blade that feared the chilling blast,
Escapes unhurt beneath so warm a veil.

In such a world, so thorny, and where none
Finds happiness unblighted, or, if found,
Without some thistly sorrow at its side,
It seems the part of wisdom, and no sin
Against the law of love, to measure lots
With less distinguished than ourselves ; that thus
We may with patience bear our moderate ills,
And sympathize with others suffering more.
Ill fares the traveller now, and he that stalks
In ponderous boots beside his reeking team.
The wain goes heavily, impeded sore
By congregated loads adhering close
To the clogged wheels ; and in its sluggish pace
Noiseless appears a moving hill of snow.
The toiling steeds expand the nostril wide,
While every breath, by respiration strong
Forced downward, is consolidated soon
Upon their jutting chests. He, formed to bear
The pelting brunt of the tempestuous night,
With half-shut eyes, and puckered cheeks and teeth
Presented bare against the storm, plods on.
One hand secures his hat, save when with both
He brandishes his pliant length of whip,
Resounding oft, and never heard in vain.
O happy ; and in my account denied
That sensibility of pain, with which
Refinement is endued, thrice happy thou !
Thy frame, robust and hardy, feels indeed
The piercing cold, but feels it unimpaired.
The learned finger never need explore

The vigorous pulse ; and the unhealthful east,
That breathes the spleen, and searches every bone
Of the infirm, is wholesome air to thee.
Thy days roll on exempt from household care
Thy wagon is thy wife ; and the poor beasts,
That drag the dull companion to and fro,
Thine helpless charge, dependent on thy care.
Ah treat them kindly ! rude as thou appearest,
Yet show that thou hast mercy ! which the great,
With needless hurry whirled from place to place,
Humane as they would seem, not always show.
Poor, yet industrious, modest, quiet, neat,
Such claim compassion in a night like this,
And have a friend in every feeling heart.
Warmed, while it lasts, by labour, all day long
They brave the season, and yet find at eve,
Ill clad and fed but sparely, time to cool.
The frugal housewife trembles when she lights
Her scanty stock of brushwood, blazing clear,
But dying soon, like all terrestrial joys.
The few small embers left she nurses well ;
And, while her infant race, with outspread hands,
And crowded knees sit cowering o'er the sparks,
Retires, content to quake, so they be warmed.
The man feels least ; as more injured than she
To winter and the current in his veins
More briskly moved by his severer toil ;
Yet he too finds his own distress in theirs.
The taper soon extinguished, which I saw
Dangled along at the cold finger's end
Just when the day declined ; and the brown loaf
Lodged on the shelf, half eaten without sauce
Of savoury cheese, or butter, costlier still ;
Sleep seems their only refuge ; for alas !
Where penury is felt the thought is chained,
And sweet colloquial pleasures are but few.
With all this thrift they thrive not. All the care
Ingenious parsimony takes, but just

Saves the small inventory, bed, and stool,
Skillet, and old carved chest, from public sale.
They live, and live without extorted alms
From grudging hands ; but other boast have none
To soothe their honest pride, that scorns to beg,
Nor comfort else, but in their mutual love.
I praise you much, ye weak and patient pair,
For ye are worthy ; choosing rather far
A dry but independent crust, hard earned,
And eaten with a sigh, than to endure
The rugged frowns and insolent rebuffs
Of knaves in office, partial in the work
Of distribution ; liberal of their aid
To clamorous Importunity in rags,
But oftentimes deaf to suppliants, who would blush
To wear a tattered garb, however coarse,
Whom famine cannot reconcile to filth :
These ask with painful shyness, and, refused
Because deserving, silently retire !
But be ye of good courage ! Time itself
Shall much befriend you. Time shall give increase
And all your numerous progeny, well trained
But helpless, in few years shall find their hands,
And labour too. Meanwhile ye shall not want
What, conscious of your virtues, we can spare,
Nor what a wealthier than ourselves may send.
I mean the man, who, when the distant poor
Need help, denies them nothing but his name.
But poverty with most, who whimper forth
Their long complaints, is self-inflicted wo ;
The effect of laziness or sottish waste.
Now goes the nightly thief prowling abroad
For plunder : much solicitous how best
He may compensate for a day of sloth
By works of darkness and nocturnal wrong.
Wo to the gardener's pale, the farmer's hedge,
Plashed neatly, and secured with driven stakes
Deep in the loamy bank. Uptorn by strength,

Resistless in so bad a cause, but lame
To better deeds, he bundles up the spoil,
An ass's burden, and, when laden most
And heaviest, light of foot steals fast away.
Nor does the boarded hovel better guard
The well-stacked pile of riven logs and roots,
From his pernicious force. Nor will he leave
Unwrenched the door, however well secured,
Where chanticleer amidst his harem sleeps
In unsuspecting pomp. Twitched from the perch,
He gives the princely bird, with all his wives,
To his voracious bag, struggling in vain,
And loudly wondering at the sudden change.
Nor this to feed his own. 'Twere some excuse,
Did pity of their sufferings warp aside
His principle, and tempt him into sin
For their support, so destitute. But they
Neglected pine at home ; themselves, as more
Exposed than others, with less scruple made
His victims, robbed of their defenceless all.
Cruel is all he does. 'Tis quenchless thirst
Of ruinous ebriety, that prompts
His every action, and imbrates the man.
O for a law to noose the villain's neck,
Who starves his own ; who persecutes the blood
He gave them in his children's veins, and hates
And wrongs the woman he has sworn to love !

Pass where we may, through city or through town,
Village, or hamlet, of this merry land,
Though lean and beggared, every twentieth pace
Conducts the unguarded nose to such a whiff
Of stale debauch, forth issuing from the styes
That law has licensed, as makes temperance reel.
There sit, involved and lost in curling clouds
Of Indian fume, and guzzling deep, the boor,
The lackey, and the groom : The craftsman there
Takes Lethæan leave of all his toil ;
Smith, cobbler, joiner, he that plies the shears,

And he that kneads the dough ; all loud alike,
 All learned, and all drunk ! the fiddle screams
 Plaintive and piteous, as it wept and wailed
 Its wasted tones and harmony unheard :
 Fierce the dispute whate'er the theme ; while she,
 Fell Discord, arbitress of such debate,
 Perched on the signpost, holds with even hand
 Her undecisive scales. In this she lays
 A weight of ignorance ; in that, of pride :
 And smiles delighted with th' eternal poise.
 Dire is the frequent curse, and its twin sound,
 The cheek distending oath, not to be praised
 As ornamental, musical, polite,
 Like those which modern senators employ,
 Whose oath is rhetoric, and who swear for fame !
 Behold the schools in which plebeian minds,
 Once simple, are initiated in arts
 Which some may practise with politer grace,
 But none with readier skill !—'tis here they learn
 The road, that leads from competence and peace
 'To indigence and rapine ; till at last
 Society, grown weary of the load,
 Shakes her encumbered lap, and casts them out.
 But censure profits little : vain th' attempt,
 To advertise in verse a public pest,
 That, like the filth with which the peasant feeds
 His hungry acres, stinks, and is of use.
 Th' excise is fattened with the rich result
 Of all this riot ; and ten thousand casks,
 For ever dribbling out their base contents,
 Touched by the Midas finger of the state,
 Bleed gold for ministers to sport away.
 Drink, and be mad then ; 'tis your country bids !
 Gloriously drunk obey th' important call !
 Her cause demands th' assistance of your throats ;
 Ye all can swallow, and she asks no more.
 Would I had fallen upon those happier days,
 That poet's celebrate ; those golden times,

And those Arcadian scenes that Maro sings,
And Sydney, warbler of poetic prose.
Nymphs were Dianas then, and swains had hearts
That felt their virtues : Innocence, it seems,
From courts dismissed, found shelter in the groves ;
The footsteps of Simplicity, impressed
Upon the yielding herbage, (so they sing
Then were not all effaced : then speech profane,
And manners profligate, were rarely found,
Observed as prodigies, and soon reclaimed.
Vain wish ! those days were never : airy dreams
Sat for the picture : and the poet's hand,
Imparting substance to an empty shade,
Imposed a gay delirium for a truth.
Grant it : I still must envy them an age,
That favoured such a dream ; in days like these
Impossible, when virtue is so scarce,
That to suppose a scene where she presides,
Is tramontane, and stumbles all belief.
No : we are polished now. The rural lass
Whom once her virgin modesty and grace,
Her artless manners, and her neat attire,
So dignified, that she was hardly less
Than the fair shepherdess of old romance,
Is seen no more. The character is lost !
Her head, adorned with lappets pinned aloft,
And ribands streaming gay, superbly raised,
And magnified beyond all human size,
Indebted to some smart wig-weaver's hand
For more than half the tresses it sustains ;
Her elbows ruffled and her tottering frame
Ill-propped upon French heels ; she might be deemed
(But that the basket dangling on her arm
Interprets her more truly) of a rank
Too proud for dairy-work, or sale of eggs.
Expect her soon with footboy at her heels,
No longer blushing for her awkward load,
Her train and her umbrella all her care !

The town has tinged the country ; and the state
Appears a spot upon a vestal's robe,
The worse for what it soils. The fashion runs
Down into scenes still rural ; but, alas,
Scenes rarely graced with rural manners now !
Time was when in the pastoral retreat
Th' unguarded door was safe ; men did not watch
T' invade another's right, or guard their own.
Then sleep was undisturbed by fear, unscared
By drunken howlings ; and the chilling tale
Of midnight murder was a wonder heard
With doubtful credit, told to frighten babes
But farewell now to unsuspecting nights,
And slumbers unalarmed ! Now, ere you sleep,
See that your polished arms be primed with care,
And dropt the nightbolt ; ruffians are abroad,
And the first larum of the cock's shrill throat
May prove a trumpet, summoning your ear
To horrid sounds of hostile feet within.
E'en daylight has its dangers ; and the walk
Through pathless wastes and woods, unconscious
once
Of other tenants than melodious birds,
Or harmless flocks, is hazardous and bold.
Lamented change ! to which full many a cause
Inveterate, hopeless of a cure, conspires.
The course of human things from good to ill
From ill to worse, is fatal, never fails.
Increase of power begets increase of wealth,
Wealth luxury, and luxury excess ;
Excess the scrofulous and itchy plague,
That seizes first the opulent, descends
To the next rank contagious, and in time
Taints downward all the graduated scale
Of order, from the chariot to the plough.
The rich, and they that have an arm to check
The license of the lowest in degree,
Desert their office ; and themselves, intent

On pleasure, haunt the capital, and thus
To all the violence of lawless hands
Resign the scenes their presence might protect.
Authority herself not seldom sleeps,
Though resident, and witness of the wrong.
The plump convivial parson often bears
The magisterial sword in vain, and lays
His reverence and his worship both to rest
On the same cushion of habitual sloth,
Perhaps timidity restrains his arm ;
When he should strike he trembles, and sets free,
Himself enslaved by terror of the band,
Th' audacious convict whom he dares not bind.
Perhaps, though by profession ghostly pure,
He too may have his vice, and sometimes prove
Less dainty than becomes his grave outside
In lucrative concerns. Examine well
His milkwhite hand ; the palm is hardly clean—
But here and there an ugly smutch appears.
Foh ! 'twas a bribe that left it ; he has touched
Corruption.. Whoso seeks an audit here
Propitious, pays his tribute, game or fish,
Wild fowl or venison ; and his errand speeds.
But faster far, and more than all the rest,
A noble cause, which none, who bears a spark
Of public virtue, ever wished removed,
Works the deplored and mischievous effect.
'Tis universal soldiership has stabbed
The heart o' merit in the meaner class.
Arms, through the vanity and brainless rage
Of those that bear them, in whatever cause,
Seem most at variance with all moral good,
And incompatible with serious thought.
The clown, the child of nature, without guile,
Blest with an infant's ignorance, of all
But his own simple pleasures ; now and then
A wrestling match, a foot-race, or a air ;
Is balloted, and trembles at the news ;

Sheepish he doffs his hat, and mumbling swears
A Bible oath to be whate'er they please,
To do he knows not what. The task performed,
That instant he becomes the sergeant's care,
His pupil, and his torment, and his jest.
His awkward gait, his introverted toes,
Bent knees, round shoulders, and dejected looks,
Procure him many a curse. By slow degrees,
Unapt to learn, and formed of stubborn stuff,
He yet by slow degrees puts off himself,
Grows conscious of a change, and likes it well,
He stands erect ; his slouch becomes a walk ;
He steps right onward, martial in his air,
His form, and movement ; is as smart above
As meal and larded locks can make him ; wears
His hat, or his plumed helmet, with a grace ;
And, his three years of heroship expired,
Returns indignant to the slighted plough.
He hates the field, in which no fife or drum
Attends him ; drives his cattle to a march ;
And sighs for the smart comrades he has left.
'Twere well if his exterior change were all—
But with his clumsy port the wretch has lost
His ignorance and harmless manners too.
To swear, to game, to drink ; to show at home
By lewdness, idleness, and sabbath-breach,
The great proficiency he made abroad ;
To astonish and to grieve his gazing friends,
To break some maiden's and his mother's heart
To be a pest where he was useful once ;
Are his sole aim, and all his glory, now.

Man in society is like a flower
Blown in its native bed : 'tis there alone
His faculties, expanded in full bloom,
Shine out ; there only reach their proper use.
But man, associated and leagued with man
By regal warrant, or self-joined by bond
For interest sake or swarming into clans

Beneath one head, for purposes of war,
Like flowers selected from the rest, and bound
And bundled close to fill some crowded vase,
Fades rapidly, and by compression marred,
Contracts defilement not to be endured.
Hence chartered boroughs are such public plagues ;
And burghers, men immaculate perhaps
In all their private functions, once combined,
Become a loathsome body, only fit
For dissolution, hurtful to the main.
Hence merchants, unimpeachable of sin
Against the charities of domestic life,
Incorporated, seem at once to lose
Their nature ; and, disclaiming all regard
For mercy and the common rights of man,
Build factories with blood, conducting trade
At the sword's point, and dying the white robe
Of innocent commercial Justice red.
Hence too the field of glory, as the world
Misdeems it, dazzled by its bright array,
With all its majesty of thundering pomp,
Enchanting music and immortal wreaths,
Is but a school, where thoughtlessness is taught
On principle, where foppery atones
For folly, gallantry for every vice.

But slighted as it is, and by the great
Abandoned, and, which still I more regret,
Infected with the manners and the modes
It knew not once, the country wins me still.
I never framed a wish, or formed a plan,
That flattered me with hopes of earthly bliss,
But there I laid the scene. There early strayed
My fancy, ere yet liberty of choice
Had found me, or the hope of being free.
My very dreams were rural ; rural too
The first-born efforts of my youthful muse,
Sportive and jingling her poetic bells,
Ere yet her ear was mistress of their powers.

No bard could please me but whose lyre was tuned
To Nature's praises. Heroes and their feats
Fatigued me, never weary of the pipe
Of Tityrus, assembling, as he sang,
The rustic throng beneath his favourite beech.
Then Milton had indeed a poet's charms :
New to my taste his Paradise surpassed
The struggling efforts of my boyish tongue
To speak its excellence. I danced for joy.
I marvelled much that at so ripe an age
As twice seven years, his beauties had then first
Engaged my wonder ; and admiring still,
And still admiring, with regret supposed
The joy half lost, because not sooner found.
There too, enamoured of the life I loved,
Pathetic in its praise, in its pursuit
Determined, and possessing it at last
With transports, such as favoured lovers feel,
I studied, prized, and wished that I had known
Ingenious Cowley ! and, though now reclaimed
By modern lights from an erroneous taste.
I cannot but lament thy splendid wit
Entangled in the cobwebs of the schools.
I still revere thee, courtly though retired !
Though stretched at ease in Chertsey's silent bowers,
Not unemployed ; and finding rich amends
For a lost world in solitude and verse.
'Tis born with all : the love of Nature's works
Is an ingredient in the compound man
Infused at the creation of the kind.
And, though th' Almighty Maker has throughout
Discriminated each from each, by strokes
And touches of his hand, with so much art
Diversified, that two were never found
Twins at all points—yet this obtains in all,
That all discern a beauty in his works,
And all can taste them : minds that have been formed
And tutored with a relish more exact,

But none without some relish, none unmoved.
It is a flame, that dies not even there,
Where nothing feeds it : neither business, crowds,
Nor habits of luxurious city life,
Whatever else they smother of true worth
In human bosoms, quench it or abate.
The villas with which London stands begirt,
Like a swarth Indian, with his belt of beads,
Prove it. A breath of unadulterate air,
The glimpse of a green pasture, how they cheer
The citizen, and brace his languid frame !
E'en in the stifling bosom of the town,
A garden, in which nothing thrives, has charms
That soothe the rich possessor ; much consoled,
That here and there some sprigs of mournful mint,
Of nightshade, or valerian, grace the well
He cultivates. These serve him with a hint,
That nature lives ; that sight-refreshing green
Is still the livery she delights to wear,
Though sickly samples of th' exuberant whole
What are the casements lined with creeping herbs,
The prouder sashes fronted with a range
Of orange, myrtle, or the fragrant weed,
The Frenchman's darling ?* are they not all proofs
That man, immured in cities, still retains
His inborn inextinguishable thirst
Of rural scenes, compensating his loss
By supplemental shifts, the best he may ?
The most unfurnished with the means of life,
And they that never pass their brick-wall bounds,
To range the fields, and treat their lungs with air,
Yet feel the burning instinct : over head
Suspend their crazy boxes, planted thick
And watered duly. There the pitcher stands
A fragment, and the spoutless tea-pot there ;
Sad witnesses how close-pent man regrets
The country, with what ardour he contrives

* Mignonnette.

A peep at Nature, when he can no more.

Hail, therefore, patroness of health and ease,
And contemplation, heart consoling joys,
And harmless pleasures, in the thronged abode
Of multitudes unknown ; hail, rural life !
Address himself, who will to the pursuit
Of honours, or emolument, or fame ;
I shall not add myself to such a chase,
Thwart his attempts, or envy his success.
Some must be great. Great offices will have
Great talents. And God gives to every man
The virtue, temper, understanding, taste,
That lifts him into life, and lets him fall
Just in the niche he was ordained to fill.
To the deliverer of an injured land
He gives a tongue t' enlarge upon, a heart
To feel, and courage to redress her wrongs ;
To monarchs dignity ; to judges sense ;
To artists ingenuity and skill ;
To me, an unambitious mind, content
In the low vale of life, that early felt
A wish for ease and leisure, and ere long
Found here that leisure, and that ease I wished.

THE TASK.

BOOK V.

THE WINTER MORNING WALK.

ARGUMENT.

A FROSTY morning.—The foddering of cattle.—The woodman and his dog.—The poultry.—Whimsical effects of frost at a waterfall.—The empress of Russia's palace of ice.—Amusements of monarchs.—War, one of them.—Wars, whence.—And whence monarchy.—The evils of it.—English and French loyalty contrasted.—The Bastille, and a prisoner there.—Liberty the chief recommendation of this country.—Modern patriotism questionable, and why.—The perishable nature of the best human institutions.—Spiritual liberty not perishable.—The slavish state of man by nature.—Deliver him, Deist, if you can.—Grace must do it.—The respective merits of patriots and martyrs stated.—Their different treatment.—Happy freedom of the man whom grace makes free.—His relish of the works of God.—Address to the Creator.

'Tis morning ; and the sun, with ruddy orb
 Ascending, fires th' horizon ; while the clouds,
 That crowd away before the driving wind,
 More ardent as the disk emerges more,
 Resemble most some city in a blaze,
 Seen through the leafless wood. • His slanting ray
 Slides ineffectual down the snowy vale,
 And, tinging all with his own rosy hue,
 From every herb and every spiry blade
 Stretches a length of shadow o'er the field.
 Mine, spindling into longitude immense,
 In spite of gravity, and sage remark
 That I myself am but a fleeting shade,
 Provokes me to a smile. With eye askance
 I view the muscular proportioned limb
 Transformed to a lean shank. The shapeless pair,
 As they designed to mock me, at my side
 Take step for step ; and, as I near approach
 The cottage, walk along the plastered wall,
 Preposterous sight ! the legs without the man.
 The verdure of the plain lies buried deep
 Beneath the dazzling deluge ; and the bents,

And coarser grass, unspearing o'er the rest,
Of late unsightly and unseen, now shine
Conspicuous, and in bright apparel clad,
And, fledged with icy feathers, not superb.
The cattle mourn in corners, where the fence
Screens them, and seem half petrified to sleep
In unrecumbent sadness. There they wait
Their wonted fodder ; not like hungering man,
Fretful if unsupplied ; but silent, meek,
And patient of the slow-paced swain's delay.
He from the stack carves out th' accustomed load
Deep-plunging, and again deep-plunging oft,
His broad keen knife into the solid mass ;
Smooth as a wall the upright remnant stands,
With such undeviating and even force
He severs it away : no needless care,
Lest storms should overset the leaning pile
Deciduous, or its own unbalanced weight.
Forth goes the woodman, leaving unconcerned
The cheerful haunts of man ; to wield the axe,
And drive the wedge in yonder forest drear,
From morn to eve his solitary task.
Shaggy, and lean, and shrewd, with pointed ears,
And tail cropped short, half lurcher and half cur
His dog attends him. Close behind his heel
Now creeps he slow ; and, now with many a frisk
Wide-scampering, snatches up the drifted snow
With ivory teeth, or ploughs it with his snout ;
Then shakes his powdered coat, and barks for joy.
Heedless of all his pranks, the sturdy churl
Moves right toward the mark ; nor stops for aught
But now and then with pressure of his thumb
T' adjust the fragrant charge of a short tube,
That fumes beneath his nose ; the trailing cloud
Streams far behind him, scenting all the air.
Now from the roots, or from the neighbouring pale,
Where, diligent to catch the first faint gleam
Of smiling day, they gossip'd side by side,

Come trooping at the housewife's well-known call,
The feathered tribes domestic. Half on wing,
And half on foot, they brush the fleecy flood,
Conscious and fearful of too deep a plunge.
The sparrows peep, and quit the sheltering eaves,
To seize the fair occasion ; well they eye
The scattered grain, and thievishly resolved
T' escape th' impending famine, often scared,
As oft return, a pert voracious kind.
Clean riddance quickly made, one only care
Remains to each, the search of sunny nook,
Or shed impervious to the blast. Resigned
To sad necessity, the cock foregoes
His wonted strut ; and wading at their head
With well-considered steps, seems to resent
His altered gait and stateliness retrenched.
How find the myriads, that in summer cheer
The hills and valleys with their ceaseless songs,
Due sustenance, or where subsist they now ?
Earth yields them naught : th' imprisoned worm is
safe
Beneath the frozen clod ; all seeds of herbs
Lie covered close ; and berry-bearing thorns,
That feed the thrush, (whatever some suppose)
Afford the smaller minstrels no supply.
Th' long protracted rigour of the year
Thins all their numerous flocks. In chinks and
holes
Ten thousand seek an unmolested end,
As instinct prompts ; self-buried ere they die.
The very rooks and daws forsake the fields,
Where neither grub, nor root, nor earth-nut, now
Repays their labour more ; and perched aloft
By the wayside, or stalking in the path,
Lean pensioners upon the traveller's track,
Pick up their nauseous dole, though sweet to them,
Of voided pulse or half-digested grain.
The streams are lost amid the splendid blank,

O'erwhelming all distinction. On the flood,
Indurated and fixed, the snowy weight
Lies undissolved ; while silently beneath,
And unperceived, the current steals away.
Not so where, scornful of a check, it leaps
The mill-dam, dashes on the restless wheel,
And wantons in the pebbly gulf below :
No frost can bind it there ; its utmost force
Can but arrest the light and smoky mist,
That in its fall the liquid sheet throws wide.
And see where it has hung the embroidered banks
With forms so various, that no powers of art,
The pencil or the pen, may trace the scene !
Here glittering turrets rise, upbearing high
(Fantastic misarrangement !) on the roof
Large growth of what may seem the sparkling trees
And shrubs of fairy land. The crystal drops,
That trickle down the branches, fast congealed,
Shoot into pillars of pellucid length,
And prop the pile they but adorned before.
Here grotto-within grotto safe defies
The sunbeam ; there, embossed and fretted wild,
The growing wonder takes a thousand shapes
Capricious, in which fancy seeks in vain
The likeness of some object seen before.
Thus Nature works as if to mock at Art,
And in defiance of her rival powers ;
By these fortuitous and random strokes
Performing such inimitable feats,
As she with all her rules can never reach.
Less worthy of applause, though more admired,
Because a novelty, the work of man,
Imperial mistress of the fur-clad Russ,
Thy most magnificent and mighty freak,
The wonder of the North. No forest fell,
When thou wouldst build ; no quarry sent his stores
T' enrich thy walls : but thou didst hew the floods,
And make thy marble of the glassy wave.

In such a palace Aristæus found
Cyrene, when he bore the plaintiff tale
Of his lost bees to her maternal ear ;
In such a palace Poetry might place
The armory of Winter ; where his troops,
The gloomy clouds, find weapons, arrowy sleet,
Skin-piercing volley, blossom-bruising hail,
And snow, that often blinds the traveller's course,
And wraps him in an unexpected tomb.
Silently as a dream the fabric rose ;
No sound of hammer or of saw was there :
Ice upon ice, the well-adjusted parts
Were soon conjoined, nor other cement asked
Than water interfused to make them one.
Lamps gracefully disposed, and of all hues,
Illumined every side : a watery light
Gleamed through the clear transparency, that seemed
Another moon new risen, or meteor fallen
From Heaven to Earth, of lambent flame serene.
So stood the brittle prodigy ; though smooth
And slippery the materials, yet frost-bound
Firm as a rock. Nor wanted aught within,
That royal residence might well befit,
For grandeur or for use. Long wavy wreaths
Of flowers that feared no enemy but warmth,
Blushed on the pannels. Mirror needed none
Where all was vitreous ; but in order due
Convivial table and commodious seat
(What seemed at least commodious seat) were there ;
Sofa, and couch, and high-built throne august,
The same lubricity was found in all.
And all was moist to the warm touch ; a scene
Of evanescent glory, once a stream,
And soon to slide into a stream again.
Alas ! 'twas but a mortifying stroke
Of undeserved severity that glanced
(Made by a monarch) on her own estate,
On human grandeur and the courts of kings.

'Twas transient in its nature, as in show
'Twas durable ; as worthless as it seemed
Intrinsically precious ; to the foot
Treacherous and false ; it smiled, and it was cold
Great princes have great playthings. Some have
played

At hewing mountains into men, and some
At building human wonders mountain high.
Some have amused the dull, sad years of life,
(Life spent in indolence, and therefore sad)
With schemes of monumental fame ; and sought
By pyramids and mausoleum pomp,
Short-lived themselves, t' immortalize their bones.
Some seek diversion in the tented field,
And make the sorrows of mankind their sport.
But war's a game, which, were their subjects wise,
Kings would not play at. Nations would do well
T' extort their truncheons from the puny hands
Of heroes, whose infirm and baby minds
Are gratified with mischief ; and who spoil,
Because men suffer it, their toy the world.

When Babel was confounded, and the great
Confederacy of projectors wild and vain
Was split into diversity of tongues,
Then, as a shepherd separates his flock,
These to the upland, to the valley those,
God drave asunder, and assigned their lot
To all the nations. Ample was the boon
He gave them, in his distribution fair
And equal ; and he bade them dwell in peace.
Peace was awhile their care : they ploughed and
sowed,

And reaped their plenty without grudge or strife.
But violence can never longer sleep,
Than human passions please. In every heart
Are sown the sparks that kindle fiery war :
Occasion needs but fan them, and they blaze.
Cain had already shed a brother's blood :

The deluge washed it out ; but left unquenched
The seeds of murder in the breast of man.
Soon by a righteous judgment in the line
Of his descending progeny was found
The first artificer of death ; the shrewd
Contriver, who first sweated at the forge,
And forced the blunt and yet unbloodied steel
To a keen edge, and made it bright for war.
Him Tubal named, the Vulcan of old times,
The sword and falchion their inventor claim ;
And the first smith was the first murderer's son.
His art survived the waters ; and ere long,
When man was multiplied and spread abroad
In tribes and clans, and had begun to call
These meadows, and that range of hills his own,
The tasted sweets of property begat
Desire of more, and industry in some,
T' improve and cultivate their just demesne,
Made others covet what they saw so fair.
Thus war began on earth : these fought for spoil,
And those in self-defence. Savage at first
The onset, and irregular. At length
One eminent above the rest for strength,
For stratagem, for courage, or for all,
Was chosen leader ; him they served in war,
And him in peace, for sake of warlike deeds
Reverenced no less. Who could with him compare ?
Or who so worthy to control themselves,
As he, whose prowess had subdued their foes ?
Thus war, affording field for the display
Of virtue, made one chief, whom times of peace,
Which have their exigences too, and call
For skill in government, at length made king.
King was a name too proud for man to wear
With modesty and meekness ; and the crown,
So dazzling in their eyes, who set it on,
Was sure t' intoxicate the brows it bound,
It is the abject property of most ;

That, being parcel of the common mass,
And destitute of means to raise themselves,
They sink, and settle lower than they need.
They know not what it is to feel within
A comprehensive faculty, that grasps
Great purposes with ease, that turns and wields,
Almost without an effort, plans too vast
For their conception, which they cannot move.
Conscious of impotence they soon grow drunk
With gazing, when they see an able man
Step forth to notice : and, besotted thus,
Build him a pedestal, and say, "Stand there,
And be our admiration and our praise."
They roll themselves before him in the dust,
Then most deserving, in their own account,
When most extravagant in his applause,
As if exalting him they raised themselves.
Thus by degrees, self-cheated of their sound
And sober judgment, that he is but man,
They demi-deify and fume him so,
That in due season he forgets it too.
Inflated and astrut with self-conceit,
He gulphs the windy diet ; and ere long,
Adopting their mistake, profoundly thinks
The world was made in vain, if not for him.
Thenceforth they are his cattle ; drudges, born
To bear his burdens, drawing in his gears,
And sweating in his service, his caprice
Becomes the soul that animates them all.
He deems a thousand, or ten thousand, lives,
Spent in the purchase of renown for him,
An easy reckoning ; and they think the same.
Thus kings were first invented, and thus kings
Were burnished into heroes, and became
The arbiters of this terraqueous swamp ;
Storks among frogs, that have but croaked and died.
Strange, that such folly as lifts bloated man
To eminence fit only for a god,

Should ever drivel out of human lips,
E'en in the cradled weakness of the world !
Still stranger much, that when at length mankind
Had reached the sinewy firmness of their youth,
And could discriminate and argue well
On subjects more mysterious, they were yet
Babes in the cause of freedom, and should fear
And quake before the gods themselves had made ;
But above measure strange, that neither proof
Of sad experience, nor example set
By some, whose patriot virtue has prevailed,
Can even now, when they are grown mature
In wisdom, and with philosophic deeds
Familiar, serve t' emancipate the rest !
Such dupes are men to custom, and so prone
To reverence what is ancient, and can plead
A course of long observance for its use,
That even servitude, the worst of ills,
Because delivered down from sire to son,
Is kept and guarded as a sacred thing.
But is it fit, or can it bear the shock
Of rational discussion, that a man,
Compounded and made up like other men
Of elements tumultuous, in whom lust
And folly in as ample measure meet,
As in the bosoms of the slaves he rules,
Should be a despot absolute, and boast
Himself the only freeman of his land ?
Should, when he pleases, and on whom he will,
Wage war, with any or with no pretence
Of provocation given, or wrong sustained,
And force the beggarly last doit by means
That his own humour dictates, from the clutch
Of Poverty, that thus he may procure
His thousands, weary of penurious life,
A splendid opportunity to die ?
Say ye, who (with less prudence than of old
Jotham ascribed to his assembling trees

In politic convention) put your trust
I' th' shadow of a bramble, and reclined
In fancied peace beneath his dangerous branch
Rejoice in him ; and celebrate his sway,
Where find ye passive fortitude ? Whence spring
Your self-denying zeal, that holds it good,
To stroke the prickly grievance, and to hang
His thorns with streamers of continual praise ?
We too are friends to loyalty. We love
The king who loves the law, respects his bounds
And reigns content within them : him we serve
Freely and with delight, who leaves us free :
But recollecting still, that he is man,
We trust him not too far. King though he be,
And king in England too, he may be weak,
And vain enough to be ambitious still ;
May exercise amiss his proper powers,
Or covet more than freemen choose to grant :
Beyond that mark is treason. He is ours,
T' administer, to guard, t' adorn the state,
But not to warp or change it. We are his,
To serve him nobly in the common cause,
True to the death, but not to be his slaves.
Mark now the difference, ye that boast your love
Of kings, between your loyalty and ours.
We love the man, the paltry pageant you :
We the chief patron of the commonwealth,
You the regardless author of its woes :
We for the sake of liberty a king,
You chains and bondage for a tyrant's sake.
Our love is principle, and has its root
In reason, is judicious, manly, free ;
Yours, a blind instinct, crouches to the rod,
And licks the foot that treads it in the dust.
Were kingship as true treasure as it seems,
Sterling and worthy of a wise man's wish,
I would not be a king to be beloved
Causeless, and daubed with undiscerning praise,

Where love is mere attachment to the throne,
Not to the man, who fills it as he ought.

Whose freedom is by sufferance, and at will
Of a superior, he is never free.

Who lives, and is not weary of a life

Exposed to manacles, deserves them well.

The state, that strives for liberty, though foiled,

And forced t' abandon what she bravely sought,

Deserves at least applause for her attempt

And pity for her loss. But that's a cause

Not often unsuccessful : power usurped

Is weakness when opposed ; conscious of wrong,

'Tis pusillanimous and prone to flight.

But slaves, that once conceive the glowing thought

Of freedom, in that hope itself possess

All that the contest calls for ; spirit, strength,

The scorn of danger, and united hearts :

The surest presage of the good they seek.*

Then shame to manhood, and opprobrious more

To France than all her losses and defeats,

Old or of later date, by sea or land,

Her house of bondage, worse than that of old

Which God avenged on Pharaoh—the Bastile.

Ye horrid towers, the abode of broken hearts ;

Ye dungeons and ye cages of despair,

That monarchs have supplied from age to age

With music, such as suits their sovereign ears,

The sighs and groans of miserable men !

There's not an English heart that would not leap

To hear that ye were fallen at last ; to know

'That e'en our enemies, so oft employed

In forging chains for us, themselves were free.

For he who values Liberty, confines

His zeal for her predominance within

No narrow bounds ; her cause engages him

* The author hopes, that he shall not be censured for unnecessary warmth upon so interesting a subject. He is aware, that it is become almost fashionable to stigmatize such sentiments as no better than empty declamation ; but it is an ill symptom and peculiar to modern times.

Wherever pleaded. 'Tis the cause of man.
 There dwell the most forlorn of human kind,
 Immured though unaccused, condemned untried,
 Cruelly spared, and hopeless of escape.
 There, like the visionary emblem seen
 By him of Babylon, life stands a stump,
 And, filleted about with hoops of brass,
 Still lives, though all his pleasant boughs are gone
 To count the hour-bell and expect no change ;
 And ever as the sullen sound is heard,
 Still to reflect, that, though a joyless note
 To him whose moments all have one dull pace,
 Ten thousand rovers in the world at large
 Account it music ; that it summons some
 To theatre, or jocund feast or ball ;
 The wearied hireling finds it a release
 From labour ; and the lover, who has chid
 Its long delay, feels every welcome stroke
 Upon his heart-strings, trembling with delight—
 To fly for refuge from distracting thought
 To such amusements as ingenious wo
 Contrives, hard-shifting, and without her tools—
 To read engraven on the mouldy walls,
 In staggering types, his predecessor's tale,
 A sad memorial, and subjoin his own—
 To turn purveyor to an overgorged
 And bloated spider, till the pampered pest
 Is made familiar, watches his approach,
 Comes at his call and serves him for a friend—
 To wear out time in numbering to and fro
 The studs, that thick emboss his iron door ;
 Then downward and then upward, then aslant
 And then alternate ; with a sickly hope
 By dint of change to give his tasteless task
 Some relish ; till the sum, exactly found
 In all directions, he begins again—
 Oh comfortless existence ! hemmed around
 With woes, which who that suffers would not kneel

And beg for exile, or the pangs of death ?
That man should thus encroach on fellow-man,
Abridge him of his just and native rights,
Eradicate him, tear him from his hold
Upon the endearments of domestic life
And social, nip his fruitfulness and use,
And doom him for perhaps a heedless word
To barrenness, and solitude, and tears,
Moves indignation, makes the name of king
(Of king whom such prerogative can please)
As dreadful as the Manichean god :
Adored through fear, strong only to destroy.

"Tis liberty alone that gives the flower
Of fleeting life its lustre and perfume ;
And we are weeds without it. All constraint,
Except what wisdom lays on evil men,
Is evil : hurts the faculties, impedes
Their progress in the road of science, blinds
The eyesight of Discovery ; and begets,
In those that suffer it, a sordid mind,
Bestial, a meager intellect, unfit
To be the tenant of man's noble form.
Thee therefore still, blame-worthy as thou art,
With all thy loss of empire, and though squeezed
By public exigence, till annual food
Falls for the craving hunger of the state,
Thee I account still happy, and the chief
Among the nations, seeing thou art free ;
My native nook of earth ! Thy clime is rude,
Replete with vapours, and disposes much
All hearts to sadness, and none more than mine :
Thine unadulterate manners are less soft
And plausible than social life requires.
And thou hast need of discipline and art,
To give thee what politer France receives
From nature's bounty—that humane address
And sweetness, without which no pleasure is
In converse, either starved by cold reserve,

Or flushed with fierce dispute, a senseless brawl.
Yet being free I love thee : for the sake
Of that one feature can be well content,
Disgraced as thou hast been, poor as thou art,
To seek no sublunary rest beside.
But, once enslaved, farewell ! I could endure
Chains nowhere patiently ; and chains at home,
Where I am free by birthright, not at all.
Then what were left of roughness in the grain
Of British natures, wanting its excuse
That it belongs to freemen, would disgust
And shock me. I should then with double pain
Feel all the rigour of thy fickle clime
And if I must bewail the blessing lost,
For which our Hampdens and our Sidneys bled,
I would at least bewail it under skies
Milder, among a people less austere ;
In scenes which, having never known me free,
Would not reproach me with the loss I felt.
Do I forebode impossible events,
And tremble at vain dreams ? Heaven grant I may !
But th' age of virtuous politics is past,
And we are deep in that of cold pretence.
Patriots are grown too shrewd to be sincere,
And we too wise to trust them. He that takes
Deep in his soft credulity the stamp
Designed by loud declaimers on the part
Of liberty, themselves the slaves of lust,
Incurs derision for his easy faith,
And lack of knowledge, and with cause enough :
For when was public virtue to be found
Where private was not ? Can he love the whole
Who loves no part ? He be a nation's friend,
Who is in truth the friend of no man there ?
Can he be strenuous in his country's cause,
Who slights the charities, for whose dear sake
That country, if at all, must be beloved ?
'Tis therefore sober and good men are sad

For England's glory, seeing it wax pale
 And sickly, while her champions wear their hearts
 So loose to private duty, that no brain,
 Healthful and undisturbed by factious fumes,
 Can dream them trusty to the general weal.
 Such were not they of old, whose tempered blades
 Dispersed the shackles of usurped control,
 And hewed them link from link ; then Albion's sons
 Were sons indeed : they felt a filial heart
 Beat high within them at a mother's wrongs ;
 And, shining each in his domestic sphere,
 Shone brighter still, once called to public view.
 'Tis therefore many, whose sequestered lot
 Forbids their interference, looking on,
 Anticipate perforce some dire event ;
 And, seeing the old castle of the state,
 That promised once more firmness, so assailed,
 That all its tempest-beaten turrets shake,
 Stand motionless expectants of its fall.
 All has its date below ; the fatal hour
 Was registered in heaven ere time began.
 We turn to dust, and all our mightiest works
 Die too : the deep foundations that we lay,
 Time ploughs them up, and not a trace remains.
 We build with what we deem eternal rock :
 A distant age asks where the fabric stood ;
 And in the dust, sifted and searched in vain,
 The undiscoverable secret sleeps.

But there is yet a liberty, unsung
 By poets, and by senators unpraised,
 Which monarchs cannot grant, nor all the powers
 Of earth and hell confederate take away :
 A liberty, which persecution, fraud,
 Oppression, prisons, have no power to bind ;
 Which whoso tastes can be enslaved no more.
 'Tis liberty of heart derived from Heaven,
 Bought with his blood, who gave it to mankind,
 And sealed with the same token. It is held

By charter, and that charter sanctioned sure
 By th' unimpeachable and awful oath
 And promise of a God. His other gifts
 All bear the royal stamp that speaks them his,
 And are august ; but this transcends them all.
 His other works, the visible display
 Of all creating energy and might,
 Are grand, no doubt, and worthy of the work,
 That finding an interminable space
 Unoccupied, has filled the void so well,
 And made so sparkling what was dark before.
 But these are not his glory. Man, 'tis true,
 Smit with the beauty of so fair a scene,
 Might well suppose th' artificer divine
 Meant it eternal, had he not himself
 Pronounced it transient, glorious as it is,
 And still designing a more glorious far,
 Doomed it as insufficient for his praise.
 These therefore are occasional, and pass ;
 Formed for the confutation of the fool,
 Whose lying heart disputes against a God ;
 That office served, they must be swept away.
 Not so the labours of his love ; they shine
 In other heavens than these that we behold,
 And fade not. There is Paradise that fears
 No forfeiture, and of its fruits he sends
 Large prelibation oft to saints below.
 Of these the first in order, and the pledge,
 And confident assurance of the rest
 Is liberty ; a flight into his arms,
 Ere yet morality's fine threads give way,
 A clear escape from tyrannizing lust,
 And full immunity from penal wo.

Chains are the portion of revolted man,
 Stripes and a dungeon ; and his body serves
 The triple purpose. In that sickly, foul,
 Opprobrious residence he finds them all.
 Propense his heart to idols, he is held

In silly dotage on created things,
Careless of their Creator. And that low
And sordid gravitation of his powers
To a vile clod so draws him, with such force
Resistless from the centre he should seek,
That he at last forgets it. All his hopes
Tend downward ; his ambition is to sink,
To reach a depth profounder still, and still
Profounder, in the fathomless abyss
Of folly, plunging in pursuit of death.
But ere he gain the comfortless repose
He seeks, and acquiescence of his soul
In Heaven-renouncing exile, he endures—
What does he not, from lusts opposed in vain,
And self-reproaching conscience ? He foresees
The fatal issue to his health, fame, peace,
Fortune and dignity ; the loss of all
That can ennoble man, and make frail life,
Short as it is, supportable. Still worse,
Far worse than all the plagues, with which his sins
Infect his happiest moments, he forebodes
Ages of hopeless misery. Future death,
And death still future. Not a hasty stroke,
Like that which sends him to the dusty grave ;
But unrepealable enduring death.
Scripture is still a trumpet to his fears ;
What none can prove a forgery may be true ;
What none but bad men wish exploded must.
That scruple checks him. Riot is not loud
Nor drunk enough to drown it. In the midst
Of laughter his compunctions are sincere ;
And he abhors the jest by which he shines.
Remorse begets reform. His master lust
Falls first before his resolute rebuke,
And seems dethroned and vanquished. Peace ensues,
But spurious and short-lived ; the puny child
Of self-congratulating Pride, begot
On fancied Innocence ? Again he falls,

And fights again ; but finds his best essay
 A presage ominous, portending still
 Its own dishonour by a worse relapse,
 Till Nature, unavailing Nature, foiled
 So oft, and wearied in the vain attempt,
 Scoffs at her own performance. Reason now
 Takes part with appetite, and pleads the cause
 Perversely, which of late she so condemned ;
 With shallow shifts and old devices, worn
 And tattered in the service of debauch,
 Covering his shame from his offended sight.

Hath God indeed given appetites to man,
 And stored the earth so plenteously with means,
 To gratify the hunger of his wish ;
 " And doth he reprobate, and will he damn
 The use of his own bounty ? making first
 So frail a kind, and then enacting laws
 So strict, that less than perfect must despair ?
 Falsehood ! which whoso but suspects of truth
 Dishonours God, and makes a slave of man.
 Do they themselves, who undertake for hire
 The teacher's office, and dispense at large
 Their weekly dole of edifying strains,
 Attend to their own music ? have they faith
 In what with such solemnity of tone
 And gesture they propound to our belief ?
 Nay—conduct hath the loudest tongue. The voice
 Is but an instrument, on which the priest
 May play what tune he pleases. In the deed,
 The unequivocal, authentic deed,
 We find sound argument, we read the heart."

Such reasonings (if that name must needs belong
 To excuses in which reason has no part
 Serve to compose a spirit well inclined
 To live on terms of amity with vice,
 And sin without disturbance. Often urged
 (As often as libidinous discourse
 Exhausted, he resorts to solemn themes

Of theological and grave import)
 They gain at last his unreserved assent ;
 Till, hardened his heart's temper in the forge
 Of lust, and the anvil of despair,
 He slights the strokes of conscience. Nothing moves,
 Or nothing much, his constancy in ill ;
 Vain tampering has but fostered his disease ;
 'Tis desperate, and he sleeps the sleep of death.
 Haste, now, philosopher, and set him free.
 Charm the deaf serpent wisely. Make him hear
 Of rectitude and fitness, moral truth
 How lovely, and the moral sense how sure,
 Consulted and obeyed, to guide his steps
 Directly to the *first and only fair*.
 Spare not in such a cause. Spend all the powers
 Of rant and rhapsody in virtue's praise :
 Be most sublimely good, verbosely grand,
 And with poetic trappings grace thy prose,
 Till it unmantle all the pride of verse.—
 Ah, tinkling cymbal, and high-sounding brass,
 Smitten in vain ! such music cannot charm
 The eclipse, that intercepts truth's heavenly beam,
 And chills and darkens a wide-wandering soul.
 The *still small voice* is wanted. He must speak,
 Whose word leaps forth at once to its effect ;
 Who calls for things that are not, and they come.
 Grace makes the slave a freeman. 'Tis a change,
 That turns to ridicule the turgid speech
 And stately tone of moralists, who boast,
 As if, like him of fabulous renown,
 They had indeed ability to smooth
 The shag of savage nature, and were each
 An Orpheus, and omnipotent in song :
 But transformation of apostate man
 From fool to wise, from earthly to divine,
 Is work for him that made him. He alone,
 And he by means in philosophic eyes
 Trivial and worthy of disdain, achieves

The wonder ; humanizing what is brute
In the lost kind, extracting from the lips
Of asps their venom, overpowering strength
By weakness, and hostility by love.

Patriots have toiled, and in their country's cause
Bled nobly ; and their deeds, as they deserve,
Receive proud recompense. We give in charge
Their names to the sweet lyre. Th' historic muse,
Proud of the treasure, marches with it down
To latest times ; and Sculpture, in her turn,
Gives bond in stone and ever-during brass
To guard them, and t' immortalize her trust ;
But fairer wreaths are due, though never paid,
To those, who, posted at the shrine of Truth,
Have fallen in her defence. A patriot's blood,
Well spent in such a strife, may earn indeed,
And for a time ensure, to his loved land
The sweets of liberty and equal laws ;
But martyrs struggle for a brighter prize,
And win it with more pain. Their blood is shed
In confirmation of the noblest claim,
Our claim to feed upon immortal truth,
To walk with God, to be divinely free,
To soar, and to anticipate the skies.
Yet few remember them. They lived unknown,
Till persecution dragged them into fame,
And chased them up to Heaven. Their ashes flew
—No marble tells us whither. With their name
No bard embalms and sanctifies his song :
And history, so warm on meaner themes,
Is cold on this. She execrates indeed
The tyranny that doomed them to the fire,
But gives the glorious sufferers little praise.*

He is the freeman whom the truth makes free,
And all are slaves besides. There's not a chain,
That hellish foes, confederate for his harm,
Can wind around him, but he casts it off

*.See Huma,

With as much ease as Samson his green withs,
He looks abroad into the varied field
Of nature; and though poor perhaps, compared
With those whose mansions glitter in his sight,
Calls the delightful scenery all his own.
His are the mountains, and the valleys his,
And the resplendent rivers, his t' enjoy
With a propriety that none can feel,
But who, with filial confidence inspired,
Can lift to Heaven an unpresumptuous eye,
And smiling say—"My father made them all!"
Are they not his by a peculiar right,
And by an emphasis of interest his,
Whose eye they fill with tears of holy joy,
Whose heart with praise, and whose exalted mind
With worthy thoughts of that unwearied love,
That planned, and built, and still upholds, a world
So clothed with beauty for rebellious man?
Yes—ye may fill your garners, ye that reap
The loaded soil, and ye may waste much good
In senseless riot; but ye will not find
In feast, or in the chase, in song or dance,
A liberty like his, who unimpeached
Of usurpation, and to no man's wrong,
Appropriates nature as his Father's work,
And has a richer use of yours than you.
He is indeed a freeman. Free by birth;
Of no mean city; planned or ere the hills
Were built, the fountains opened, or the sea
With all his roaring multitude of waves.
His freedom is the same in every state;
And no condition of this changeful life,
So manifold in cares, whose every day
Brings its own evil with it, makes it less:
For he has wings, that neither sickness, pain,
Nor penury, can cripple or confine.
No nook so narrow but he spreads them there
With ease, and is at large. Th' oppressor holds

His body bound, but knows not what a range
His spirit takes unconscious of a chain ;
And that to bind him is a vain attempt,
Whom God delights in, and in whom he dwells.

Acquaint thyself with God, if thou wouldst taste
His works. Admitted once to his embrace,
Thou shalt perceive that thou wast blind before ;
Thine eye shall be instructed ; and thine heart
Made pure shall relish, with divine delight,
Till then unfelt, what hands divine have wrought.
Brutes graze the mountain top, with faces prone,
And eyes intent upon the scanty herb
It yields them ; or, recumbent on its brow
Ruminate heedless of the scene outspread
Beneath, beyond, and stretching far away
From inland regions to the distant main.
Man views it and admires ; but rests content
With what he views. The landscape has his praise,
But not its Author. Unconcerned who formed
The paradise he sees, he finds it such,
And such well-pleased to find it, asks no more.
Not so the mind, that has been touched from Heaven,
And in the school of sacred wisdom taught
To read his wonders, in whose thought the world,
Fair as it is, existed ere it was.
Not for his own sake merely, but for his
Much more, who fashioned it, he gives it praise ;
Praise that from Earth resulting, as it ought
To earth's acknowledged Sovereign, finds at once
Its only just proprietor in him.
The soul that sees him, or receives sublimed
New faculties, or learns at least t' employ
More worthily the powers she owned before,
Discerns in all things what, with stupid gaze
Of ignorance, till then she overlooked
A ray of heavenly light, gilding all forms
Terrestrial in the vast and the minute ;
The ambiguous footsteps of the God.

Who gives its lustre to an insect's wing,
And wheels his throne upon the rolling worlds.
Much conversant with Heaven, she often holds
With those fair ministers of light to man,
That fill the skies nightly with silent pomp,
Sweet conference. Inquires what strains were they
With which Heaven rang, when every star in haste
To gratulate the new-created earth,
Sent forth a voice, and all the sons of God
Shouted for joy.—“Tell me, ye shining hosts,
That navigate a sea that knows no storms,
Beneath a vault unsullied with a cloud,
If from your elevation, whence ye view
Distinctly scenes invisible to man,
And systems of whose birth no tidings yet
Have reached this nether world, ye spy a race
Favoured as ours ; transgressors from the womb,
And hasting to a grave, yet doomed to rise,
And to possess a brighter heaven than yours ?
As one, who, long detained on foreign shores,
Pants to return, and when he sees afar
His country's weather-bleached and battered rocks
From the green wave emerging, darts an eye
Radiant with joy towards the happy land ;
So I with animated hopes behold,
And many an aching wish, your beamy fires,
That show like beacons in the blue abyss,
Ordained to guide th' imbodied spirit home
From toilsome life to never-ending rest.
Love kindles as I gaze. I feel desires
That give assurance of their own success,
And that, infused from Heaven, must thither tend.”
So reads he nature, whom the lamp of truth
Illuminates. Thy lamp, mysterious Word !
Which whoso sees, no longer wanders lost,
With intellects bemazed in endless doubt,
But runs the road of wisdom. Thou hast built,
With means that were not till by thee employed,

Worlds that had never been, hadst thou in strength
Been less, or less benevolent than strong.
They are thy witnesses, who speak thy power
And goodness infinite, but speak in ears
That hear not; or receive not their report.
In vain thy creatures testify of thee,
Till thou proclaim thyself. Theirs is indeed
A teaching voice; but 'tis the praise of thine,
That whom it teaches it makes prompt to learn,
And with the boon gives talents for its use.
Till thou art heard, imaginations vain
Possess the heart, and fables false as hell;
Yet, deemed oracular, lure down to death
The uninformed and heedless souls of men.
We give to chance, blind chance, ourselves as blind,
The glory of thy work which yet appears
Perfect and unimpeachable of blame,
Challenging human scrutiny, and proved
Then skilful most when most severely judged.
But chance is not; or is not where thou reign'st:
Thy providence forbids that fickle power
(If power she be, that works but to confound)
To mix her wild vagaries with thy laws.
Yet thus we dote, refusing while we can
Instruction, and inventing to ourselves
Gods such as guilt makes welcome; gods that sleep,
Or disregard our follies, or that sit
Amused spectators of this bustling stage.
Thee we reject, unable to abide
Thy purity, till pure as thou art pure,
Made such by thee, we love thee for thy cause,
For which we shunned and hated thee before.
Then we are free. Then liberty, like day,
Breaks on the soul, and by a flash from Heaven
Fires all the faculties with glorious joy.
A voice is heard, that mortal ears hear not,
Till thou hast touched them; 'tis the voice of song
A loud hosanna sent from all thy works,

Which he that hears it with a shout repeats,
And adds his rapture to the general praise.
In that blest moment Nature, throwing wide
Her veil opaque, discloses with a smile
The author of her beauties, who, retired
Behind his own creation, works unseen
By the impure, and hears his power denied.
Thou art the source and centre of all minds,
Their only point of rest, eternal word !
From thee departing they are lost, and rove
At random without honour, hope, or peace.
From thee is all that soothes the life of man,
His high endeavour, and his glad success,
His strength to suffer, and his will to serve
But O thou bounteous Giver of all good,
Thou art of all thy gifts thyself the crown !
Give what thou canst, without thee we are poor,
And with thee rich, take what thou wilt away.

THE TASK.

BOOK VI.

THE WINTER WALK AT NOON.

ARGUMENT.

Bells at a distance.—Their effect.—A fine noon in winter.—A sheltered walk.—Meditation better than books.—Our familiarity with the course of nature makes it appear less wonderful than it is.—The transformation that spring effects in a shrubbery described.—A mistake concerning the course of nature corrected.—God maintains it by an unremitted act.—The amusements fashionable at this hour of the day reformed.—Animals happy, a delightful sight.—Origin of cruelty to animals.—That it is a great crime proved from Scripture. That proof illustrated by a tale.—A line drawn between the lawful and unlawful destruction of them.—Their good and useful properties insisted on.—Apology for the encomiums bestowed by the author on animals.—Instances of man's extravagant praise of man.—The groans of the creation shall have an end.—A view taken of the restoration of all things.—An invocation and an invitation of him, who shall bring it to pass.—The retired man vindicated from the charge of uselessness.—Conclusion.

THERE is in souls a sympathy with sounds ;
 And as the mind is pitched the ear is pleased
 With melting airs of martial, brisk or grave ;
 Some chord in unison with what we hear
 Is touched within us, and the heart replies.
 How soft the music of those village bells,
 Falling at intervals upon the ear
 In cadence sweet, now dying all away,
 Now pealing loud again, and louder still
 Clear and sonorous, as the gale comes on !
 With easy force it opens all the cells
 Where Memory slept. Wherever I have heard
 A kindred melody, the scene recurs,
 And with it all its pleasures and its pains.
 Such comprehensive views the spirit takes,
 That in a few short moments I retrace
 (As in a map the voyager his course)
 The windings of my way through many years.

Short as in retrospect the journey seems,
It seemed not always short ; the rugged path,
And prospect oft so dreary and forlorn,
Moved many a sigh at its disheartening length.
Yet feeling present evils, while the past
Faintly impress the mind, or not at all,
How readily we wish time spent revoked,
That we might try the ground again where once
(Through inexperience, as we now perceive)
We missed that happiness we might have found !
Some friend is gone, perhaps his son's best friend,
A father, whose authority, in show
When most severe and mustering all its force,
Was but the graver countenance of love ;
Whose favour, like the clouds of spring, might lower,
And utter now and then an awful voice,
But had a blessing in its darkest frown,
Threatening at once and nourishing the plant.
We loved, but not enough, the gentle hand
That reared us. At a thoughtless age, allured
By every gilded folly, we renounced
His sheltering side, and wilfully forewent
That converse, which we now in vain regret.
How gladly would the man recall to life
The boy's neglected sire ! a mother too,
That softer friend, perhaps more gladly still,
Might he demand them at the gates of death.
Sorrow has, since they went, subdued and tamed
The playful humour ; he could now endure
(Himself grown sober in the vale of tears)
And feel a parent's presence no restraint.
But not to understand a treasure's worth,
Till time has stolen away the slighted good,
Is cause of half the poverty we feel,
And makes the world the wilderness it is.
The few that pray at all pray oft amiss,
And seeking grace t' improve the prize they hold,
Would urge a wiser suit than asking more.

The night was winter in its roughest moods ;
The morning sharp and clear. But now at noon
Upon the southern side of the slant hills,
And where the woods fence off the northern blast,
The season smiles, resigning all its rage,
And has the warmth of May. The vault is blue
Without a cloud, and white without a speck
The dazzling splendour of the scene below.
Again the harmony comes o'er the vale ;
And through the trees I view th' embattled tower,
Whence all the music. I again perceive
The soothing influence of the wafted strains,
And settle in soft musings as I tread
The walk, still verdant, under oaks and elms,
Whose outspread branches overarch the glade.
The roof, though moveable through all its length
As the wind sways it, has yet well sufficed,
And, intercepting in their silent fall
The frequent flakes, has kept a path for me.
No noise is here, or none that hinders thought.
The redbreast warbles still, but is content
With slender notes, and more than half suppressed
Pleased with his solitude, and fitting light
From spray to spray, where'er he rests he shakes
From many a twig the pendant drops of ice,
That tinkle in the withered leaves below.
Stillness, accompanied with sounds so soft,
Charms more than silence. Meditation here
May think down hours to moments. Here the heart
May give a useful lesson to the head,
And learning wiser grow without his books.
Knowledge and Wisdom, far from being one,
Have oft-times no connexion. Knowledge dwells
In heads replete with thoughts of other men ;
Wisdom in minds attentive to their own.
Knowledge, a rude unprofitable mass,
The mere materials with which Wisdom builds,
Till smoothed, and squared, and fitted to its place,

Does but encumber whom it seems t' enrich.
 Knowledge is proud that he has learned so much;
 Wisdom is humble that he knows no more.
 Books are not seldom talismans and spells,
 By which the magic art of shrewder wits
 Holds an unthinking multitude enthralled.
 Some to the fascination of a name
 Surrender judgment, hoodwinked. Some the style
 Infatuates, and through labyrinths and wilds
 Of error leads them, by a tune entranced.
 While sloth seduces more, too weak to bear
 The insupportable fatigue of thought,
 And swallowing therefore without pause or choice,
 The total grist unsifted, husks and all.
 But trees and rivulets, whose rapid course
 Defies the check of winter, haunts of deer,
 And sheep-walks populous with bleating lambs,
 And lanes in which the primrose ere her time
 Peeps through the moss, that clothes the hawthorn
 root,

Deceive no student. Wisdom there, and truth,
 Not shy, as in the world, and to be won
 By slow solicitation, seize at once
 The roving thought, and fix it on themselves.

What prodigies can power divine perform
 More grand than it produces year by year,
 And all in sight of inattentive man?
 Familiar with the effect, we slight the cause,
 And in the constancy of nature's course,
 The regular return of genial months,
 And renovation of a faded world,
 See naught to wonder at. Should God again,
 As once in Gibeon, interrupt the race
 Of the undeviating and punctual sun,
 How would the world admire! but speaks it less.
 An agency divine, to make him know
 His moment when to sink, and when to rise,
 Age after age, than to arrest his course?

All we behold is miracle ; but seen
 So duly, all is miracle in vain.
 Where now the vital energy that moved,
 While summer was, the pure and subtle lymph
 Through the imperceptible meandering veins
 Of leaf and flower ? It sleeps ; and th' icy touch
 Of unprolific winter has impressed
 A cold stagnation on th' intestine tide
 But let the months go round, a few short months,
 And all shall be restored. These naked shoots,
 Barren as lances, among which the wind
 Makes wintry music, sighing as it goes,
 Shall put their graceful foliage on again,
 And more aspiring, and with ampler spread,
 Shall boast new charms, and more than they have
 lost.

Then each in its peculiar honours clad,
 Shall publish even to the distant eye
 Its family and tribe. Laburnum, rich
 In streaming gold ; syringa, ivory pure ;
 The scentless and the scented rose ; this red
 And of an humbler growth, the other* tall,
 And throwing up into the darkest gloom
 Of neighbouring cypress, or more sable yew,
 Her silver globes, light as the foamy surf
 That the wind severs from the broken wave
 The lilac, various in array, now white,
 Now sanguine, and her beauteous head now set
 With purple spikes pyramidal, as if
 Studious of ornament, yet unresolved
 Which hue she most approved ; she chose them all ;
 Copious of flowers, the woodbine, pale and wan
 But well compensating her sickly looks
 With never-cloying odours, early and late ;
 Hypericum all bloom, so thick a swarm
 Of flowers like flies clothing her slender rods,
 That scarce a leaf appears ; mezereon too,

* The Guelder-rose.

Though leafless, well-attired, and thick beset,
 With blushing wreaths, investing every spray ;
 Althæa with the purple eye ; the broom,
 Yellow and bright, as bullion unalloyed,
 Her blossoms ; and luxuriant above all
 The jasmine, throwing wide her elegant sweets,
 The deep dark green of whose unvarnished leaf
 Makes more conspicuous, and illumines more,
 The bright profusions of her scattered stars.—
 These have been, and these shall be, in their day
 And all this uniform uncoloured scene
 Shall be dismantled of its fleecy load,
 And flush into variety again.

From dearth to plenty, and from death to life,
 Is Nature's progress, when she lectures man
 In heavenly truth ; evincing, as she makes
 The grand transition, that there lives and works
 A soul in all things, and that soul is God.
 The beauties of the wilderness are his,
 That makes so gay the solitary place,
 Where no eye sees them. And the fairer forms,
 That cultivation glories in, are his.
 He sets the bright procession on its way,
 And marshals all the order of the year ;
 He marks the bounds, which winter may not pass,
 And blunts his pointed fury ; in its case,
 Russet and rude, folds up the tender germ,
 Uninjured with inimitable art ;
 And ere one flowery season fades and dies,
 Designs the blooming wonders of the next.

Some say that in the origin of things,
 When all creation started into birth,
 The infant elements received a law,
 From which they swerved not since. That under
 force

Of that controlling ordinance they move,
 And need not his immediate hand, who first
 Prescribed their course, to regulate it now.

Thus dream they, and contrive to save a God
Th' encumbrance of his own concerns, and spare
The great artificer of all that moves
The stress of a continual act, the pain
Of unremitted vigilance and care,
As too laborious and severe a task:
So man, the moth, is not afraid, it seems,
To span omnipotence, and measure might,
That knows no measure, by the scanty rule
And standard of his own, that is to-day,
And is not ere to-morrow's sun go down.
But how should matter occupy a charge,
Dull as it is, and satisfy a law
So vast in its demands, unless impelled
To ceaseless service by a ceaseless force,
And under pressure of some conscious cause?
The Lord of all, himself through all diffused,
Sustains, and is the life of all that lives.
Nature is but a name for an effect,
Whose cause is God. He feeds the sacred fire
By which the mighty process is maintained;
Who sleeps not, is not weary; in whose sight
Slow circling ages are as transient days;
Whose work is without labour; whose designs
No flaw deforms, no difficulty thwarts;
And whose beneficence no change exhausts.
Him blind antiquity profaned, not served,
With self-taught rites, and under various names,
Female and male, Pomona, Pales, Pan,
And Flora, and Vertumnus; peopling earth
With tutelary goddesses and gods,
That were not; and commending as they would
To each some province, garden, field, or grove.
But all are under one. One spirit—His,
Who wore the platted thorns with bleeding brows,—
Rules universal nature. Not a flower
But shows some touch, in freckle, streak, or stain,
Of his uprivalled pencil. He inspires

Their balmy odours, and imparts their hues,
And bathes their eyes with nectar, and includes,
In grains as countless as the seaside sands,
The forms with which he sprinkles all the earth.
Happy who walks with him! whom what he finds
Of flavour or of scent in fruit or flower,
Or what he views of beautiful or grand
In nature, from the broad majestic oak
To the green blade that twinkles in the sun,
Prompts with remembrance of a present God.
His presence, who made all so fair, perceived,
Makes all still fairer. As with him no scene
Is dreary, so with him all seasons please.
Though winter had been none, had man been true,
And earth be punished for its tenant's sake,
Yet not in vengeance; as this smiling sky,
So soon succeeding such an angry night,
And these dissolving snows, and this clear stream
Recovering fast its liquid music, prove.

Who then, that has a mind well strung and tuned
To contemplation, and within his reach
A scene so friendly to his favourite task,
Would waste attention at the checkered board,
His host of wooden warriors to and fro
Marching and counter-marching, with an eye
As fixed as marble, with a forehead ridged
And furrowed into storms, and with a hand
Trembling, as if eternity were hung
In balance on his conduct of a pin?
Nor envies he ought more their idle sport,
Who pant with application misapplied
To trivial toys, and pushing ivory balls
Across a velvet level, feel a joy
Akin to rapture, when the bauble finds
Its destined goal, of difficult access.
Nor deems he wiser him, who gives his noon
To Miss, the mercer's plague, from shop to shop
Wandering, and, littering with unfolded silks

The polished counter, and approving none,
 Or promising with smiles to call again.
 Nor him, who by his vanity seduced,
 And soothed into a dream that he discerns
 The difference of a Guido from a daub,
 Frequents the crowded auction: stationed there
 As duly as the Langford of the show,
 With glass at eye, and catalogue in hand,
 And tongue accomplished in the fulsome cant,
 And pedantry, that coxcombs learn with ease;
 Oft as the price deciding hammer falls,
 He notes it in his book, then raps his box,
 Swears 'tis a bargain, rails at his hard fate,
 That he has let it pass—but never bids.

Here unmolested, through whatever sign
 The sun proceeds, I wander. Neither mist,
 Nor freezing sky, nor sultry, checking me,
 Nor stranger, intermeddling with my joy.
 E'en in the spring and playtime of the year,
 That calls th' unwonted villager abroad
 With all her little ones, a sportive train,
 To gather kinecups in the yellow mead,
 And prink their hair with daisies, or to pick
 A cheap but wholesome salad from the brook,
 These shades are all my own. The timorous hare,
 Grown so familiar with her frequent guest,
 Scarce shuns me; and the stockdove unalarmed
 Sits cooing in the pine-tree, nor suspends
 His long love-ditty for my near approach.
 Drawn from his refuge in some lonely elm,
 That age or injury has hollowed deep
 Where, on his bed of wool and matted leaves,
 He has outslept the winter, ventures forth
 To frisk awhile, and bask in the warm sun,
 The squirrel, flippant, pert, and full of play;
 He sees me, and at once, swift as a bird,
 Ascends the neighbouring beech; there whisks his
 brush,

And perks his ears, and stamps, and cries aloud,
 With all the prettiness of feigned alarm,
 And anger insignificantly fierce.

The heart is hard in nature and unfit
 For human fellowship, as being void
 Of sympathy, and therefore dead alike
 To love and friendship both, that is not pleased
 With sight of animals enjoying life,
 Nor feels their happiness augment his own.
 The bounding fawn, that darts across the glade,
 When none pursues, through mere delight of heart,
 And spirits buoyant with excess of glee ;
 The horse as wanton, and almost as fleet,
 That skims the spacious meadow at full speed,
 Then stops, and snorts, and throwing high his heels,
 Starts to the voluntary race again ;
 The very kine, that gambol at high noon,
 The total herd receiving first from one,
 That leads the dance, a summons to be gay,
 Though wild their strange vagaries, and uncouth
 Their efforts, yet resolved with one consent
 To give such act and utterance as they may
 To ecstasy too big to be suppressed—
 These, and a thousand images of bliss,
 With which kind Nature graces every scene,
 Where cruel man defeats not her design,
 Impart to the benevolent, who wish
 All that are capable of pleasure pleased,
 A far superior happiness to theirs,
 The comfort of a reasonable joy.

Man scarce had risen, obedient to his call
 Who formed him from the dust, his future grave,
 When he was crowned as never king was since.
 God set the diadem upon his head,
 And angel choirs attended. Wondering stood
 The new-made monarch, while before him passed,
 All happy, and all perfect in their kind,
 The creatures, summoned from their various haunts,

To see their sovereign, and confess his sway.
 Vast was his empire, absolute his power,
 Or bounded only by a law, whose force
 'Twas his sublimest privilege to feel
 And own, the law of universal love.
 He ruled with meekness, they obeyed with joy;
 No cruel purpose lurked within his heart,
 And no distrust of his intent in theirs.
 So Eden was a scene of harmless sport,
 Where kindness on his part who ruled the whole,
 Begat a tranquil confidence in all,
 And fear as yet was not, nor cause for fear.
 But sin marred all; and the revolt of man,
 That source of evils not exhausted yet,
 Was punished with revolt of his from him.
 Garden of God, how terrible the change
 Thy groves and lawns then witnessed! Every heart,
 Each animal, of every name, conceived
 A jealousy, and an instinctive fear,
 And, conscious of some danger, either fled
 Precipitate the loathed abode of man,
 Or growled defiance in such angry sort,
 As taught him too to tremble in his turn.
 Thus harmony and family accord
 Were driven from Paradise; and in that hour
 The seeds of cruelty, that since have swelled
 To such gigantic and enormous growth,
 Were sown in human nature's fruitful soil.
 Hence date the persecution and the pain,
 That man inflicts on all inferior kinds,
 Regardless of their plaints. To make him sport
 To gratify the frenzy of his wrath,
 Or his base gluttony, are causes good
 And just in his account, why bird and beast
 Should suffer torture, and the streams be dyed
 With blood of their inhabitants impaled.
 Earth groans beneath the burden of a war
 Waged with defenceless innocence, while he,

Not satisfied to prey on all around,
Adds tenfold bitterness to death by pangs
Needless, and first torments ere he devours.
Now happiest they, that occupy the scenes
The most remote from his abhorred resort,
Whom once, as delegate of God on earth,
They feared, and as his perfect image loved.
The wilderness is theirs, with all its caves,
Its hollow glens, its thickets, and its plains,
Unvisited by man. There they are free,
And howl and roar as likes them, uncontrolled :
Nor ask his leave to slumber or to play.
Wo to the tyrant, if he dare intrude
Within the confines of their wild domain :
The lion tells him—I am monarch here—
And, if he spare him, spares him on the terms
Of royal mercy, and through generous scorn
To rend a victim trembling at his foot.
In measure, as by force of instinct drawn,
Or by necessity constrained, they live
Dependant upon man ; those in his fields,
These at his crib, and some beneath his roof.
They prove too often at how dear a rate
He sells protection.—Witness at his foot
The spaniel dying for some venial fault,
Under dissection of the knotted scourge ;
Witness the patient ox, with stripes and yells
Driven to the slaughter, goaded, as he runs,
To madness ; while the savage at his heels
Laughs at the frantic sufferer's fury, spent
Upon the guiltless passenger o'erthrown.
He too is witness, noblest of the train
That wait on man, the flight-performing horse ;
With unsuspecting readiness he takes
His murderer on his back, and pushed all day
With bleeding sides and flanks, that heave for life,
To the far-distant goal, arrives and dies.
So little mercy shows who needs so much !

Does law, so jealous in the cause of man,
Denounce no doom on the delinquent? None.
He lives, and o'er his brimming beaker boasts
(As if barbarity were high desert)
Th' inglorious feat, and clamorous in praise
Of the poor brute, seems wisely to suppose
The honours of his matchless horse his own.
But many a crime, deemed innocent on earth,
Is registered in heaven; and these no doubt
Have each their record, with a curse annexed.
Man may dismiss compassion from his heart,
But God will never. When he charged the Jew
To assist his foe's down-fallen beast to rise;
And when the bush-exploring boy, that seized
The young, to let the parent bird go free;
Proved he not plainly, that his meaner works
Are yet his care, and have an interest all,
All, in the universal Father's love?
On Noah, and in him on all mankind,
The charter was conferred, by which we hold
The flesh of animals in fee, and claim
O'er all we feed on, power of life and death.
But read the instrument and mark it well:
Th' oppression of a tyrannous control
Can find no warrant there. Feed then, and yield
Thanks for thy food. Carnivorous, through sin,
Feed on the slain, but spare the living brute!
The Governor of all, himself to all
So bountiful, in whose attentive ear
The unfledged raven and the lion's whelp
Plead not in vain for pity on the pangs
Of hunger unassuaged, has interposed,
Not seldom, his avenging arm, to smite
Th' injurious trampler upon nature's law,
That claims forbearance even for a brute.
He hates the hardness of Balaam's heart;
And prophet as he was, he might not strike
The blameless animal, without rebuke,

On which he rode. Her opportune offence
Saved him, or th' unrelenting seer had died.
He sees that human equity is slack
To interfere, though in so just a cause ;
And makes the task his own. Inspiring dumb
And helpless victims with a sense so keen
Of injury, with such knowledge of their strength,
And such sagacity to take revenge,
That oft the beast has seemed to judge the man.
An ancient, not a legendary tale,
By one of sound intelligence rehearsed,
(If such who plead for Providence may seem
In modern eyes,) shall make the doctrine clear.
Where England, stretched towards the setting sun,
Narrow and long, o'erlooks the western wave,
Dwelt young Misgathus ; a scorner he
Of God and goodness, atheist in ostent,
Vicious in act, in temper savage-fierce.
He journeyed ; and his chance was, as he went,
To join a traveller, of far different note,
Evander, famed for piety, for years
Deserving honour, but for wisdom more.
Fame had not left the venerable man
A stranger to the manners of the youth,
Whose face too was familiar to his view.
Their way was on the margin of the land,
O'er the green summit of the rocks, whose base
Beats back the roaring surge, scarce heard so high.
The charity, that warmed his heart, was moved
At sight of the man monster. With a smile,
Gentle, and affable, and full of grace,
As fearful of offending whom he wished.
Much to persuade, he plied his ear with truths
Not harshly thundered forth, or rudely pressed,
But, like his purpose, gracious, kind, and sweet.
"And dost thou dream," th' impenetrable man
Exclaimed, "that me lullabies of age,
And fantasies of dotards such as thou,

Can cheat, or move a moment's fear in me?
Mark now the proof I give thee, that the brave
Need no such aids as superstition lends,
To steel their hearts against the dread of death."
He spoke, and to the precipice at hand
Pushed with a madman's fury. Fancy shrinks
And the blood thrills and curdles, at the thought
Of such a gulf as he designed his grave.
But, though the felon on his back could dare
The dreadful leap, more rational, his steed
Declined the death, and wheeling swiftly round,
Or e'er his hoof had pressed the crumbling verge,
Baffled his rider, saved against his will.
The frenzy of the brain may be redressed
By medicine well applied, but without grace
The heart's insanity admits no cure.
Enraged the more, by what might have reformed
His horrible intent, again he sought
Destruction, with a zeal to be destroyed,
With sounding whip, and rowels dyed in blood.
But still in vain. The providence that meant
A longer date to the far nobler beast,
Spared yet again th' ignoble for his sake.
And now, his prowess proved, and his sincere
Incurable obduracy evinced,
His rage grew cool; and, pleased perhaps t' have
earned

So cheaply the renown of that attempt,
With looks of some complacence he resumed
His road, deriding much the blank amaze
Of good Evander, still where he was left
Fixed motionless, and petrified with dread.
So on they fared. Discourse on other themes
Ensuing seemed t' obliterate the past;
And tamer far for so much fury shown,
(As in the course of rash and fiery men)
The rude companion smiled, as if transformed.
But 'twas a transient calm. A storm was near,

An unsuspected storm. His hour was come,
The impious challenger of power divine
Was now to learn, that Heaven though slow to
wrath,

Is never with impunity defied.

His horse, as he had caught his master's mood,
Snorting, and starting into sudden rage,
Unbidden, and not now to be controlled,
Rushed to the cliff, and, having reached it, stood.
At once the shock unseated him; he flew
Sheer o'er the craggy barrier; and, immersed
Deep in the flood, found, when he sought it not,
The death he had deserved, and died alone.

So God wrought double justice; made the fool
The victim of his own tremendous choice,
And taught a brute the way to safe revenge.

I would not enter on my list of friends
(Though graced with polished manners and fine
sense,

Yet wanting sensibility) the man

Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.

An inadvertent step may crush the snail,
That crawls at evening in the public path;
But he that has humanity, forewarned,
Will tread aside, and let the reptile live.

The creeping vermin, loathsome to the sight,
And charged perhaps with venom, that intrudes,
A visiter unwelcome, into scenes

Sacred to neatness and repose, th' alcove,

The chamber, or refectory, may die:

A necessary act incurs no blame.

Not so when, held within their proper bounds,

And guiltless of offence, they range the air;

Or take their pastime in the spacious field;

There they are privileged; and he that hunts

Or harms them there is guilty of a wrong;

Disturbs the economy of Nature's realm,

Who, when she formed, designed them an abode.

The sum is this. If man's convenience, health,
Or safety, interfere, his rights and claims
Are paramount, and must extinguish theirs.
Else they are all—the meanest things that are—
As free to live, and to enjoy that life,
As God was free to form them at the first,
Who in his sovereign wisdom made them all.
Ye, therefore, who love mercy, teach your sons
To love it too. The springtime of our years
Is soon dishonoured and defiled in most
By budding ills, and ask a prudent hand
To check them. But alas ! none sooner shoots,
If unrestrained, into luxuriant growth,
Than cruelty, most devilish of them all.
Mercy to him that shows it, is the rule
And righteous limitation of its act,
By which Heaven moves in pardoning guilty man ;
And he that shows none, being ripe in years,
And conscious of the outrage he commits,
Shall seek it, and not find it, in his turn.

Distinguished much by reason, and still more
By our capacity of grace divine,
From creatures, that exist but for our sake,
Which, having served us, perish, we are held
Accountable ; and God some future day
Will reckon with us roundly for the abuse
Of what he deems no mean or trivial trust.
Superior as we are, they yet depend
Not more on human help than we on theirs.
Their strength, or speed, or vigilance were given
In aid of our defects. In some are found
Such teachable and apprehensive parts,
That man's attainments in his own concerns,
Matched with th' expertness of the brutes in theirs,
Are oftentimes vanquished, and thrown far behind.
Some show that nice sagacity of smell,
And read with such discernment, in the port
And figure of the man his secret aim,

That oft we owe our safety to a skill.
 We could not teach, and must despair to learn;
 But learn we might, if not too proud to stoop
 To quadruped instructors, many a good
 And useful quality, and virtue too,
 Rarely exemplified among ourselves;
 Attachment never to be weaned, or changed
 By any change of fortune; proof alike
 Against unkindness, absence, and neglect;
 Fidelity, that neither bribe nor threat
 Can move or warp; and gratitude for small
 And trivial favours, lasting as the life,
 And glistening even in the dying eye.
 Man praises man. Desert in arts or arms
 Wins public honour; and ten thousand sit
 Patiently present at a sacred song,
 Commemoration-mad; content to hear
 (O wonderful effect of music's power!)
 Messiah's eulogy for Handel's sake.
 But less, methinks, than sacrilege might serve—
 (For, was it less, what heathen would have dared
 To strip Jove's statue of his oaken wreath,
 And hang it up in honour of a man?)
 Much less might serve, when all that we design
 Is but to gratify an itching ear,
 And give the day to a musician's praise.
 Remember Handel? Who, that was not born
 Deaf as the dead to harmony, forgets,
 Or can, the more than Homer of his age?
 Yes—we remember him: and while we praise
 A talent so divine, remember too
 That His most holy book, from whom it came,
 Was never meant, was never used before,
 To buckram out the memory of a man.
 But hush!—the muse perhaps is too severe;
 And with a gravity beyond the size
 And measure of th' offence, rebukes a deed
 Less impious than absurd, and owing more

To want of judgment than to wrong design.
So in the chapel of old Ely House,
When wandering Charles, who meant to be the third,
Had fled from William, and the news was fresh,
The simple clerk, but loyal, did announce,
And eke did rear right merrily, two staves,
Sung to the praise and glory of King George !
—Man praises man ; and Garrick's memory next,
When time had somewhat mellowed it, and made
The idol of our worship while he lived
The God of our idolatry once more,
Shall have its altar ; and the world shall go
In pilgrimage to bow before his shrine.
The theatre too small shall suffocate
Its squeezed contents, and more than it admits
Shall sigh at their exclusion, and return
Ungratified : for there some noble lord
Shall stuff his shoulders with king Richard's bunch,
Or wrap himself in Hamlet's inky cloak,
And strut and storm, and straddle, stamp and stare,
To show the world how Garrick did not act,
For Garrick was a worshipper himself ;
He drew the liturgy, and framed the rights
And solemn ceremonials of the day,
And called the world to worship on the banks
Of Avon, famed in song. Ah, pleasant proof
That piety has still in human hearts
Some place, a spark or two not yet extinct.
The mulberry-tree was hung with blooming wreaths ;
The mulberry-tree stood centre of the dance ;
The mulberry-tree was hymned with dulcet airs ;
And from his touchwood trunk the mulberry-tree
Supplied such relics as devotion holds
Still sacred, and preserves with pious care.
So 'twas a hallowed time : decorum reigned,
And mirth without offence. No few returned,
Doubtless, much edified, and all refreshed.—
Man praises man. The rabble all alive.

From tippling benches, cellars, stalls, and styes,
Swarm in the streets. The statesman of the day,
A pompous and slow-moving pageant, comes.
Some shout him, and some hang upon his car,
To gaze in 's eyes, and bless him. Maidens wave
Their 'kerchiefs, and old women weep for joy :
While others, not so satisfied, unhorse
The gilded equipage, and, turning loose
His steeds, usurp a place they well deserve.
Why? what has charmed them? Hath he saved the
state?

No. Doth he purpose its salvation? No.
Enchanting novelty, that moon at full,
That finds out every crevice of the head
That is not sound and perfect, hath in theirs
Wrought this disturbance. But the wane is near,
And his own cattle must suffice him soon.
Thus idly do we waste the breath of praise,
And dedicate a tribute, in its use
And just direction sacred, to a thing
Doomed to the dust or lodged already there.
Encomium in old time was poet's work ;
But poets, having lavishly long since
Exhausted all materials of the art,
The task now falls into the public hand ;
And I, contented with an humbler theme,
Have poured my stream of panegyric down
The vale of Nature, where it creeps, and winds
Among her lovely works with a secure
And unambitious course, reflecting clear,
If not the virtues, yet the worth, of brutes.
And I am recompensed, and deem the toils
Of poetry not lost, if verse of mine
May stand between an animal and wo,
And teach one tyrant pity for his drudge.

The groans of Nature in this nether world,
Which Heaven has heard for ages, have an end.
Foretold by prophets, and by poet's sung;

Whose fire was kindled at the prophet's lamp,
The time of rest, the promised sabbath, comes.
Six thousand years of sorrow have well-nigh
Fulfilled their tardy and disastrous course
Over a sinful world ; and what remains
Of this tempestuous state of human things
Is merely as the working of a sea
Before a calm, that rocks itself to rest :
For He, whose car the winds are, and the clouds
The dust that waits upon his sultry march,
When sin hath moved them, and his wrath is hot,
Shall visit earth in mercy ; shall descend
Propitious in his chariot paved with love ;
And what his storms have blasted and defaced
For man's revolt shall with a smile repair.

Sweet is the harp of prophecy ; too sweet
Not to be wronged by a mere mortal touch :
Nor can the wonders it records be sung
To meaner music, and not suffer loss.
But when a poet, or when one like me,
Happy to rove among poetic flowers,
Though poor in skill to rear them, lights at last,
On some fair theme, some theme divinely fair,
Such is the impulse and the spur he feels,
To give it praise proportioned to its worth,
That not t' attempt it, arduous as he deems
The labour, were a task more arduous still.

O scenes surpassing fable, and yet true,
Scenes of accomplished bliss ! which who can see,
Though but in distant prospect, and not feel
His soul refreshed with foretaste of the joy ?
Rivers of gladness water all the earth,
And clothe all climes with beauty ; the reproach
Of barrenness is past. The fruitful field
Laughs with abundance ; and the land, once lean,
Or fertile only in its own disgrace,
Exults to see its thistly curse repealed,
The various seasons woven into one,

And that one season an eternal spring.
The garden fears no blight, and needs no fence,
For there is none to covet, all are full.
The lion, and the libbard, and the bear
Graze with the fearless flocks ; all bask at noon
Together, or all gambol in the shade
Of the same grove, and drink one common stream.
Antipathies are none. No foe to man
Lurks in the serpent now ; the mother sees,
And smiles to see, her infant's playful hand
Stretched forth to dally with the crested worm,
'To stroke his azure neck, or to receive
The lambent homage of his arrowy tongue.
All creatures worship man, and all mankind
One Lord, one Father. Error has no place :
That creeping pestilence is driven away ;
The breath of heaven has chased it. In the heart
No passion touches a discordant string,
But all is harmony and love. Disease
Is not ; the pure and uncontaminate blood
Holds its due course, nor fears the frost of age.
One song employs all nations ; and all cry,
" Worthy the Lamb, for he was slain for us !"
The dwellers in the vales and on the rocks
Shout to each other, and the mountain tops
From distant mountains catch the flying joy ;
Till, nation after nation taught the strain,
Earth rolls the rapturous hosanna round.
Behold the measure of the promise filled ;
See Salem built, the labour of a God !
Bright as the sun the sacred city shines ;
All kingdoms and all princes of the earth
Flock to that light ; the glory of all lands
Flows into her ; unbounded is her joy,
And endless her increase. Thy rams are there,
Nebaioth, and the flocks of Kedar there :*

* Nebaioth and Kedar, the sons of Ishmael, and progenitors of the Arabs, in the prophetic scripture here alluded to, may be reasonably considered as representatives of the Gentiles at large.

The looms of Ormus, and the mines of Ind,
 And Saba's spicy groves pay tribute there.
 Praise is in all her gates ; upon her walls,
 And in her streets, and in her spacious courts
 Is heard salvation. Eastern Java there
 Kneels with the native of the farthest west ;
 And Æthiopia spreads abroad the hand,
 And worships. Her report has travelled forth
 Into all lands. From every clime they come
 To see thy beauty, and to share thy joy,
 O Sion ! an assembly such as earth
 Saw never, such as heaven stoops down to see.

Thus heavenward all things tend. For all were
 once

Perfect, and all must be at length restored.
 So God has greatly purposed ; who could else
 In his dishonoured works himself endure
 Dishonour, and be wronged without redress.
 Haste then, and wheel away a shattered world,
 Ye slow-revolving seasons ! we would see
 (A sight to which our eyes are strangers yet)
 A world, that does not dread and hate his laws,
 And suffer for its crime ; would learn how fair
 The creature is that God pronounces good,
 How pleasant in itself what pleases him.
 Here every drop of honey hides a sting ;
 Worms wind themselves into our sweetest flowers ;
 And e'en the joy, that haply some poor heart
 Derives from Heaven, pure as the fountain is,
 Is sullied in the stream, taking a taint
 From touch of human lips, at best impure.
 O for a world in principle as chaste
 As this is gross and selfish ! over which
 Custom and prejudice shall bear no sway,
 That govern all things here, shouldering aside
 The meek and modest Truth, and forcing her
 To seek a refuge from the tongue of strife
 In nooks obscure, far from the ways of men ;

Where violence shall never lift the sword,
Nor cunning justify the proud man's wrong,
Leaving the poor no remedy but tears ;
Where he that fills an office, shall esteem
Th' occasion it presents of doing good
More than the perquisite : where law shall speak
Seldom, and never but as wisdom prompts
And equity ! not jealous more to guard
A worthless form, than to decide aright :
Where fashion shall not sanctify abuse,
Nor smooth good-breeding (supplemental grace)
With lean performance ape the work of love !

Come then, and added to thy many crowns,
Receive yet one, the crown of all the earth,
Thou who alone art worthy ! It was thine
By ancient covenant, ere Nature's birth ;
And thou hast made it thine by purchase since,
And overpaid its value with thy blood.
Thy saints proclaim thee king ; and in their hearts
Thy title is engraven with a pen
Dipped in the fountain of eternal love.
Thy saints proclaim thee king ; and thy delay
Gives courage to their foes, who, could they see
The dawn of thy last advent, long-desired,
Would creep into the bowels of the hills,
And flee for safety to the falling rocks.
The very spirit of the world is tired
Of its own taunting question, asked so long,
" Where is the promise of your Lord's approach ?
The infidel has shot his bolts away,
Till, his exhausted quiver yielding none,
He gleams the blunted shafts, that have recoiled,
And aims them at the shield of Truth again.
The veil is rent, rent too by priestly hands,
That hides divinity from mortal eyes ;
And all the mysteries to faith proposed,
Insulted and traduced, are cast aside,
As useless, to the moles and to the bats.

They now are deemed the faithful, and are praised,
 Who constant only in rejecting thee,
 Deny thy Godhead with a martyr's zeal,
 And quit their office for their error's sake.
 Blind, and in love with darkness ! yet, e'en these
 Worthy, compared with sycophants, who kneel
 Thy name adoring, and then preach thee man !
 So fares thy church. But how thy church may fare
 The world takes little thought. Who will may
 preach,

And what they will. All pastors are alike
 To wandering sheep, resolved to follow none.
 Two gods divide them all—Pleasure and Gain ;
 For these they live, they sacrifice to these,
 And in their service wage perpetual war
 With conscience and with thee. Lust in their hearts,
 And mischief in their hands, they roam the earth
 To prey upon each other : stubborn, fierce,
 High-minded, foaming out their own disgrace.
 Thy prophets speak of such ; and, noting down
 The features of the last degenerate times,
 Exhibit every lineament of these.

Come then, and, added to thy many crowns,
 Receive yet one, as radiant as the rest,
 Due to thy last and most effectual work,
 Thy word fulfilled, the conquest of a world !

He is the happy man, whose life e'en now
 Shows somewhat of that happier life to come
 Who, doomed to an obscure but tranquil state,
 Is pleased with it, and, were he free to choose,
 Would make his fate his choice ; whom peace, the
 fruit

Of virtue, and whom virtue, fruit of faith,
 Prepare for happiness ; bespeak him one
 Content indeed to sojourn while he must,
 Below the skies, but having there his home.
 The world o'erlooks him in her busy search
 Of objects, more illustrious in her view ;

And, occupied as earnestly as she,
Though more sublimely, he o'erlooks the world.
She scorns his pleasures, for she knows them not;
He seeks not hers, for he has proved them vain.
He cannot skim the ground like summer birds
Pursuing gilded flies; and such she deems
Her honours, her emoluments, her joys.
Therefore in contemplation is his bliss,
Whose power is such, that whom she lifts from earth
She makes familiar with a heaven unseen,
And shows him glories yet to be revealed.
Not slothful he, though seeming unemployed,
And censured oft as useless. Stillest streams
Oft water fairest meadows, and the bird
That flutters least is longest on the wing.
Ask him, indeed, what trophies he has raised,
Or what achievements of immortal fame
He purposes, and he shall answer—None.
His warfare is within. There unfatigued
His fervent spirit labours. There he fights,
And there obtains fresh triumphs o'er himself,
And never-withering wreaths, compared with which,
The laurels that a Cæsar reaps are weeds.
Perhaps the self-approving haughty world,
That as she sweeps him with her whistling silks
Scarce designs to notice him, or, if she see,
Deems him a cipher in the works of God,
Receives advantage from his noiseless hours,
Of which she little dreams. Perhaps she owes
Her sunshine and her rain, her blooming spring,
And plenteous harvest, to the prayer he makes,
When, Isaac like, the solitary saint
Walks forth to meditate at eventide,
And think on her, who thinks not for herself.
Forgive him then, thou bustler in concerns
Of little worth, and idler in the best,
If, author of no mischief and some good,
He seek his proper happiness by means

That may advance, but cannot hinder, thine.
 Nor, though he tread the secret path of life,
 Engage no notice, and enjoy much ease,
 Account him an encumbrance on the state,
 Receiving benefits, and rendering none.
 His sphere though humble, if that humble sphere
 Shine with his fair example, and though small
 His influence, if that influence all be spent
 In soothing sorrow, and in quenching strife,
 In aiding helpless indigence, in works.
 From which at least a grateful few derive
 Some taste of comfort in a world of wo;
 Then let the supercilious great confess
 He serves his country, recompenses well
 The state, beneath the shadow of whose vine
 He sits secure, and in the scale of life
 Holds no ignoble, though a slighted, place.
 The man whose virtues are more felt than seen,
 Must drop indeed the hope of public praise;
 But he may boast, what few that win it can,
 That if his country stand not by his skill,
 At least his follies have not wrought her fall.
 Polite Refinement offers him in vain
 Her golden tube, through which a sensual world
 Draws gross impurity, and likes it well,
 The neat conveyance hiding all th' offence.
 Not that he peevishly rejects a mode
 Because that world adopts it. If it bear
 The stamp and clear impression of good sense,
 And be not costly more than of true worth,
 He puts it on, and for decorum sake
 Can wear it even as gracefully as she.
 She judges of refinement by the eye,
 He by the test of conscience, and a heart
 Not soon deceived; aware that what is base
 No polish can make sterling; and that vice,
 Though well perfumed and elegantly dressed,
 Like an unburied carcase tricked with flowers,

Is but a garnished nuisance, fitter far
 For cleanly riddance, than for fair attire.
 So life glides smoothly and by stealth away
 More golden than that age of fabled gold
 Renowned in ancient song ; not vexed with care
 Or stained with guilt, beneficent, approved
 Of God and man, and peaceful in its end.
 So glide my life away, and so at last,
 My share of duties decently fulfilled,
 May some disease, not tardy to perform
 Its destined office, yet with gentle stroke,
 Dismiss me weary to a safe retreat,
 Beneath the turf that I have often trod.

It shall not grieve me then, that once, when called
 To dress a Sofa with the flowers of verse,
 I played awhile, obedient to the fair,
 With that light task ; but soon, to please her more,
 Whom flowers alone I knew would little please,
 Let fall th' unfinished wreath, and roved for fruit ;
 Roved far and gathered much : some harsh, 'tis true,
 Picked from the thorns and briers of reproof,
 But wholesome, well digested, grateful some
 To palates that can taste immortal truth ;
 Insipid else, and sure to be despised ;
 But all is in His hand, whose praise I seek.
 In vain the poet sings, and the world hears,
 If He regard not, though divine the theme.
 'Tis not in artful measures, in the chime
 And idle tinkling of a minstrel's lyre,
 To charm his ear, whose eye is on the heart ;
 Whose frown can disappoint the proudest strain,
 Whose approbation—prosper even mine.

AN EPISTLE

- TO

JOSEPH HILL, ESQ.

DEAR JOSEPH—five and twenty years ago—
Alas, how time escapes !—'tis even so—
With frequent intercourse, and always sweet,
And always friendly, we were wont to cheat
A tedious hour—and now we never meet !
As some grave gentleman in Terence says,
('Twas therefore much the same in ancient days)
Good lack, we know not what to-morrow brings—
Strange fluctuation of all human things !
True. Changes will befall, and friends may part,
But distance only cannot change the heart :
And, were I called to prove th' assertion true,
One proof should serve—a reference to you.

Whence comes it then, that in the wane of life,
Though nothing have occurred to kindle strife,
We find the friends we fancied we had won,
Though numerous once, reduced to few or none ?
Can gold grow worthless, that has stood the touch ?
No ; gold they seemed ; but they were never such.

Horatio's servant once, with bow and cringe,
Swinging the parlour door upon its hinge,
Dreading a negative, and overawed
Lest he should trespass, begged to go abroad.
Go, fellow ?—whither ?—turning short about—
Nay. Stay at home—you're always going out.
'Tis but a step sir, just at the street's end—
For what ?—An please you, sir, to see a friend.—
A friend ! Horatio cried, and seemed to start—
Yea, marry shalt thou, and with all my heart.—
And fetch my cloak ; for, though the night be raw,
I'll see him too—the first I ever saw.

I knew the man, and knew his nature mild,

And was his plaything often when a child ;
But somewhat at that moment pinched him close,
Else he was seldom bitter or morose.
Perhaps his confidence just then betrayed,
His grief might prompt him with the speech he made,
Perhaps 'twas mere good humour gave it birth,
The harmless play of pleasantry and mirth,
Howe'er it was, his language, in my mind,
Bespoke at least a man that knew mankind.

But not to moralize too much, and strain
To prove an evil, of which all complain,
(I hate long arguments verbosely spun)
One story more, dear Hill, and I have done.
Once on a time an emperor, a wise man,
No matter where, in China, or Japan,
Decreed, that whosoever should offend
Against the well known duties of a friend,
Convicted once should ever after wear
But half a coat, and show his bosom bare.
The punishment importing this, no doubt,
That all was naught within, and all found out.

O happy Britain ! we have not to fear
Such hard and arbitrary measure here ;
Else, could a law, like that which I relate,
Once have the sanction of our triple state,
Some few, that I have known in days of old,
Would run most dreadful risk of catching cold ;
While you, my friend, whatever wind should blow,
Might traverse England safely to and fro,
An honest man, close buttoned to the chin,
Broadcloth without, and a warm heart within.

TIROCINIUM:

OR,

A REVIEW OF SCHOOLS.

Κεφάλιον δὲ παιδείας ὀρθὴ τροφή. *Plato.*
 Ἀρχὴ πολιτείας ἀπάσης νεῶν τροφή. *Diog. Laert.*

TO THE

REV. WM. CAWTHORNE UNWIN,

Rector of Stock in Essex, the tutor of his two sons, the following poem, recommending private tuition, in preference to an education at school, is inscribed by his affectionate friend,
Olney, Nov. 6th, 1784.

WILLIAM COWPER.

It is not from his form, in which we trace
 Strength joined with beauty, dignity with grace,
 That man, the master of this globe, derives
 His right of empire over all that lives.
 That form indeed, th' associate of a mind
 Vast in its powers, ethereal in its kind,
 That form, the labour of almighty skill,
 Framed for the service of a freeborn will,
 Asserts precedence, and bespeaks control,
 But borrows all its grandeur from the soul.
 Hers is the state, the splendour, and the throne,
 An intellectual kingdom, all her own.
 For her the Memory fills her ample page
 With truths poured down from every distant age
 For her amasses an unbounded store,
 The wisdom of great nations, now no more ;
 Though laden, not encumbered with her spoil ;
 Laborious, yet unconscious of her toil ;
 When copiously supplied, then most enlarged ;
 Still to be fed, and not to be surcharged.
 For her the Fancy, roving unconfined,
 The present muse of every pensive mind,
 Works magic wonders ; adds a brighter hue
 To Nature's scenes than Nature ever knew.

At her command winds rise, and waters roar,
Again she lays them slumbering on the shore,
With flower and fruit the wilderness supplies,
Or bids the rocks in ruder pomp to rise.
For her the Judgment, umpire in the strife,
That Grace and Nature have to wage through life,
Quick-sighted arbiter of good and ill,
Appointed sage preceptor to the Will,
Condemns, approves, and with a faithful voice
Guides the decision of a doubtful choice.

Why did the fiat of a God give birth
To yon fair Sun, and his attendant Earth?
And, when descending, he resigns the skies,
Why takes the gentler Moon her turn to rise,
Whom Ocean feels through all his countless waves,
And owns her power on every shore he laves?
Why do the seasons still enrich the year,
Fruitful and young as in their first career?
Spring hangs her infant blossoms on the trees,
Rocked in the cradle of the western breeze;
Summer in haste the thriving charge receives
Beneath the shade of her expanded leaves,
Till Autumn's fiercer heats and plenteous dews
Dye them at last in all their glowing hues.—
'Twere wild confusion all, and bootless waste,
Power misemployed, munificence misplaced,
Had not its author dignified the plan,
And crowned it with the majesty of man.
Thus formed, thus placed, intelligent, and taught,
Look where he will, the wonders God has wrought,
The wildest scorner of his Maker's laws
Finds in a sober moment time to pause,
To press th' important question on his heart,
"Why formed at all, and wherefore as thou art?"
If man be what he seems, this hour a slave,
The next mere dust and ashes in the grave;
Endued with reason only to descry
His crimes and follies with an aching eye;

With passions, just that he may prove, with pain,
The force he spends against their fury vain;
And if, soon after having burnt, by turns,
With every lust, with which frail Nature burns,
His being end, where death dissolves the bond,
The tomb take all, and all be blank beyond ;
Then he, of all that Nature has brought forth,
Stands self-impeached the creature of least worth,
And useless while he lives and when he dies,
Brings into doubt the wisdom of the skies.

Truths, that the learned pursue with eager thought,
Are not important always as dear-bought,
Proving at last, though told in pompous strains,
A childish waste of philosophic pains ;
But truths, on which depends our main concern,
That 'tis our shame and misery not to learn,
Shine by the side of every path we tread
With such a lustre, he that runs may read.
'Tis true that, if to trifle life away
Down to the sunset of their latest day,
Then perish on futurity's wide shore
Like fleeting exhalations, found no more,
Were all that Heaven required of human kind,
And all the plan their destiny designed,
What none could reverence all might justly blame,
And man would breathe but for his Maker's shame.
But reason heard, and nature well perused,
At once the dreaming mind is disabused.
If all we find possessing earth, sea, air,
Reflect his attributes, who placed them there,
Fulfil the purpose, and appear designed
Proofs of the wisdom of th' all-seeing mind,
'Tis plain the creature, whom he chose t' invest
With kingship and dominion o'er the rest,
Received his nobler nature, and was made
Fit for the power in which he stands arrayed ;
That first, or last, hereafter, if not here,
He too might make his author's wisdom clear,

Praise him on earth, or, obstinately dumb,
 Suffer his justice in a world to come.
 This once believed, 'twere logic misapplied,
 To prove a consequence by none denied,
 That we are bound to cast the minds of youth
 Betimes into the mould of heavenly truth,
 That taught of God they may indeed be wise,
 Nor ignorantly wandering miss the skies.

In early days the conscience has in most
 A quickness, which in later life is lost :
 Preserved from guilty by salutary fears,
 Or guilty soon relenting into tears.
 Too careless often, as our years proceed,
 What friends we sort with, or what books we read
 Our parents yet exert a prudent care,
 To feed our infant minds with proper fare ;
 And wisely store the nursery by degrees
 With wholesome learning, yet acquired with ease
 Neatly secured from being soiled or torn
 Beneath a pane of thin translucent horn,
 A book (to please us at a tender age,
 'Tis called a book, though but a single page)
 Presents the prayer the Saviour deigned to teach
 Which children use, and parsons—when they preach
 Lispering our syllables, we scramble next
 Though moral narrative, or sacred text ;
 And learn with wonder how this world began,
 Who made, who marred, and who has ransacked
 man :

Points which, unless the Scripture made them plain
 The wisest heads might agitate in vain.
 O thou, whom, borne on Fancy's eager wing
 Back to the season of life's happy spring,
 I pleased remember, and, while memory yet
 Holds fast her office here, can ne'er forget ;
 Ingenious dreamer, in whose well-told tale
 Sweet fiction and sweet truth alike prevail ;
 Whose humorous vein, strong sense, and simple

May teach the gayest, make the gravest smile
 Witty, and well employed, and, like thy Lord,
 Speaking in parables his slighted word ;
 I name thee not, lest so despised a name
 Should move a sneer at thy deserved fame ;
 Yet e'en in transitory life's late day,
 That mingles all my brown with sober gray,
 Revere the man, whose *pilgrim* marks the road,
 And guides the *progress* of the soul to God.
 'Twere well with most, if books, that could engage
 Their childhood, pleased them at a riper age ;
 The man, approving what had charmed the boy,
 Would die at last in comfort, peace, and joy ;
 And not with curses on his heart, who stole
 The gem of truth from his unguarded soul.
 The stamp of artless piety impressed
 By kind tuition on his yielding breast,
 The youth now bearded, and yet pert and raw,
 Regards with scorn, though once received with awe ;
 And, warped into the labyrinth of lies,
 That babblers, called philosophers, devise,
 Blasphemes his creed, as founded on a plan
 Replete with dreams, unworthy of a man.
 Touch but his nature in its ailing part,
 Assert the native evil of his heart,
 His pride resents the charge, although the proof*
 Rise in his forehead, and seem rank enough :
 Point to the cure, describe a Saviour's cross
 As God's expedient to retrieve his loss,
 The young apostate sickens at the view,
 And hates it with the malice of a Jew.
 How weak the barrier of mere nature proves,
 Opposed against the pleasures nature loves !
 While self-betrayed, and wilfully undone,
 She longs to yield, no sooner wooed than one.
 Try now the merits of this blest exchange
 Of modest truth for wit's eccentric range.

* See 2 Chron. ch. xxvi. ver. 19.

Time was, he closed as he began the day
 With decent duty, not ashamed to pray ;
 The practice was a bond upon his heart,
 A pledge he gave for a consistent part ;
 Nor could he dare presumptuously displease
 A power, confessed so lately on his knees.
 But now farewell all legendary tales,
 The shadows fly, philosophy prevails ;
 Prayer to the winds, and caution to the waves ;
 Religion makes the free by nature slaves.
 Priests have invented, and the world admired
 What knavish priests promulgate as inspired ;
 Till reason, now no longer overawed,
 Resumes her powers, and spurns the clumsy fraud
 And, common sense diffusing real day,
 The meteor of the Gospel dies away.
 Such rhapsodies our shrewd discerning youth
 Learn from expert inquirers after truth ;
 Whose only care, might truth presume to speak,
 Is not to find what they profess to seek.
 And thus, well tutored only while we share
 A mother's lectures and a nurse's care ;
 And taught at schools much mythologic stuff *
 But sound religion sparingly enough .
 Our early notices of truth, disgraced,
 Soon lose their credit, and are all effaced.
 Would you your son should be a sot or dunce,
 Lascivious, headstrong, or all these at once ;
 That in good time the stripling's finished taste
 For loose expense, and fashionable waste,
 Should prove your ruin, and his own at last ;
 Train him in public with a mob of boys,
 Childish in mischief only and in noise,
 Else of a manish growth, and five in ten

* The author begs leave to explain.—Sensible that, without such knowledge, neither the ancient poet nor historians can be tasted, or indeed understood, he does not mean to censure the pains that are taken to instruct a schoolboy in the religion of the Heathen, but merely that neglect of Christian culture which leaves him shamefully ignorant of his own.

In infidelity and lewdness men.

There shall he learn, ere sixteen winters old,
That authors are most useful pawned or sold ;
That pedantry is all that schools impart,
But taverns teach the knowledge of the heart,
There waiter Dick, with Bacchanalian lays,
Shall win his heart, and have his drunken praise,
His counsellor and bosom friend shall prove,
And some street-pacing harlot his first love.
Schools, unless discipline were doubly strong,
Detain their adolescent charge too long ;
The management of tyros of eighteen
Is difficult ; their punishment obscene.
The stout tall captain, whose superior size
The minor heroes view with envious eyes,
Becomes their pattern, upon whom they fix
Their whole attention and ape all his tricks.
His pride, that scorns t' obey or to submit,
With them is courage ; his effrontery wit.
His wild excursions, window-breaking feats,
Robbery of gardens, quarrels in the streets,
His hairbreadth 'scapes, and all his daring schemes
Transport them, and are made their favourite themes.
In little bosoms such achievements strike
A kindred spark : they burn to do the like.
Thus, half-accomplished ere he yet begin
To show the peeping down upon his chin ;
And, as maturity of years comes on,
Made just th' adept that you designed your son ;
T' ensure the perseverance of this course,
And give your monstrous project all its force,
Send him to college. If he there be tamed,
Or in one article of vice reclaimed,
Where no regard of ord'nances is shown
Or looked for now, the fault must be his own.
Some sneaking virtue lurks in him, no doubt,
Where neither strumpets' charms, nor drinking bout,
Nor gambling practices, can find it out.

Such youths of spirit, and that spirit too,
Ye nurseries of our boys, we owe to you :
Though from ourselves the mischief more proceeds,
For public schools 'tis public folly feeds.
The slaves of custom and established mode,
With packhorse constancy we keep the road,
Crooked or straight, through quags or thorny dells,
True to the jingling of our leader's bells.
To follow foolish precedents, and wink
With both our eyes, is easier than to think :
And such an age as ours balks no expense,
Except of caution, and of common-sense ;
Else sure notorious fact, and proof so plain,
Would turn our steps into a wiser train.
I blame not those, who with what care they can,
O'erwatch the numerous and unruly clan ;
Or, if I blame, 'tis only that they dare
Promise a work, of which they must despair.
Have ye, ye sage intendants of the whole,
An ubiquarian presence and control,
Elisha's eye, that, when Gehazi strayed,
Went with him, and saw all the game he played ?
Yes—ye are conscious ; and on all the shelves
Your pupils strike upon, have struck yourselves.
Or if, by nature sober, ye had then,
Boys as ye were, the gravity of men ;
Ye knew at least, by constant proofs addressed
To ears and eyes, the vices of the rest.
But ye connive at what ye cannot cure,
And evils, not to be endured, endure,
Lest power exerted, but without success,
Should make the little ye retain still less.
Ye once were justly famed for bringing forth
Undoubted scholarship and genuine worth ;
And in the firmament of fame still shines
A glory, bright as that of all the signs,
Of poets raised by you, and statesmen, and divines.
Peace to them all ! those brilliant times are fled,

And no such lights are kindling in their stead.
Our striplings shine indeed, but with such rays,
As set the midnight riot in a blaze ;
And seem, if judged by their expressive looks,
Deeper in none than in their surgeons' books.

Say, muse, (for education made the song,
No muse can hesitate, or linger long)
What causes move us, knowing as we must,
That these *menageries* all fail their trust,
To send our sons to scout and scamper there,
While colts and puppies cost us so much care ?

Be it a weakness, it deserves some praise,
We love the playplace of our early days ;
The scene is touching, and the heart is stone,
That feels not at the sight, and feels at none.
The wall on which we tried our graving skill,
The very name we carved subsisting still ;
The bench on which we sat while deep employed,
Tho' mangled, hacked, and hewed, not yet destroyed ;
The little ones, unbuttoned, glowing hot,
Playing our games, and on the very spot ;
As happy as we once, to kneel and draw
The chalky ring, and knuckle down at taw ;
To pitch the ball into the grounded hat,
Or drive it devious with a dexterous pat ;
The pleasing spectacle at once excites
Such recollection of our own delights,
That, viewing it, we seem almost t' obtain
Our innocent sweet simple years again.
This fond attachment to the well-known place,
Whence first we started into life's long race,
Maintains its hold with such unfailing sway,
We feel it e'en in age, and at our latest day.
Hark ! how the sire of chits, whose future share
Of classic food begins to be his care,
With his own likeness placed on either knee,
Indulges all a father's heart-felt glee ;
And tells them, as he strokes their silver locks,

That they must soon learn Latin, and to box ;
Then turning he regales his listening wife
With all th' adventures of his early life ;
His skill in coachmanship, or driving chaise,
In bilking tavern bills, and spouting plays ;
What shifts he used, detected in a scrape,
How he was flogged, or had the luck t' escape,
What sums he lost at play, and how he sold
Watch, seals, and all—till all his pranks are told.
Retracing thus his *frolics*, ('tis a name
That palliates deeds of folly and of shame)
He gives the local bias all its sway ;
Resolved that where he played his sons shall play,
And destines their bright genius to be shown
Just in the scene where he displayed his own.
The meek and bashful boy will soon be taught
To be as bold and forward as he ought ;
The rude will scuffle through with ease enough,
Great schools suit best the sturdy and the rough.
Ah happy designation, prudent choice,
Th' event is sure ; expect it ; and rejoice !
Soon see your wish fulfilled in either child,
The pert made perter, and the tame made wild.
The great indeed, by titles, riches, birth,
Excused th' encumbrance of more solid worth,
Are best disposed of where with most success
They may acquire that confident address,
Those habits of profuse and lewd expense,
That scorn of all delights but those of sense,
Which, though in plain plebeians we condemn,
With so much reason all expect from them.
But families of less illustrious fame,
Whose chief distinction is their spotless name,
Whose heirs, their honours none, their income small,
Must shine by true desert, or not at all,
What dream they of, that with so little care
They risk their hopes, their dearest treasure, there ?
They dream of little Charles or William graced.

With wig prolix, down flowing to his waist ·
 They see th' attentive crowds his talents draw,
 They hear him speak—the oracle of law.
 The father, who designs his babe a priest,
 Dreams him episcopally such at least ;
 And, while the playful jockey scours the room
 Briskly, astride upon the parlour broom,
 In fancy sees him more superbly ride
 In coach with purple lined, and mitres on its side.
 Events improbable and strange as these,
 Which only a parental eye foresees,
 A public school shall bring to pass with ease.
 But how ? resides such virtue in that air
 As must create an appetite for prayer ?
 And will it breathe into him all the zeal,
 That candidates for such a prize should feel,
 To take the lead and be the foremost still
 In all true worth and literary skill ?
 “ Ah blind to bright futurity, untaught
 The knowledge of the world, and dull of thought !
 Church ladders are not always mounted best
 By learned clerks, and Latinists professed.
 Th' exalted prize demands an upward look,
 Not to be found by poring on a book.
 Small skill in Latin, and still less in Greek,
 Is more than adequate to all I seek.
 Let erudition grace him, or not grace,
 I give the bauble but the second place :
 His wealth, fame, honours, all that I intend
 Subsist and centre in one point—a friend.
 A friend, whate'er he studies or neglects,
 Shall give him consequence, heal all defects.
 His intercourse with peers and sons of peers—
 There dawns the splendour of his future years :
 In that bright quarter his propitious skies
 Shall blush betimes, and there his glory rise.
Your Lordship, and Your Grace ! what school can
 teach

A rhetoric equal to those parts of speech ?
 What need of Homer's verse, or Tully's prose,
 Sweet interjections ! if he learn but those ?
 Let reverend churls his ignorance rebuke,
 Who starve upon a dogs-eared pentateuch,
 The Parson knows enough, who knows a duke."
 Egregious purpose ! worthyly begun
 In barbarous prostitution of your son ;
 Pressed on *his* part by means that would disgrace
 A scriv'ner's clerk, or footman out of place,
 And ending, if at last its end be gained,
 In sacrilege, in God's own house profaned.
 It may succeed ; and, if his sins should call
 For more than common punishment, it shall ;
 The wretch shall rise, and be the thing on earth
 Least qualified in honour, learning, worth,
 To occupy a sacred, awful post,
 In which the best and worthiest tremble most.

The *royal letters* are a thing of course,
 A King, that would, might recommend his horse ;
 And deans, no doubt, and chapters, with one voice,
 As bound in duty, would confirm the choice.
 Behold your bishop ! well he plays his part,
 Christian in name, and infidel in heart,
 Ghostly in office, earthly in his plan,
 A slave at court, elsewhere a lady's man.
 Dumb as a senator, and as a priest
 A piece of mere church-furniture at best ;
 To live estranged from God his total scope,
 And his end sure, without one glimpse of hope.
 But fair although and feasible it seem,
 Depend not much upon your golden dream ;
 For Providence, that seems concerned t' exempt
 The hallowed bench from absolute contempt,
 In spite of all the wrigglers into place,
 Still keeps a seat or two for worth and grace,
 And therefore 'tis, that, though the sight be rare,
 We sometimes see a Lowth or Bagot there.

Besides, school-friendships are not always found,
Though fair in promise, permanent and sound,
The most disint'rested and virtuous minds,
In early years connected, time unbinds ;
New situations give a different cast
Of habit, inclination, temper, taste ;
And he, that seemed our counterpart at first,
Soon shows the strong similitude reversed.
Young heads are giddy, and young hearts are warm,
And make mistakes for manhood to reform.
Boys are at best but pretty buds unblown,
Whose scent and hues are rather guessed than known ;
Each dreams that each is just what he appears.
But learns his error in maturer years,
When disposition, like a sail unfurled,
Shows all its rents and patches to the world.
If, therefore, e'en when honest in design,
A boyish friendship may so soon decline,
'Twere wiser sure t' inspire a little heart
With just abhorrence of so mean a part,
Then set your son to work at a vile trade
For wages so unlikely to be paid.

Our public hives of puerile resort,
That are of chief and most approved report,
To such base hopes, in many a sordid soul,
Owe their repute in part, but not the whole.
A principle, whose proud pretensions pass
Unquestioned, though the jewel be but glass—
'That with a world, not often over-nice,
Ranks as a virtue, and is yet a vice ;
Or rather a gross compound, justly tried,
Of envy, hatred, jealousy, and pride—
Contributes most perhaps t' enhance their fame,
And emulation is its specious name.
Boys, once on fire with that contentious zeal,
Feel all the rage, that female rivals feel ;
The prize of beauty in a woman's eyes
Not brighter than in theirs the scholar's prize,

The spirit of that competition burns
 With all varieties of ills by turns ;
 Each vainly magnifies his own success,
 Resents his fellow's, wishes it were less,
 Exults in his miscarriage, if he fail,
 Deems his reward too great, if he prevail,
 And labours to surpass him day and night,
 Less for improvement than to tickle spite.
 The spur is powerful, and I grant its force ;
 It pricks the genius forward in its course,
 Allows short time for play, and none for sloth ;
 And, felt alike by each, advances both ;
 But judge, where so much evil intervenes,
 The end, though plausible, not worth the means.
 Weigh, for a moment, classical desert
 Against a heart depraved and temper hurt ;
 Hurt too perhaps for life ; for early wrong,
 Done to the nobler part, affects it long ;
 And you are stanch indeed in learning's cause,
 If you can crown a discipline, that draws
 Such mischiefs after it, with much applause.

Connexion formed for interest, and endeared
 By selfish views, thus censured and cashiered ;
 And emulation, as engendering hate,
 Doomed to a no less ignominious fate :
 The props of such proud seminaries fall,
 The Jachin and the Boaz of them all.
 Great schools rejected then, as those that swell
 Beyond a size that can be managed well,
 Shall royal institutions miss the bays,
 And small academies win all the praise ?
 Force not my drift beyond its just intent,
 I praise a school as Pope a government ;
 So take my judgment in his language dressed,
 " Whate'er is best administered is best."
 Few boys are born with talents that excel,
 But all are capable of living well ;
 Then ask not, whether limited or large ?

But, watch they strictly, or neglect their charge?
If anxious only, that their boys may *learn*,
While *morals* languish, a despised concern,
The great and small deserve one common blame,
Different in size, but in effect the same.
Much zeal in virtue's cause all teachers boast,
Though motives of mere lucre sway the most;
Therefore in towns and cities they abound,
For there the game they seek is easiest found;
Though there in spite of all that care can do,
Traps to catch youth are most abundant too.
If shrewd, and of a well-constructed brain,
Keen in pursuit, and vigorous to retain,
Your son come forth a prodigy of skill;
As wheresoever taught, so formed, he will;
The pedagogue, with self-complacent air,
Claims more than half the praise as his due share.
But if, with all his genius, he betray,
Not more intelligent than loose and gay,
Such vicious habits as disgrace his name,
Threaten his health, his fortune, and his fame;
Though want of due restraint alone have bred
The symptoms, that you see with so much dread;
Unenvied there, he may sustain alone
The whole reproach, the fault was all his own.

O 'tis a sight to be with joy perused,
By all whom sentiment has not abused;
New-fangled sentiment, the boasted grace
Of those who never feel in the right place;
A sight surpassed by none that we can show
Though Vestris on one leg still shine below;
A father blest with an ingenious son,
Father, and friend, and tutor, all in one.
How!—turn again to tales long since forgot,
Æsop, and *Phædrus*, and the rest?—Why not?
He will not blush, that has a father's heart,
To take in childish plays a childish part;
But bends his sturdy back to any toy,

That youth takes pleasure in, to please his boy ;
Then why resign into a stranger's hand
A task as much within your own command,
That God and nature, and your interest too,
Seem with one voice to delegate to you ?
Why hire a lodging in a house unknown
For one whose tenderest thoughts all hover round
your own ?

This second weaning, needless as it is,
How does it lacerate both your heart and his !
Th' indented stick, that loses day by day
Notch after notch, till all are smoothed away,
Bear witness, long ere his dismissal come,
With what intense desire he wants his home.
But though the joys he hopes beneath your roof
Bid fair enough to answer in the proof,
Harmless, and safe, and natural as they are,
A disappointment waits him even there :
Arrived, he feels an unexpected change,
He blushes, hangs his head, is shy and strange,
No longer takes, at once, with fearless ease,
His favourite stand between his father's knees,
But seeks the corner of some distant seat,
And eyes the door, and watches a retreat,
And, least familiar where he should be most,
Feels all his happiest privileges lost.
Alas, poor boy !—the natural effect
Of love by absence chilled into respect,
Say, what accomplishments, at school acquired,
Brings he, to sweeten fruits so undesired ?
Thou well deserv'st an alienated son,
Unless thy conscious heart acknowledge—none ;
None that, in thy domestic snug recess,
He had not made his own with more address,
Though some, perhaps, that shock thy feeling mind,
And better never learned, or left behind.
And too, that, thus estranged, thou canst obtain
By no kind arts his confidence again ;

That here begins with most that long complaint
Of filial frankness lost, and love grown faint,
Which, oft neglected, in life's waning years
A parent pours into regardless ears.

Like caterpillars, dangling under trees
By slender threads, and swinging in the breeze,
Which filthily bewray and sore disgrace
The boughs in which are bred th' unseemly race ;
While every worm industriously weaves
And winds his web about the rivelled leaves ;
So numerous are the follies, that annoy
The mind and heart of every sprightly boy ;
Imaginations noxious and perverse,
Which admonition can alone disperse.
Th' encroaching nuisance asks a faithful hand,
Patient, affectionate, of high command,
To check the procreation of a breed
Sure to exhaust the plant on which they feed.
'Tis not enough, that Greek or Roman page,
At stated hours, his freakish thoughts engage ;
E'en in his pastimes he requires a friend,
To warn, and teach him safely to unbend ;
O'er all his pleasures gently to preside,
Watch his emotions, and control their tide :
And levying thus, and with an easy sway,
A tax of profit from his very play,
T' impress a value, not to be erased,
On moments squandered else, and running all to waste.

And seems it nothing in a father's eye,
That unimproved those many moments fly ?
And is he well content his son should find
No nourishment to feed his growing mind
But conjugated verbs, and nouns declined ?
For such is all the mental food purveyed
By public hackneys in the schooling trade ;
Who feed a pupil's intellect with store
Of syntax, truly, but with little more ;

Dismiss their cares, when they dismiss their flock,
Machines themselves, and governed by a clock.
Perhaps a father, blest with any brains,
Would deem it no abuse, or waste of pains,
T' improve this diet, at no great expense,
With savoury truth and wholesome common sense;
To lead his son for prospects of delight,
To some not steep, though philosophic height,
Thence to exhibit to his wondering eyes
Yon circling worlds, their distance, and their size ;
The moons of Jove, and Saturn's belted ball,
And the harmonious order of them all ;
To show him in an insect or a flower
Such microscopic proof of skill and power,
As, hid from ages past, God now displays,
To combat atheists with in modern days ;
To spread the earth before him, and commend,
With designation of the finger's end,
Its various parts to his attentive note,
Thus bringing home to him the most remote ;
To teach his heart to glow with generous flame,
Caught from the deeds of men of ancient fame :
And, more than all, with commendation due,
To set some living worthy in his view,
Whose fair example may at once inspire
A wish to copy what he must admire.
Such knowledge gained betimes, and which appears
Though solid, not too weighty for his years,
Sweet in itself, and not forbidding sport,
When health demands it, of athletic sort,
Would make him—what some lovely boys have been,
And more than one perhaps that I have seen—
An evidence and reprehension both
Of the mere school-boy's lean and tardy growth.
Art thou a man professionally tied,
With all thy faculties elsewhere applied,
Too busy to intend a meaner care,
Than how t' enrich thyself, and next thine heir ;

Or art thou (as though rich, perhaps thou art)
But poor in knowledge, having none t' impart :
Behold that figure, neat, though plainly clad ;
His sprightly mingled with a shade of sad ;
Not of a nimble tongue, though now and then
Heard to articulate like other men ;
No jester and yet lively in discourse,
His phrase well chosen, clear, and full of force ;
And his address, if not quite French in ease,
Not English stiff, but frank, and formed to please ;
Low in the world, because he scorns its arts ;
A man of letters, manners, morals, parts ;
Unpatronised, and therefore little known ;
Wise for himself and his few friends alone—
In him thy well appointed proxy see,
Armed for a work too difficult for thee ;
Prepared by taste, by learning, and true worth,
To form thy son, to strike his genius forth ;
Beneath thy roof, beneath thine eye, to prove
The force of discipline, when backed by love ;
To double all thy pleasure in thy child,
His mind informed, his morals undefiled.
Safe under such a wing, the boy shall show
No spots contracted among grooms below,
Nor taint his speech with meannesses, designed
By footman Tom for witty and refined.
There, in his commerce with the liv'ried herd,
Lurks the contagion chiefly to be feared ;
For since (so fashion dictates) all, who claim
A higher than a mere plebeian fame,
Find it expedient, come what mischief may,
To entertain a thief or two in pay,
(And they that can afford th' expense of more,
Some half a dozen, and some half a score,)
Great cause occurs, to save him from a band
So sure to spoil him, and so near at hand ;
A point secured, if once he be supplied
With some such Mentor always at his side.

Are such men rare ? perhaps they would abound,
Were occupation easier to be found,
Were education, else so sure to fail,
Conducted on a manageable scale,
And schools, that have outlived all just esteem,
Exchanged for the secure domestic scheme.—
But, having found him, be thou duke or earl,
Show thou hast sense enough to prize the pearl,
And, as thou wouldst th' advancement of thine heir
In all good faculties beneath his care,
Respect, as is but rational and just,
A man deemed worthy of so dear a trust.
Despised by thee, what more can he expect
From youthful folly than the same neglect ;
A flat and fatal negative obtains
That instant upon all his future pains ;
His lessons tire, his mild rebukes offend,
And all th' instructions of thy son's best friend
Are a stream choked, or trickling to no end.
Doom him not then to solitary meals ;
But recollect that he has sense and feels ;
And that, possessor of a soul refined,
An upright heart, and cultivated mind,
His post not mean, his talents not unknown,
He deems it hard to vegetate alone,
And, if admitted at thy board he sit,
Account him no just mark for idle wit ;
Offend not him, whom modesty restrains
From repartee, with jokes that he disdains ;
Much less transfix his feelings with an oath ;
Nor frown, unless he vanish with the cloth.
And, trust me, his utility may reach
To more than he is hired or bound to teach ;
Much trash unuttered, and some ills undone,
Through reverence of the censor of thy son.
But, if thy table be indeed unclean,
Foul with excess, and with discourse obscene,
And thou a wretch, whom, following her old plan,

The world accounts an honourable man,
Because forsooth thy courage has been tried,
And stood the test, perhaps, on the wrong side ;
Though thou hadst never grace enough to prove
That any thing but vice could win thy love ;—
Or hast thou a polite, card-playing wife,
Chained to the routs that she frequents for life ;
Who, just when industry begins to snore,
Flies, winged with joy, to some coach-crowded door,
And thrice in every winter throngs thine own
With half the chariots and sedans in town,
Thyself meanwhile e'en shifting as thou mayst :
Not very sober though, nor very chaste ;
Or is thine house, though less superb thy rank,
If not a scene of pleasure, a mere blank,
And thou at best, and in thy soberest mood,
A trifler vain, and empty of all good ;
Though mercy for thyself thou canst have none,
Hear nature plead, show mercy to thy son.
Saved from his home, where every day brings forth
Some mischief fatal to his future worth,
Find him a better in a distant spot,
Within some pious pastor's humble cot,
Where vile example (yours I chiefly mean,
The most seducing, and the oftenest seen,)
May never more be stamped upon his breast,
Nor yet perhaps incurably impressed.
Where early rest makes early rising sure,
Disease or comes not, or finds easy cure,
Prevented much by diet neat and plain ;
Or, if it enter, soon starved out again :
Where all th' attention of his faithful host,
Discreetly limited to two at most,
May raise such fruits as shall reward his care,
And not at last evaporate in air
Where, stillness aiding study, and his mind
Serene, and to his duties much inclined,
Not occupied in day-dreams, as at home,

Of pleasures past, or follies yet to come,
 His virtuous toil may terminate at last
 In settled habit and decided taste.—
 But whom do I advise? the fashion-led,
 Th' incorrigibly young, the deaf, the dead,
 Whom care and cool deliberation suit
 Not better much than spectacles a brute;
 Who, if their sons some slight tuition share,
 Deem it of no great moment whose, or where;
 Too proud t' adopt the thoughts of one unknown,
 And much too gay t' have any of their own.
 But courage, man! methought the muse replied,
 Mankind are various, and the world is wide:
 The ostrich, silliest of the feathered kind,
 And formed of God without a parent's mind,
 Commits her eggs incautious to the dust,
 Forgetful that the foot may crush the trust;
 And, while on public nurseries they rely,
 Not knowing, and too oft not caring, why,
 Irrational in what they thus prefer,
 No few, that would seem wise, resemble her.
 But all are not alike. Thy warning voice
 May here and there prevent erroneous choice;
 And some perhaps, who, busy as they are,
 Yet make their progeny their dearest care,
 (Whose hearts will ache, once told what ills may
 reach
 Their offspring, left upon so wild a beach,)
 Will need no stress of argument t' enforce
 Th' expedience of a less advent'rous course:
 The rest will slight thy counsel, or condemn;
 But *they* have human feelings, turn to *them*.
 To you then, tenants of life's middle state,
 Securely placed between the small and great,
 Whose character, yet undebauched, retains
 Two thirds of all the virtue that remains,
 Who, wise yourselves, desire your son should learn
 Your wisdom and your ways—to you I turn,

look round you on a world perversely blind ;
 see what contempt is fallen on human kind ;
 see wealth abused, and dignities misplaced,
 great titles, offices, and trusts disgraced,
 long lines of ancestry, renowned of old,
 their noble qualities all quenched and cold ;
 see Bedlam's closeted and hand-cuffed charge
 trampled in frenzy by the mad at large ;
 see great commanders making war a trade,
 great lawyers, lawyers without study made ;
 churchmen, in whose esteem their best employ
 odious, and their wages all their joy,
 who, far enough from furnishing their shelves
 with Gospel lore, turn infidels themselves ;
 see womanhood despised, and manhood shamed
 with infamy too nauseous to be named,
 pops at all corners, lady-like in mien,
 invited fellows, smelt ere they are seen,
 else coarse and rude in manners, and their tongue
 on fire with curses, and with nonsense hung,
 now flushed with drunkenness, now with whoredom
 pale,
 their breath a sample of last night's regale ;
 see volunteers in all the vilest arts,
 men well endowed, of honourable parts,
 designed by Nature wise, but self-made fools ;
 all these, and more like these, were bred at schools :
 and if it chance, as sometimes chance it will,
 that though school-bred, the boy be virtuous still,
 such rare exceptions, shining in the dark,
 prove, rather than impeach, the just remark :
 see here and there a twinkling star descried,
 serves but to show how black is all beside.
 now look on him, whose very voice in tone
 first echoes thine, whose features are thine own,
 and stroke his polished cheek of purest red,
 and lay thine hand upon his flaxen head,
 and say, My boy, th' unwelcome hour is come,

When thou, transplanted from thy genial home,
Must find a colder soil and bleaker air,
And trust for safety to a stranger's care ;
What character, what turn thou wilt assume
From constant converse with I know not whom ;
Who there will court thy friendship, with what views,
And, artless as thou art, whom thou wilt choose ;
Though much depends on what thy choice shall be,
Is all chance-medley, and unknown to me,
Canst thou, the tear just trembling on thy lids,
And while the dreadful risk forseen forbids,
Free too, and under no constraining force,
Unless the sway of custom warp thy course,
Lay such a stake upon the losing side,
Merely to gratify so blind a guide ?
Thou canst not ! Nature, pulling at thy heart
Condemns th' unfatherly, th' imprudent part.
Thou wouldst not, deaf to Nature's tenderest plea,
Turn him adrift upon a rolling sea,
Nor say, *Go thither*, conscious that there lay
A brood of asps, or quicksands in his way ;
Then, only governed by the self-same rule
Of natural pity, send him not to school.
No—guard him better. Is he not thine own,
Thyself in miniature, thy flesh, thy bone ?
And hop'st thou not (tis every father's hope)
That, since thy strength must with thy years elope,
And thou wilt need some comfort, to assuage
Health's last farewell, a staff of thine old age,
That then, in recompense of all thy cares,
Thy child shall show respect to thy gray hairs,
Befriend thee, of all other friends bereft,
And give thy life its only cordial left ?
Aware then how much danger intervenes,
To compass that good end, forecast the means.
His heart, now passive, yields to thy command,
Secure it thine, its key is in thy hand.
If thou desert thy charge, and throw it wide,

Nor heed what guests there enter and abide,
 Complain not if attachments lewd and base
 Supplant thee in it, and usurp thy place.
 But, if thou guard its sacred chambers sure
 From vicious inmates, and delights impure,
 Either his gratitude shall hold him fast,
 And keep him warm and filial to the last ;
 Or, if he prove unkind (as who can say
 But, being man, and therefore frail, he may ?)
 One comfort yet shall cheer thine aged heart,
 Howe'er he slight thee, thou hast done thy part.

Oh, barbarous ! wouldst thou with a Gothic hand,
 Pull down the schools—what !—all the schools i' th'
 land ;

Or throw them up to livery-nags and grooms,
 Or turn them into shops and auction-rooms ?—
 A captious question, sir (and yours is one,)
 Deserves an answer similar, or none.
 Wouldst thou, possessor of a flock, employ
 (Apprizd that he is such) a careless boy,
 And feed him well, and give him handsome pay
 Merely to sleep and let him run astray ?
 Survey our schools and colleges, and see
 A sight not much unlike my simile.
 From education, as the leading cause,
 The public character its colour draws ;
 Thence the prevailing manners take their cast,
 Extravagant or sober, loose or chaste.
 And, though I would not advertise them yet,
 Nor write on each—*This building to be let,*
 Unless the world were all prepared t' embrace
 A plan well worthy to supply their place ;
 Yet, backward as they are, and long have been,
 To cultivate and keep the *morals* clean,
 (Forgive the crime) I wish them, I confess,
 Or better managed; or encouraged less.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

THE YEARLY DISTRESS.

OR TITHING TIME AT STOCK, IN ESSEX.

Verses addressed to a country clergyman, complaining of the disagreeableness of the day annually appointed for receiving the dues of the parsonage.

COME, ponder well, for 'tis no jest,
To laugh it would be wrong
The troubles of a worthy priest,
The burden of my song.

The priest he merry is and blithe
Three quarters of a year,
But oh ! it cuts him like a scythe,
When tithing time draws near.

He then is full of fright and fears,
As one at point to die,
And long before the day appears
He heaves up many a sigh.

For then the farmers come jog, jog,
Along the miry road
Each heart as heavy as a log,
To make their payments good.

In sooth, the sorrow of such days
Is not to be expressed,
When he that takes and he that pays
Are both alike distressed.

Now all unwelcome at his gates
The clumsy swains alight,
With rueful faces and bald pates—
He trembles at the sight.

And well he may, for well he knows
Each bumpkin of the clan,
Instead of paying what he owes,
Will cheat him if he can.

So in they come—each makes his leg,
And flings his head before,
And looks as if he came to beg
And not to quit a score.

“And how does miss and madam do,
The little boy and all?”
“All tight and well. And how do you,
Good Mr. What-d’ye-call?”

The dinner comes, and down they sit :
Were e’er such hungry folks ?
There’s little talking, and no wit :
It is no time to joke.

One wipes his nose upon his sleeve,
One spits upon the floor
Yet not to give offence or grieve,
Hold up the cloth before.

The punch goes round, and they are dull
And lumpish still as ever ;
Like barrels with their bellies full,
They only weigh the heavier.

At length the busy time begins.
“Come, neighbours, we must wag—”
The money chinks, down drop their chins,
Each lugging out his bag.

One talks of mildew and of frost,
And one of storms of hail,
And one of pigs that he has lost
By maggots at the tail.

Quoth one, "A rarer man than you
In pulpit none shall hear :
But yet, methinks, to tell you true,
You sell it plaguy dear."

O why are farmers made so coarse,
Or clergy made so fine ?
A kick, that scarce would move a horse,
May kill a sound divine.

Then let the boobies stay at home ;
'Twould cost him, I dare say,
Less trouble taking twice the sum,
Without the clowns that pay.

SONNET

ADDRESSED TO HENRY COWPER, ESQ.

On his emphatical and interesting Delivery of the Defence of Warren Hastings, Esq., in the House of Lords.

COWPER, whose silver voice, tasked sometimes hard,
Legends prolix delivers in the ears
(Attentive when thou read'st) of England's peers,
Let verse at length yield thee thy just reward,

Thou wast not heard with drowsy disregard,
Expending late on all that length of plea
Thy generous powers ; but silence honoured thee,
Mute as e'er gazed on orator or bard.

Thou art not voice alone, but hast beside
Both heart and head ; and couldst with music
sweet
Of Attic phrase and senatorial tone,
Like thy renowned forefathers, far and wide
Thy fame diffuse, praised not for utterance meet
Of *others'* speech, but *magic of thy own*.

LINES

ADDRESSED TO DR. DARWIN,

Author of the "Botanic Garden."

Two Poets* (poets, by report,
Not oft so well agree,)
Sweet Harmonist of Flora's court!
Conspire to honour Thee.

They best can judge a poet's worth,
Who oft themselves have known
The pangs of a poetic birth
By labours of their own.

We therefore, pleased, extol thy song,
Though various yet complete,
Rich in embellishment, as strong
And learned as 'tis sweet.

No envy mingles with our praise,
Though, could our hearts repine
At any poet's happier lays,
They would—they must at thine.

But we in mutual bondage knit
Of friendship's closest tie,
Can gaze on even Darwin's wit
With an unjaundiced eye;

And deem the bard, whoever he be,
And howsoever known,
Who would not twine a wreath for Thee,
Unworthy of his own.

* Alluding to the poem by Mr. Haley, which accompanied these lines.

Never hear the sweet music of speech,
I start at the sound of my own.
The beasts, that roam over the plain,
My form with indifference see ;
They are so unacquainted with man,
Their tameness is shocking to me.

Society, friendship, and love,
Divinely bestowed upon man,
O, had I the wings of a dove,
How soon would I taste you again !
My sorrows I then might assuage
In the ways of religion and truth,
Might learn from the wisdom of age,
And be cheered by the sallies of youth.

Religion ! what treasure untold
Resides in that heavenly word !
More precious than silver and gold,
Or all that this earth can afford.
But the sound of the church-going bell
These valleys and rocks never heard,
Never sighed at the sound of a knell,
Or smiled when a sabbath appeared

Ye winds that have made me your sport,
Convey to this desolate shore
Some cordial endearing report
Of a land I shall visit no more.
My friends, do they now and then send
A wish or a thought after me ?
O tell me I yet have a friend,
Though a friend I am never to see.

How fleet is a glance of the mind !
Compared with the speed of its flight,
The tempest itself lags behind,
And the swift winged arrows of light.

When I think of my own native land,
In a moment I seem to be there ;
But alas ! recollection at hand
Soon hurries me back to despair.

But the seafowl is gone to her nest,
The beast has laid down in his lair ;
Even here is a season of rest,
And I to my cabin repair.
There's mercy in every place,
And mercy, encouraging thought !
Gives even affliction a grace,
And reconciles man to his lot.

ON THE

PROMOTION OF EDWARD THURLOW, ESQ.

To the Lord High Chancellorship of England.

ROUND Thurlow's head in early youth,
And in his sportive days,
Fair Science poured the light of truth,
And Genius shed his rays.

See ! with united wonder cried
Th' experienced and the sage,
Ambition in a boy supplied,
With all the skill of age !

Discernment, eloquence, and grace,
Proclaim him born to sway
The balance in the highest place,
And bear the palm away.

The praise bestowed was just and wise ;
He sprang impetuous forth,
Secure of conquest, where the prize
Attends superior worth.

So the best courser on the plain
Ere yet he starts is known,
And does but at the goal obtain,
What all had deemed his own.

ODE TO PEACE.

COME, peace of mind, delightful guest.
Return, and make thy downy nest
Once more in this sad heart :
Nor riches I nor power pursue,
Nor hold forbidden joys in view ;
We therefore need not part.

Where wilt thou dwell, if not with me,
From avarice and ambition free,
And pleasure's fatal wiles ?
For whom, alas ! dost thou prepare
The sweets that I was wont to share,
The banquet of thy smiles ?

The great, the gay, shall they partake
The heaven that thou alone canst make,
And wilt thou quit the stream
That murmurs through the dewy mead,
The grove and the sequestered shed,
To be a guest with them ?

For thee I panted, thee I prized,
For thee I gladly sacrificed
Whate'er I loved before ;
And shall I see thee start away,
And helpless, hopeless, hear thee say—
Farewell ! we meet no more ?

HUMAN FRAILTY.

WEAK and irresolute is man
The purpose of to-day,
Woven pains into his plan,
To-morrow rends away.

The bow well bent, and smart the spring,
Vice seems already slain ;
But passion rudely snaps the string,
And it revives again.

Some foe to his upright intent
Finds out his weaker part ;
Virtue engages his assent,
But pleasure wins his heart.

'Tis here the folly of the wise
Through all his art we view ;
And, while his tongue the charge denies,
His conscience owns it true.

Bound on a voyage of awful length,
And dangers little known,
A stranger to superior strength,
Man vainly trusts his own.

But oars alone can ne'er prevail
To reach the distant coast ;
The breath of heaven must swell the sail,
Or all the toil is lost.

THE MODERN PATRIOT.

REBELLION is my theme all day ;
I only wish 't would come
(As who knows but perhaps it may ?)
A little nearer home.

Yon roaring boys, who rave and fight
 On t' other side th' Atlantic,
 I always held them in the right,
 But most so when most fiantic.

When lawless mobs insult the court,
 That man shall be my toast,
 If breaking windows be the sport,
 Who bravely breaks the most.

But oh ! for him my fancy culls
 The choicest flowers she bears,
 Who constitutionally pulls
 Your house about your ears.

Such civil broils are my delight,
 Though some folks can't endure them,
 Who say the mob are mad outright,
 And that a rope must cure them.

A rope ! I wish we patriot had
 Such strings for all who need 'em—
 What ! hang a man for going mad !
 Then farewell British freedom.

ON OBSERVING SOME NAMES OF LITTLE NOTE RECORDED IN
 THE BIOGRAPHIA BRITANNICA.

Oh, fond attempt to give a deathless lot
 To names ignoble, born to be forgot !
 In vain, recorded in historic page,
 They court the notice of a future age :
 Those twinkling tiny lustres of the land
 Drop one by one from Fame's neglected hand ;
 Lethæan gulfs receive them as they fall,
 And dark oblivion soon absorbs them all.
 So when a child, as playful children use,
 Has burnt to tinder a stale last year's news,

The flame extinct, he views the roving fire—
There goes my lady, and there goes the squire,
There goes the parson, oh illustrious spark !
And there, scarce less illustrious, goes the clerk !

REPORT OF AN ADJUDGED CASE,
NOT TO BE FOUND IN ANY OF THE BOOKS.

BETWEEN Nose and Eyes a strange contest arose,
The spectacles set them unhappily wrong ;
The point in dispute was, as all the world knows.
To which the said spectacles ought to belong.

So Tongue was the lawyer, and argued the cause
With a great deal of skill, and a wig full of
learning ;
While chief baron, Ear sat to balance the laws,
So famed for his talent in nicely discerning.

In behalf of the Nose it will quickly appear,
And your lordship, he said, will undoubtedly find,
That the Nose has had spectacles always to wear,
Which amounts to possession time out of mind.

Then holding the spectacles up to the court—
Your lordship observes they are made with a
straddle

As wide as the ridge of the Nose is ; in short,
Designed to sit close to it, just like a saddle.

Again, would your lordship a moment suppose
('Tis a case that has happened, and may be
again)

That the visage or countenance had not a nose,
Pray who would, or who could, wear spectacles
then ?

On the whole it appears, and my argument shows,
With a reasoning the court will never condemn,

That the spectacles plainly were made for the Nose,
And the Nose was as plainly intended for them.

Then shifting his side (as a lawyer knows how,)
He pleaded again in behalf of the Eyes;
But what were his arguments few people know,
For the court did not think they were equally
wise.

So his lordship decreed with a grave solemn tone,
Decisive and clear, without one *if* or *but*—
That, whenever the Nose put his spectacles on,
By daylight or candlelight—Eyes should be shut!

ON THE BURNING OF LORD MANSFIELD'S LIBRARY,

TOGETHER WITH HIS MSS.,

By the mob, in the month of June, 1780.

So then—the Vandals of our isle,
Sworn foes to sense and law,
Have burnt to dust a nobler pile
Than ever Roman saw!

And MURRAY sighs o'er Pope and Swift.
And many a treasure more,
The well-judged purchase, and the gift,
That graced his lettered store.

Their pages mangled, burnt and torn,
The loss was *his alone*;
But ages yet to come shall mourn
The burning of *his own*.

ON THE SAME.

WHEN wit and genius meet their doom
In all devouring flame,

They tell us of the fate of Rome,
And bid us fear the same.

O'er MURRAY'S loss the Muses wept
They felt the rude alarm,
Yet blest the guardian care that kept
His sacred head from harm.

There Memory, like the bee, that's fed
From Flora's balmy store,
The quintessence of all he read
Had treasured up before.

The lawless herd, with fury blind,
Have done him cruel wrong ;
The flowers are gone—but still we find
The honey on his tongue

THE LOVE OF THE WORLD REPROVED ;

OR HYPOCRISY DETECTED*.

Thus says the prophet of the Turk,
Good Mussulman, abstain from pork ;
There is a part in every swine
No friend or follower of mine
May taste, what'er his inclination,
On pain of excommunication.
Such Mahomet's mysterious charge,
And thus he left the point at large.
Had he the sinful part expressed,
They might with safety eat the rest ;
But for one piece they thought it hard
From the whole hog to be debarred ;
And set their wit at work to find
What joint the prophet had in mind.

* It may be proper to inform the reader, that this piece has already appeared in print, having found its way, though with some unnecessary additions by an unknown hand, into the Leeds Journal without the author's privy.

Much controversy straight arose,
 These choose the back, the belly those;
 By some 'tis confidently said
 He meant not to forbid the head;
 While others at that doctrine rail,
 And piously prefer the tail.
 Thus, conscience freed from every clog,
 Mahometans eat up the hog.

You laugh—'tis well.—The tale applied
 May make you laugh on t' other side.
 Renounce the world—the preacher cries.
 We do—a multitude replies.
 While one as innocent regards
 A snug and friendly game at cards;
 And one, whatever you may say,
 Can see no evil in a play;
 Some love a concert, or a race;
 And others shooting, and the chase.
 Reviled and loved, renounced and followed,
 Thus, bit by bit the world is swallowed;
 Each thinks his neighbour makes too free,
 Yet likes a slice as well as he;
 With sophistry their sauce they sweeten,
 Till quite from tail to snout 'tis eaten.

ON THE DEATH

OF MRS. (NOW LADY) THROCKMORTON'S BULFINCH.

YE nymphs! if e'er your eyes were red
 With tears o'er hapless favourites shed,
 O share Maria's grief!
 Her favourite, even in this cage,
 (What will not hunger's cruel rage?)
 Assassinated by a thief.

Where Rhenus strays his vines among,
 The egg was laid from which he sprung,
 And, though by nature mute,

Or only with a whistle blest,
Well-taught he all the sounds expressed
Of flagelet or flute.

The honours of his ebon pole
Were brighter than the sleekest mole;
His bosom of the hue
With which Aurora decks the skies,
When piping winds shall soon arise,
To sweep away the dew.

Above, below, in all the house,
Dire foe alike of bird and mouse,
No cat had leave to dwell;
And bully's cage supported stood
On props of smoothest-shaven wood,
Large built and latticed well.

Well latticed—but the grate, alas!
Not rough with wire of steel or brass,
For bully's plumage sake,
But smooth with wands from Ouse's side,
With which, when neatly peeled and dried,
The swains their baskets make.

Night veiled the pole, all seemed secure:
When led by instinct sharp and sure,
Subsistence to provide,
A beast forth sallied on the scout,
Long-backed, long-tailed, with whiskered snout
And badger-coloured hide.

He, entering at the sturdy door
Its ample area 'gan explore;
And something in the wind
Conjectured, sniffing round and round,
Better than all the books he found,
Food chiefly for the mind.

Just then, by adverse fate impressed,
A dream disturbed poor bully's rest:

In sleep he seemed to view
A rat fast clinging to the cage,
And screaming at the sad presage,
Awoke and found it true.

For, aided both by ear and scent,
Right to his mark the monster went—
Ah, muse ! forbear to speak
Minute the horrors that ensued ;
His teeth were strong, the cage was wood—
He left poor bully's beak.

Oh had he made that too his prey ;
That beak whence issued many a lay
Of such mellifluous tone,
Might have repaid him well, I wote,
For silencing so sweet a throat,
Fast stuck within his own.

Maria weeps—the muses mourn—
So, when by Bacchanalians torn,
On Thracian Hebrus' side
The tree-enchanted Orpheus fell,
His head alone remained to tell
The cruel death he died.

THE ROSE.

THE Rose had been washed, just washed in a
shower
Which Mary to Anna conveyed,
The plentiful moisture encumbered the flower,
And weighed down its beautiful head.

The cup was all filled, and the leaves were all wet,
And it seemed to a fanciful view,
To weep for the buds it had left with regret
On the flourishing bush where it grew.

I hastily seized it, unfit as it was
For a nosegay, so dripping and drowned,
And swinging it rudely, too rudely, alas !
I snapped it, it fell to the ground.

And such, I exclaimed, is the pitiless part
Some act by the delicate mind,
Regardless of wringing and breaking a heart
Already to sorrow resigned.

This elegant rose, had I shaken it less,
Might have bloomed with its owner awhile ;
And the tear that is wiped with a little address,
May be followed perhaps by a smile.

THE DOVES.

REASONING at every step he treads,
Man yet mistakes his way,
While meaner things, whom instinct leads,
Are rarely known to stray.

One silent eve I wandered late,
And heard the voice of love ;
The turtle thus addressed her mate,
And soothed the listening dove :

Our mutual bond of faith and truth
No time shall disengage,
Those blessings of our early youth
Shall cheer our latest age :

While innocence without disguise,
And constancy sincere,
Shall fill the circle of those eyes.
And mine can read them there.

Those ills that wait on all below,
Shall ne'er be felt by me.

Or gently felt, and only so,
As being shared with thee.

When lightnings flash among the trees,
Or kites are hovering near,
I fear lest thee alone they seize,
And know no other fear.

'Tis then I feel myself a wife,
And press thy wedded side,
Resolved a union formed for life,
Death never shall divide.

But oh ! if fickle and unchaste,
(Forgive a transient thought)
Thou couldst become unkind at last,
And scorn thy present lot.

No need of lightnings from on high,
Or kites with cruel beak ;
Denied the endearments of thine eye,
This widowed heart would break.

Thus sang the sweet sequestered bird,
Soft as the passing wind ;
And I recorded what I heard,
A lesson for mankind.

A FABLE.

A RAVEN, while with glossy breast
Her new-laid eggs she fondly-pressed,
And on her wickerwork high mounted,
Her chickens prematurely counted.
(A fault philosophers might blame
If quite exempted from the same,)
Enjoyed at ease the genial day ;
'Twas April, as the bumpkins say,
The legislature called it May.

it suddenly a wind as high-
 ever swept a winter sky,
 look the young leaves about her ears,
 and filled her with a thousand fears,
 lest the rude blast should snap the bough,
 and spread her golden hopes below.
 It just at eve the blowing weather
 and all her fears were hushed together :
 and now, quoth poor unthinking Ralph.
 is over and the brood is safe ;
 nor ravens, though as birds of omen
 may teach both conjurers and old women,
 to tell us what is to befall,
 can't prophesy themselves at all.)
 The morning came, when neighbour Hodge,
 who long had marked her airy lodge,
 and destined all the treasure there
 as gift to his expecting fair,
 climbed like a squirrel to his dray,
 and bore the worthless prize away.

MORAL.

is Providence alone secures-
 every change both mine and yours :
 safety consists not in escape
 from dangers of a frightful shape ;
 an earthquake may be bid to spare
 the man, that's strangled by a hair.
 Fate steals along with silent tread,
 and oftenest in what least we dread ;
 it owns in the storm with angry brow,
 but in the sunshine strikes the blow.

A COMPARISON:

The lapse of time and rivers is the same,
 they speed their journey with a restless stream ;

The silent pace, with which they steal away
 No wealth can bribe, no prayers persuade to stay;
 Alike irrevocable both when past,
 And a wide ocean swallows both at last.
 Though each resemble each in every part,
 A difference strikes at length the musing heart
 Streams never flow in vain where streams abound,
 How laughs the land with various plenty crowned!
 But time, that should enrich the nobler mind,
 Neglected leaves a dreary waste behind.

ANOTHER.

ADDRESSED TO A YOUNG LADY.

SWEET stream, that winds through yonder glade,
 Apt emblem of a virtuous maid—
 Silent and chaste she steals along,
 Far from the world's gay busy throng;
 With gentle yet prevailing force,
 Intent upon her destined course;
 Graceful and useful all she does,
 Blessing and blest where'er she goes;
 Pure-bosomed as that watery glass,
 And heaven reflected in her face.

THE POET'S NEW-YEAR'S GIFT.

TO MRS. (NOW LADY) THROCKMORTON.

MARIA! I have every good
 For thee wished many a time,
 Both sad and in a cheerful mood,
 But never yet in rhyme.
 To wish thee fairer is no need,
 More prudent or more sprightly,
 Or more ingenious, or more freed
 From temper-flaws unsightly.

What favour then not yet possessed,
Can I for thee require,
In wedded love already blest,
To thy whole heart's desire ?

None here is happy but in part ;
Full bliss is bliss divine ;
There dwells some wish in every heart,
And doubtless one in thine.

That wish, on some fair future day,
Which fate shall brightly gild,
('Tis blameless, be it what it may,)
I wish it all fulfilled.

ODE TO APOLLO.

ON AN INK-GLASS ALMOST DRIED IN THE SUN.

PATRON of all those luckless brains,
That, to the wrong side leaning,
Indite much metre with much pains,
And little or no meaning :

Ah why, since oceans, rivers, streams,
That water all the nations,
Pay tribute to thy glorious beams,
In constant exhalations ;

Why, stooping from the noon of day,
Too covetous of drink,
Apollo, hast thou stolen away
A poet's drop of ink ?

Upborne into the viewless air
It floats a vapour now,
Impelled through regions dense and rare,
By all the winds that blow.

Ordained perhaps ere summer flies,
Combined with millions more,

To form an Iris in the skies,
Though black and foul before.

Illustrious drop! and happy then
Beyond the happiest lot,
Of all that ever past my pen,
So soon to be forgot!

Phœbus, if such be thy design,
To place it in thy bow,
Give wit, that what is left may shine
With equal grace below.

PAIRING TIME ANTICIPATED.

A. FABLE.

I SHALL not ask Jean Jacques Rousseau,*
If birds confabulate or no;
'Tis clear, that they were always able
To hold discourse, at least in fable;
And e'en the child, that knows no better
Than to interpret by the letter
A story of a cock and bull,
Must have a most uncommon scull.

It chanced then on winter's day,
But warm, and bright, and calm as May,
The birds, conceiving a design
To forestall sweet St. Valentine,
In many an orchard, copse, and grove,
Assembled on affairs of love,
And with much twitter and much chatter,
Began to agitate the matter.
At length a Bulfinch, who could boast
More years and wisdom than the most,
Entreated, opening wide his beak,

* It was one of the whimsical speculations of this philosopher, that all fables which ascribe reason and speech to animals should be withheld from children, as being only vehicles of deception. But what child was ever deceived by them, or can be, against the evidence of his senses?

A moment's liberty to speak ;
And, silence publicly enjoined,
Delivered briefly thus in mind :

My friends ! be cautious how ye treat
The subject upon which we meet :
I fear we shall have winter yet.

A Finch whose tongue knew no control
With golden wing, and satin poll,
A last year's bird, who ne'er had tried
What marriage means, thus pert replied :

Methinks the gentleman, quoth she,
Opposite in the apple-tree,
By his good will would keep us single
Till yonder heaven and earth shall mingle,
Or (which is likelier to befall)
Till death exterminate us all.
I'll marry without more ado,
My dear Dick Redcap, what say you ?

Dick heard, and tweedling, ogling, bridling,
Turning short round, strutting and sideling,
Attested, glad, his approbation
Of an immediate conjugation.
Their sentiments, so well expressed,
Influenced mightily the rest ;
All paired, and each pair built a nest.

But though the birds were thus in haste,
The leaves came not on quite so fast,
And Destiny, that sometimes bears
An aspect stern on man's affairs,
Not altogether smiled on theirs.
The wind, of late breathed gently forth,
Now shifted east, and east by north ;
Bare trees and shrubs but ill, you know
Could shelter them from rain or snow ;
Stepping into their nests, they paddled,

Themselves were chilled, their eggs were addled;
 Soon every father bird and mother
 Grew quarrelsome and pecked each other,
 Parted without the least regret,
 Except that they had ever met,
 And learned in future to be wiser,
 Than to neglect a good adviser.

M O R A L.

Misses ! the tale that I relate
 This lesson seems to carry—
 Choose not alone a proper mate,
 But proper time to marry.

THE DOG AND THE WATER-LILY.

NO FABLE.

THE noon was shady, and soft airs
 Swept Ouse's silent tide,
 When, 'scaped from literary cares,
 I wandered on his side.
 My spaniel, prettiest of his race,
 And high in pedigree,
 (Two nymphs* adorned with every grace
 That spaniel found for me.)
 Now wantoned, lost in flags and reeds,
 Now starting into sight,
 Pursued the swallows o'er the meads
 With scarce a slower flight.
 It was the time when Ouse displayed
 His lilies newly blown ;
 Their beauties I intent surveyed
 And one I wished my own.
 With cane extended far I sought
 To steer it close to land ;

* Sir Robert Gunning's daughters.

But still the prize, though nearly caught,
Escaped my eager hand.

Beau marked my unsuccessful pains
With fixed considerate face,
And puzzling set his puppy brains
To comprehend the case.

But with a cherup clear and strong,
Dispersing all his dream,
I thence withdrew, and followed long
The windings of the stream.

My ramble ended, I returned ;
Beau, trotting far before,
The floating wreath again discerned,
And plunging left the shore.

I saw him with that lily cropped
Impatient swim to meet
My quick approach, and soon he dropped
The treasure at my feet.

Charmed with the sight, the world, I cried,
Shall hear of this thy deed :
My dog shall mortify the pride
Of man's superior breed.

But chief myself I will enjoin,
Awake at duty's call,
To show a love as prompt as thine
To him who gives me all.

HE POET, THE OYSTER, AND SENSITIVE
PLANT.

AN Oyster cast upon the shore,
As heard, though never heard before,
Complaining in a speech well worded—
And worthy thus to be recorded :—

Ah, hapless wretch, condemned to dwell
For ever in my native shell ;
Ordained to move when others please,
Not for my own content or ease ;
But tossed and buffeted about,
Now *in* the water and now *out*.
'Twere better to be born a stone,
Of ruder shape, and feeling none,
Than with a tenderness like mine,
And sensibilities so fine !
I envy that unfeeling shrub,
Fast-rooted against every rub.

The plant he meant, grew not far off,
And felt the sneer with scorn enough ;
Was hurt, disgusted, mortified,
And with asperity replied.

When cry the botanists and stare,
Did plants called sensitive grow there ?
No matter when—a poet's muse is
To make them grow just where *she chooses*.

You shapeless nothing in a dish,
You that are but almost a fish,
I scorn your coarse insinuation,
And have most plentiful occasion
To wish myself the rock I view,
Or such another dolt as you :
For many a grave and learned clerk,
And many a gay unlettered spark,
With curious touch examines me,
If I can feel as well as he ;
And when I bend, retire and shrink,
Says—Well, 'tis more than one would *think* !
Thus life is spent (oh fie upon 't !)
In being touched, and crying—Don't !

A poet, in his evening walk,
O'erheard and checked this idle talk.
And your fine sense, he said, and yours,
Whatever evil it endures,

Deserves not, if so soon offended,
 Much to be pitied or commended.
 Disputes, though short, are far too long,
 Where both alike are in the wrong ;
 Your feelings in their full amount,
 Are all upon your own account.

You, in your grotto-work enclosed,
 Complain of being thus exposed ;
 Yet nothing feel in that rough coat,
 Save when the knife is at your throat,
 Wherever driven by wind or tide,
 Exempt from every ill beside.

And as for you, my Lady Squeamish,
 Who reckon every touch a blemish,
 If all the plants, that can be found
 Embellishing the scene around,
 Should droop and wither where they grow,
 You would not feel at all—not you.
 The noblest minds their virtue prove
 By pity, sympathy, and love :
 These, these are feelings truly fine,
 And prove their owner half divine.

His censure reached them as he dealt it,
 And each by shrinking shewed he felt it.

THE SHRUBBERY.

WRITTEN IN A TIME OF AFFLICTION.

OH, happy shades—to me unblest
 Friendly to peace, but not to me.
 How ill the scene that offers rest,
 And heart that cannot rest, agree !

This glassy stream, that spreading pine,
 Those alders quivering to the breeze,
 Might soothe a soul less hurt than mine,
 And please, if any thing could please.

But fixed unalterable Care
Foregoes not what she feels within,
Shows the same sadness every where,
And slights the season and the scene.

For all that pleased in wood or lawn,
While Peace possessed these silent bowers,
Her animating smile withdrawn,
Has lost its beauties and its powers.

The saint or moralist should tread
This moss-grown alley musing, slow ;
They seek like me the secret shade,
But not like me to nourish wo !

Me fruitful scenes and prospects waste
Alike admonish not to roam ;
These tell me of enjoyments past,
And those of sorrows yet to come.

THE WINTER NOSEGAY.

WHAT Nature, alas ! has denied
To the delicate growth of our isle,
Art has in a measure supplied,
And winter is decked with a smile.
See, Mary, what beauties I bring
From the shelter of that sunny shed,
Where the flowers have the charms of the spring,
Though abroad they are frozen and dead.

'Tis a bower of Arcadian sweets,
Where Flora is still in her prime,
A fortress to which she retreats
From the cruel assaults of the clime.
While Earth wears a mantle of snow,
These pinks are as fresh and as gay
As the fairest and sweetest that blow
On the beautiful bosom of May.

See how they have safely survived
 The frowns of a sky so severe ;
 Such Mary's true love, that has lived
 Through many a turbulent year.
 The charms of the late blowing rose
 Seemed graced with a livelier hue,
 And the winter of sorrow best shows
 The truth of a friend such as you.

MUTUAL FORBEARANCE,

NECESSARY TO THE HAPPINESS OF THE MARRIED STATE.

THE lady thus addressed her spouse :
 What a mere dungeon is this house !
 By no means large enough : and was it,
 Yet this dull room, and that dark closet,
 Those hangings with their worn out graces,
 Long beards, long noses, and pale faces
 Are such an antiquated scene,
 They overwhelm me with the spleen.

Sir Humphrey, shooting in the dark,
 Makes answer quite beside the mark :
 No doubt, my dear, I bade him come,
 Engaged myself to be at home,
 And shall expect him at the door
 Precisely when the clock strikes four.

You are so deaf, the lady cried,
 (And raised her voice and frowned beside,)
 You are so sadly deaf, my dear,
 What shall I do to make you hear ?

Dismiss poor Harry ! he replies ;
 Some people are more nice than wise :
 For one slight trespass all this stir ?
 What if he did ride whip and spur,
 'Twas but a mile—your favourite horse
 Will never look one hair the worse.

Well, I protest 'tis past all bearing—
Child ! I am rather hard of hearing—
Yes, truly ; one must scream and ball :
I tell you, you can't hear at all !
Then, with a voice exceeding low,
No matter if you hear or no.

Alas ! and is domestic strife,
That sorest ill of human life,
A plague so little to be feared,
As to be wantonly incurred,
To gratify a fretful passion,
On every trivial provocation ?
The kindest and the happiest pair
Will find occasion to forbear :
And something, every day they live,
To pity, and perhaps forgive.
But if infirmities, that fall
In common to the lot of all,
A blemish or a sense impaired,
Are crimes so little to be spared,
Then farewell all that must create
The comfort of the wedded state ;
Instead of harmony, 'tis jar,
And tumult, and intestine war.

The love that cheers life's latest stage,
Proof against sickness and old age,
Preserved by virtue from declension,
Becomes not weary of attention ;
But lives, when that exterior grace,
Which first inspired the flame, decays,
'Tis gentle, delicate, and kind,
To faults compassionate or blind,
And will with sympathy endure
Those evils it would gladly cure :
But angry, coarse, and harsh expression
Shows love to be a mere profession ;
Proves that the heart is none of his,
Or soon expels him if it is.

THE NEGRO'S COMPLAINT.

FORCED from home and all its pleasures,
Afric's coast I left forlorn ;
To increase a stranger's treasures,
O'er the raging billows borne.
Men from England bought and sold me,
Paid my price in paltry gold ;
But, though slave they have enrolled me
Minds are never to be sold.

Still in thought as free as ever,
What are England's rights, I ask,
Me from my delights to sever,
Me to torture, me to task ?
Fleecy locks and black complexion
Cannot forfeit Nature's claim ;
Skins may differ, but affection
Dwells in white and black the same.

Why did all creating Nature
Make the plant for which we toil ?
Sighs must fan it, tears must water,
Sweat of ours must dress the soil.
Think, ye masters, iron-hearted,
Lolling at your jovial boards ;
Think how many backs have smarted
For the sweets your cane affords.

Is there, as ye sometimes tell us,
Is there one who reigns on high ?
Has he bid you buy and sell us,
Speaking from his throne the sky ?
Ask him, if your knotted scourges,
Matches, blood-extorting screws
Are the means that duty urges.
Agents of his will to use ?

Hark ! he answers—wild tornadoes,
 Strewing yonder sea with wrecks ;
 Wasting towns, plantations, meadows,
 Are the voice with which he speaks.
 He, foreseeing what vexations
 Afric's sons should undergo,
 Fixed their tyrant's habitations
 Where his whirlwinds answer—no.

By our blood in Afric wasted,
 Ere our necks received the chain ;
 By the miseries that we tasted,
 Crossing in your barks the main ;
 By our suffering since ye brought us
 To the man-degrading mart ;
 All, sustained by patience, taught us
 Only by a broken heart :

Deem our nation brutes no longer,
 Till some reason ye shall find
 Worthier of regard, and stronger
 Than the colour of our kind.
 Slaves of gold, whose sordid dealings
 Tarnish all your boasted powers,
 Prove that you have human feelings,
 Ere you proudly question ours !

PITY FOR POOR AFRICANS.

*'Video meliora proboque,
 Deteriora sequor.'*—

I own I am shocked at the purchase of slaves,
 And fear those who buy them and sell them are
 knaves ;
 What I hear of their hardships, their tortures, and
 groans,
 Is almost enough to draw pity from stones.

I pity them greatly, but I must be mum,
For how could we do without sugar and rum?
Especially sugar, so needful we see?
What, give up our desserts, our coffee, and tea?

Besides, if we do, the French, Dutch, and Danes,
Will heartily thank us, no doubt, for our pains;
If we do not buy the poor creatures, they will,
And tortures and groans will be multiplied still.

If foreigners likewise would give up the trade,
Much more in behalf of your wish might be said;
But, while they get riches by purchasing blacks,
Pray tell me why we may not also go snacks?

Your scruples and arguments bring to my mind
A story so pat, you may think it is coined,
On purpose to answer you, out of my mint;
But I can assure you I saw it in print.

A youngster at school, more sedate than the rest,
Had once his integrity put to the test;
His comrades had plotted an orchard to rob,
And asked him to go and assist in the job.

He was shocked, sir, like you, and answered—'Oh
no!

What! rob our good neighbour! I pray you don't
go;

Besides, the man's poor, his orchard's his bread,
Then think of his children, for they must be fed.'

'You speak very fine, and you look very grave,
But apples we want, and apples we'll have;
If you will go with us, you shall have a share,
If not, you shall have neither apple nor pear.'

They spoke, and Tom pondered—'I see they will
go:

Poor man! what a pity to injure him so!

Poor man ! I would save him his fruit if I could,
But staying behind would do him no good.

‘If the matter depended alone upon me,
His apples might hang till they dropped from the tree;
But, since they will take them, I think I’ll go too;
He will lose none by me, though I get a few.

His scruples thus silenced, Tom felt more at ease,
And went with his comrades the apples to seize ;
He blamed and protested, but joined in the plan ;
He shared in the plunder, but pitied the man.

THE MORNING DREAM.

’Twas in the glad season of spring,
Asleep at the dawn of the day,
I dreamed what I cannot but sing
So pleasant it seemed as I lay.
I dreamed, that, on ocean afloat,
Far hence to the westward I sailed,
While the billows high lifted the boat,
And the fresh-blowing breeze never failed.

In the steerage a woman I saw,
Such at least was the form that she wore,
Whose beauty impressed me with awe,
Ne’er taught me by woman before.
She sat, and a shield at her side
Shed light, like a son on the waves
And, smiling divinely, she cried—
‘I go to make freemen of slaves.’

Then raising her voice to a strain
The sweetest that ear ever heard,
She sung of the slave’s broken chain,
Wherever her glory appeared.

Some clouds which had over us hung,
Fled, chased by her melody clear,
And methought while she liberty sung,
'Twas liberty only to hear.

Thus swiftly dividing the flood;
To a slave-cultured island we came,
Where a demon, her enemy, stood—
Oppression his terrible name,
In his hand, as the sign of his sway,
A scourge hung with lashes he bore,
And stood looking out for his prey
From Africa's sorrowful shore.

But soon as approaching the land
That goddess-like woman he viewed,
The scourge he let fall from his hand,
With the blood of his subjects imbrued.
I saw him both sicken and die,
And the moment the monster expired,
Heard shouts that ascended the sky,
From thousands with rapture inspired.

Awaking how could I but muse
At what such a dream should betide?
But soon my ear caught the glad news,
Which served my weak thought for a guide—
That Britannia, renowned o'er the waves
For the hatred she ever has shown,
To the black-sceptered rulers of slaves,
Resolves to have none of her own.

THE NIGHTINGALE AND GLOW-WORM.

A NIGHTINGALE, that all day long
Had cheered the village with a song,
Nor yet at eve his note suspended,
Nor yet when eventide was ended,

Began to feel, as well he might,
The keen demands of appetite ;
When, looking eagerly around,
He spied far off, upon the ground,
A something shining in the dark,
And knew the glow-worm by his spark ;
So, stooping down from hawthorn top,
He thought to put him in his crop.
The worm, aware of his intent,
Harangued him thus, right eloquent :
Did you admire my lamp, quoth he,
As much I your minstrelsy,
You would abhor to do me wrong,
As much as I to spoil your song ;
For 'twas the self-same power divine
Taught you to sing, and me to shine ;
That you with music, I with light,
Might beautify and cheer the night.
The songster heard this short oration,
And warbling out his approbation,
Released him, as my story tells,
And found a supper somewhere else !

Hence jarring sectaries may learn
Their real interest to discern ;
That brother should not war with brother,
And worry and devour each other :
But sing and shine by sweet consent,
Till life's poor transient night is spent,
Respecting in each other's case
The gifts of nature and of grace.

Those Christians best deserve the name,
Who studiously make peace their aim ;
Peace, both the duty and the prize
Of him that creeps and him that flies.

ON A GOLDFINCH,

STARVED TO DEATH IN HIS CAGE.

TIME was when I was free as air,
The thistle's downy seed my fare,
My drink the morning dew ;
I perched at will on every spray,
My form genteel, my plumage gay,
My strains for ever new.

But gaudy plumage, sprightly strain,
And form genteel, were all in vain,
And of a transient date ;
For caught, and caged, and starved to death,
In dying sighs my little breath
Soon passed the wiry grate.

Thanks, gentle swain, for all my woes,
And thanks for this effectual close
And cure of every ill ;
More cruelty could none express ;
And I, if you had shown me less,
Had been your prisoner still.

THE PINE-APPLE AND BEE.

THE pine-apples, in triple row,
Were basking hot, and all in blow ;
A bee of most discerning taste,
Perceived the fragrance as he passed,
On eager wing the spoiler came,
And searched for crannies in the frame,
Urged his attempt on every side,
To every pane his trunk applied ;
But still in vain the frame was tight,
And only pervious to the light ;

Thus having wasted half the day,
He trimmed his flight another way.

Methinks, I said, in thee I find
The sin and madness of mankind.
To joys forbidden man aspires,
Consumes his soul with vain desires,
Folly the spring of his pursuit,
And disappointment all the fruit.
While Cynthio ogles, as she passes,
The nymph between two chariot glasses,
She is the pine-apple, and he
The silly unsuccessful bee.

The maid, who views with pensive air
The show-glass fraught with glittering ware,
Sees watches, bracelets, rings, and lockets,
But sighs at thought of empty pockets ;
Like thine, her appetite is keen,
But ah, the cruel glass between !
Our dear delights are often such,
Exposed to view, but not to touch ;
The sight our foolish heart inflames,
We long for pine-apples in frames ;
With hopeless wish one looks and lingers ;
One breaks the glass and cuts his fingers :
But they whom truth and wisdom lead,
Can gather honey from a weed.

HORACE. BOOK II. ODE X.

RECEIVE, dear friend, the truths I teach,
So shalt thou live beyond the reach
Of adverse Fortune's power
Not always tempt the distant deep,
Nor always timorously creep
Along the treacherous shore.

He that holds fast the golden mean,
And lives contentedly between

The little and the great,
Feels not the wants that pinch the poor,
Nor plagues that haunt the rich man's door
Imbittering all his state.

The tallest pines feel most the power
Of winter blasts ; the loftiest tower
Comes heaviest to the ground ;
The bolts, that spare the mountain's side,
His cloud-capt eminence divide,
And spread the ruin round.

The well-informed philosopher
Rejoices with a wholesome fear,
And hopes, in spite of pain ;
If Winter bellow from the north,
Soon the sweet Spring comes dancing forth,
And Nature laughs again.

What if thine heaven be overcast,
The dark appearance will not last ;
Expect a brighter sky.
The God that strings the silver bow,
Awakes sometimes the muses too,
And lays his arrows by.

If hindrances obstruct thy way,
Thy magnanimity display,
And let thy strength be seen ;
But O ! if fortune fill thy sail
With more than a propitious gale,
Take half thy canvass in.

REFLECTION ON THE FOREGOING ONE.

AND this is all ? Can Reason do no more,
Than bid me shun the deep, and dread the shore ?
Sweet meralist ! afloat on life's rough sea,
The christian has an art unknown to thee.

He holds no parley with unmanly fears ;
Where duty bids, he confidently steers,
Faces a thousand dangers at her call,
And, trusting in his God, surmounts them all.

THE LILY AND THE ROSE.

THE nymph must lose her female friend,
If more admired than she—
But where will fierce contention end,
If flowers can disagree ?

Within the garden's peaceful scene
Appeared two lovely foes
Aspiring to the rank of queen
The Lily and the Rose.

The Rose soon reddened into rage,
And, swelling with disdain,
Appealed to many a poet's page
To prove her right to reign.

The Lily's height bespoke command,
A fair imperial flower ;
She seemed designed for Flora's hand,
The sceptre of her power.

This civil bickering and debate
The goddess chanced to hear,
And flew to save, ere yet too late,
The pride of the parterre.

Yours is, she said, the nobler hue,
And yours the statelier mien ;
And, till a third surpasses you,
Let each be deemed a queen.

Thus, soothed and reconciled, each seeks
The fairest British fair :
The seat of empire is her cheeks,
They reign united there.

IDEM LATINE REDDITUM.

HEU inimicitias quoties parit æmula forma,
Quam raro pulchræ pulchra placere potest
Sed fines ultra solitos discordia tendit,
Cum flores ipsos bilis et ira movent.

Hortus ubi dulces præbet tacitosque recessus
Se rapit in partes gens animosa duas ;
Hic sibi regalis Amaryllis candida cultus,
Illic purpuero vindicat ore Rosa.

Ira Rosam et meritis quæsita superbia tangunt,
Multaque ferventi vix cohibenda sinu,
Dum sibi fautorum ciet undique nomina vatum
Jusque suum, multo carmine fulta, probat.

Altior emicat illa, et celso vertice nutat,
Ceum flores inter non habitura parem,
Fastidique alios, et nata videtur in usus
Imperii, sceptrum, Flora quod ipsa gerat.

Nec Dea non sensit civilis murmura rixæ,
Cui curæ est pictas pandere ruris opes,
Deliciasque suas nunquam non prompta tueri,
Dum licet et locus est, ut tueatur, adest.

Et tibi forma datur procerior omnibus, inquit ;
Et tibi, principibus qui solet esse, color ;
Et donec vincat quædam formosior ambas.
Et tibi reginæ nomen, et esto tibi.

His ubi sedatus furor est, petit utraque nympham,
Qualem inter Veneres Anglia sola parit ;
Hanc penes imperium est, nihil optant amplius, hujus
Regnant in nitidis, et sine lite, genis.

 THE POPLAR FIELD.

THE poplars are felled, farewell to the shade
 And the whispering sound of the cool colonnade ;
 The winds play no longer and sing in the leaves,
 Nor Ouse on his bosom their image receives.

Twelve years have elapsed, since I last took a view
 Of my favourite field, and the bank where they
 grew ;

And now in the grass behold they are laid,
 And the tree is my seat, that once lent me a shade.

The blackbird has fled to another retreat,
 Where the hazels afford him a screen from the heat,
 And the scene where his melody charmed me before,
 Resounds with his sweet-flowing ditty no more.

My fugitive years are all hasting away,
 And I must ere long lie as lowly as they.
 With a turf on my breast, and a stone at my head,
 Ere another such grove shall arise in its stead.

'Tis a sight to engage me, if any thing can,
 To muse on the perishing pleasures of man :
 Though his life be a dream, his enjoyments, I see,
 Have a being less durable even than he.*

 IDEM LATINE REDDITUM.

POPULÆ cecidet gratissima copia silvæ,
 Conticuere susurri, omnisque evanuit umbra.
 Nulle jam levibus se miscent frondibus auræ;
 Et nulla in fluvio ramorum ludit imago.

* Mr. Cowper afterwards altered this stanza in the following manner :

The change both my heart and my fancy employs,
 I reflect on the frailty of man and his joys ;
 Short-lived as we are, yet our pleasures we see,
 Have a still shorter date, and die sooner than we.

Hei mihi ! bis senos dum luctu torqueor annos,
His cogor silvis suetoque carrere recessu,
Cum sero rediens, stratasque in gramine cernens,
Insedī arboribus, sub quēis errare solebam.

Ah ubi nunc merulæ cantus ? Felicior illum
Silva tegit, duræ nondum permissa bipenni ;
Scilicet exustos colles camposque patentes
Odit, et indignans et non rediturus abivit.

Sed qui succisas doleo succidar et ipse,
Et prius huic parilis quam creverit altera silva
Flebor, et, exquīs parvis donatus, habebō
Defixum lapidum tumulique cubantis acervum.

Tam subito periisse videns tam digna manere,
Agnosco humanas sortes et tristia fata—
Sit licit ipse brevis, volucrique simillimus umbræ,
Est homini brevior citiusque obitura voluptas.

VOTUM.

O MATUTINI rores auræque salubres,
O nemora, et lætæ rivis felicibus herbæ,
Graminei colles, et amœnæ in vallibus umbræ !
Fata modo dederint quas olim in rure paterno
Delicias, procul arte, formidine novi.
Quam vellem ignotus, quod mens mea semper avebat,
Ante larem proprium placidam expectare, senectam,
Tum demum, exactis non infeliciter annis,
Sortiri tacitum lapidem, aut sub cespite condi.

TRANSLATION OF

PRIOR'S CHLOE AND EUPHELIA.

MERCATOR, vigiles oculos ut fallere possit,
Nomine sub ficto trans mare mittit opes ;
Lene sonat liquidumque meis Euphelia chordis
Sed solam exoptant te, mea vota, Chloë.

Ad speculum ornabat nitidos Euphelia crines,
 Cum dixit mea iux, Heus, cane, sume lyram,
 Namque lyram juxta positam cum carmine vidit,
 Suave quidem carmen dulcisonamque lyram.

Fila lyræ vocemque paro suspiria surgunt,
 Et miscent numeris murmura mœsta meis,
 Dumque tuæ memora laudes, Euphelia formæ,
 Tota anima interia pendet ab ore Chlees.

Subrubet illa pudore, et contrahit altera frontem,
 Me torquet mea mens conscia, psallo, tremo;
 Atque Cupidinea dixit Dea cincta corona,
 Heu ! fallendi artem quam didicere parum.

THE DIVERTING

HISTORY OF JOHN GILPIN.

Showing how he went farther than he intended, and came safe home again.

JOHN GILPIN was a citizen
 Of credit and renown,
 A train-band captain eke was he
 Of famous London town.

John Gilpin's spouse said to her dear,
 Though wedded we have been
 These twice ten tedious years, yet we
 No holiday have seen.

To-morrow is our wedding day
 And we will then repair
 Unto the Bell at Edmonton
 All in a chaise and pair.

My sister, and my sister's child,
 Myself, and children three,
 Will fill the chaise ; so you must ride
 On horseback after we.

He soon replied, I do admire
 Of womankind but one,

And you are she, my dearest dear,
Therefore it shall be done.

I am a linen-draper bold,
As all the world doth know,
And my good friend the calender
Will lend his horse to go.

Quoth Mrs. Gilpin, 'That's well said :
And for that wine is dear,
We will be furnished with our own,
Which is both bright and clear.

John Gilpin kissed his loving wife ;
O'erjoyed was he to find,
That, though on pleasure she was bent,
She had a frugal mind.

The morning came, the chaise was brought,
But yet was not allowed
To drive up to the door, lest all
Should say that she was proud.

So three doors off the chaise was stayed,
Where they did all get in ;
Six precious souls, and all agog
To dash through thick and thin.

Smack went the whip, round went the wheels,
Were ever folks so glad,
The stones did rattle underneath,
As if Cheapside were mad.

John Gilpin at his horse's side
Seized fast the flowing mane,
And up he got in haste to ride,
But soon came down again :

For saddle-tree scarce reached had he,
His journey to begin,

When, turning round his head, he saw
Three customers come in.

So down he came ; for loss of time,
Although it grieved him sore ;
Yet loss of pence, full well he knew,
Would trouble him much more.

'Twas long before the customers
Were suited to their mind,
When Betty screaming came down stairs,
" The wine is left behind !"

Good lack ! quoth he—yet bring it me,
My leathern belt likewise,
In which I bear my trusty sword,
When I do exercise.

Now mistress Gilpin (careful soul !)
Had two stone bottles found,
To hold the liquor that she loved,
And keep it safe and sound.

Each bottle had a curling ear,
Through which the belt he drew,
And hung a bottle on each side,
To make his balance true.

Then over all, that he might be
Equipped from top to toe,
His long red cloak, well brushed and neat
He manfully did throw.

Now see him mounted once again
Upon his nimble steed,
Full slowly pacing o'er the stones,
With caution and good heed.

But finding soon a smoother road
Beneath his well-shod feet,

The snorting beast began to trot,
Which galled him in his seat.

So, fair and softly, John he cried,
But John he cried in vain ;
That trot became a gallop soon,
In spite of curb or rein.

So stooping down, as needs he must,
Who cannot sit upright,
He grasped the mane with both his hands,
And eke with all his might.

His horse, who never in that sort
Had handled been before,
What thing upon his back had got,
Did wonder more and more.

Away went Gilpin, neck or naught,
Away went hat and wig ;
He little dreamt, when he sat out,
Of running such a rig.

The wind did blow, the cloak did fly,
Like streamers long and gay,
Till loop and button failing both,
At last it flew away.

Then might all people well discern
The bottles he had slung ;
A bottle swinging at each side,
As hath been said or sung.

The dogs did bark, the children screamed,
Up flew the windows all ;
And every soul cried out, Well done .
As loud as he could ball.

Away went Gilpin—who but he ?
His fame soon spread around,

He carries weight ! he rides a race !
'Tis for a thousand pound !

And still, as fast as he drew near,
'Twas wonderful to view,
How in a trice the turnpike men
Their gates wide open threw.

And now, as he went bowing down
His reeking head full low,
The bottles twain behind his back
Were shattered at a blow.

Down ran the wine into the road,
Most piteous to be seen,
Which made his horse's flanks to smoke
As they had basted been.

But still he seemed to carry weight,
With leathern girdle braced ;
For all might see the bottles' necks
Still dangling at his waist.

Thus all through merry Islington
These gambols he did play,
Until he came into the Wash
Of Edmonton so gay ;

And there he threw the wash about
On both sides of the way,
Just like unto a trundling mop,
Or a wild goose at play.

At Edmonton his loving wife
From the balcony spied
Her tender husband, wondering much
To see how he did ride.

Stop, stop, John Gilpin !—Here's the house—
They all aloud did cry ;

The dinner waits and we are tired ;
Said Gilpin—So am I !

But yet his horse was not a whit
Inclined to tarry there ;
For why ?—his owner had a house
Full ten miles off, at Ware.

So like an arrow swift he flew,
Shot by an archer strong ;
So did he fly—which brings me to
The middle of my song.

Away went Gilpin out of breath,
And sore against his will,
Till at his friend the calender's
His horse at last stood still.

The calendar, amazed to see
His neighbour in such trim,
Laid down his pipe, flew to the gate,
And thus accosted him :

What news ? what news ? your tidings tell ;
Tell me you must and shall—
Say why bareheaded you are come,
Or why you come at all ?

Now Gilpin had a pleasant wit,
And loved a timely joke ;
And thus unto the calender
In merry guise he spoke :

I came because your horse would come ;
And, if I well forebode,
My hat and wig will soon be here,
They are upon the road.

The calender right glad to find
His friend in merry pin,

Returned him not a single word,
But to the house went in ;

Whence straight he came with hat and wig ;
A wig that flowed behind,
A hat not much the worse for wear,
Each comely in its kind.

He held them up, and in his turn
That showed his ready wit,
My head is twice as big as yours,
They therefore needs must fit.

But let me scrape the dirt away,
That hangs upon your face ;
And stop and eat, for well you may
Be in a hungry case.

Said John, it is my wedding day,
And all the world would stare,
If wife should dine at Edmonton,
And I should dine at Ware.

So turning to his horse he said,
I am in haste to dine ;
'Twas for your pleasure you came here,
You shall go back for mine.

Ah luckless speech, and bootless boast !
For which he paid full dear ;
For, while he spoke, a braying ass
Did sing most loud and clear ;

Whereat his horse did snort, as he
Had heard a lion roar,
And galloped off with all his might,
As he had done before.

Away went Gilpin, and away
Went Gilpin's hat and wig

He lost them sooner than at first,
For why?—they were too big.

Now mistress Gilpin, when she saw
Her husband posting down
Into the country far away,
She pulled out half a crown;

And thus unto the youth she said,
That drove them to the Bell,
This shall be yours, when you bring back
My husband safe and well.

The youth did ride and soon did meet
John coming back amain;
Whom in a trice he tried to stop,
By catching at his rein;

But not performing what he meant
And gladly would have done,
The frightened steed he frightened more,
And made him faster run.

Away went Gilpin, and away
Went postboy at his heels,
The postboy's horse right glad to miss
The lumbering of the wheels.

Six gentlemen upon the road,
Thus seeing Gilpin fly,
With postboy scampering in the rear,
They raised the hue and cry,—

Stop thief! stop thief! a highwayman!
Not one of them was mute;
And all and each that passed that way
Did join in the pursuit.

And now the turnpike gates again
Flew open in short space;

The toll-men thinking as before
That Gilpin rode a race.

And so he did, and won it too,
For he got first to town ;
Nor stopped till where he had got up
He did again get down.

Now let us sing, long live the king,
And Gilpin, long live he ;
And, when he next doth ride abroad,
May I be there to see !

AN EPISTLE

TO AN

AFFLICTED PROTESTANT LADY IN FRANCE.

Madam,

A STRANGER'S purpose in these lays
Is to congratulate and not to praise.
To give the creature the Creator's due
Were sin in me, and an offence to you.
From man to man, or e'en to woman paid,
Praise is the medium of a knavish trade,
A coin by craft for folly's use designed,
Spurious, and only current with the blind.
The path of sorrow and that path alone,
Leads to the land where sorrow is unknown ;
No traveller ever reached that blest abode,
Who found not thorns and briers in his road,
The world may dance along the flowery plain,
Cheered as they go by many a sprightly strain,
Where Nature has her mossy velvet spread,
With unshod feet they yet securely tread,
Admonished, scorn the caution and the friend,
Bent all on pleasure, heedless of its end.
But he, who knew what human hearts would prove,
How slow to learn the dictates of his love,
That, hard by nature and of stubborn will,

A life of ease would make them harder still,
In pity to the souls his grace designed
To rescue from the ruins of mankind,
Called for a cloud to darken all their years,
And said, "Go, spend them in the vale of tears."
O balmy gales of soul-reviving air!
O salutary streams that murmur there!
These flowing from the fount of grace above,
Those breathed from lips of everlasting love.
The flinty soil indeed their feet annoys;
Chill blasts of trouble nip their springing joys;
An envious world will interpose its frown,
To mar delights superior to its own;
And many a pang, experienced still within,
Reminds them of their hated inmate, Sin:
But ills of every shape and every name,
Transformed to blessings, miss their cruel aim;
And every moment's calm that soothes the breast,
Is given in earnest of eternal rest.

Ah, be not sad, although thy lot be cast
Far from the flock, and in a boundless waste
No shepherd's tents within thy view appear,
But the chief Shepherd even there is near;
Thy tender sorrows and thy plaintive strain
Flow in a foreign land, but not in vain;
Thy tears all issue from a source divine,
And every drop bespeaks a Saviour thine—
So once in Gideon's fleece the dews were found
And drought on all the drooping herbs around.

TO THE

REV. W. CAWTHORNE UNWIN.

UNWIN, I should but ill repay
The kindness of a friend,
Whose worth deserves as warm a lay,
As ever friendship penned,

Thy name omitted in a page,
That would reclaim a vicious age.

A union formed, as mine with thee,
Not rashly, nor in sport,
May be as fervent in degree
And faithful in its sort,
And may as rich in comfort prove
As that of true fraternal love.

The bud inserted in the rind,
The bud of peach or rose,
Adorns, though differing in its kind,
The stock whereon it grows,
With flower as sweet, or fruit as fair
As if produced by nature there.

Not rich, I render what I may,
I seize thy name in haste,
And place it in this first essay,
Lest this should prove the last:
'Tis where it should be—in a plan,
That holds in view the good of man.

The poet's lyre, to fix his fame,
Should be the poet's heart;
Affection lights a brighter flame
Than ever blazed by art.
No muses on these lines attend,
I sink the poet in the friend.

TO THE REVEREND MR. NEWTON.

An Invitation into the Country.

THE swallows in their torpid state
Compose their useless wing,
And bees in hives as idly wait
The call of early Spring.

The keenest frost that binds the stream,
The wildest wind that blows,

Are neither felt nor feared by them,
Secure of their repose.

But man, all feeling and awake,
The gloomy scene surveys ;
With present ills his heart must ache,
And pant for brighter days.

Old winter, halting o'er the mead,
Bids me and Mary mourn :
But lovely Spring peeps o'er his head,
And whispers your return.

Then April, with her sister May,
Shall chase him from the bowers,
And weave fresh garlands every day,
To crown the smiling hours.

And if a tear that speaks regret
Of happier times, appear,
A glimpse of joy, that we have met,
Shall shine and dry the tear.

CATHARINA.

TO MISS STAPLETON, (NOW MRS. COURTNEY.)

SHE came—she is gone—we have met—
And meet perhaps never again ;
The sun of that moment is set,
And seems to have risen in vain.
Catharina has fled like a dream—
(So vanishes pleasure, alas !)
But has left a regret and esteem,
That will not so suddenly pass.

The last evening ramble we made,
Catharina, Maria, and I,
Our progress was often delayed
By the nightingale warbling nigh.

We paused under many a tree,
And much she was charmed with a tone
Less sweet to Maria and me,
Who so lately had witnessed her own.

My numbers that day she had sung,
And gave them a grace so divine
As only her musical tongue
Could infuse into numbers of mine.
The longer I heard, I esteemed
The work of my fancy the more,
And e'en to myself never seemed
So tuneful a poet before.

Though the pleasures of London exceed
In number the days of the year,
Catharina, did nothing impede,
Would feel herself happier here ;
For the close-woven arches of limes
On the banks of our river, I know,
Are sweeter to her many times
Than aught that the city can show.

So it is, when the mind is endued
With a well-judging taste from above ;
Then, whether embellished or rude,
'Tis nature alone that we love.

The achievements of art may amuse,
May even our wonder excite,
But groves, hills, and valleys, diffuse
A lasting, a sacred delight.

Since then in the rural recess
Catharina alone can rejoice,
May it still be her lot to possess
The scene of her sensible choice !
To inhabit a mansion remote
From the clatter of street-pacing steeds,
And by Philomel's annual note
To measure the life that she leads.

With her book, and her voice, and her lyre,
 To wing all her moments at home ;
 And with scenes that new rapture inspire,
 As oft as it suits her to roam ;
 She will have just the life she prefers,
 With little to hope or to fear,
 And ours would be pleasant as hers,
 Might we view her enjoying it here.

THE MORALIZER CORRECTED.

A TALE.

A HERMIT, (or if chance you hold
 That title now too trite and old)
 A man, once young, who lived retired,
 As hermit could have well desired
 His hours of study closed at last,
 And finished his concise repast,
 Stopped his cruise, replaced his book
 Within its customary nook,
 And, staff in hand, set forth to share
 The sober cordial of sweet air,
 Like Isaac, with a mind applied
 To serious thought at evening tide.
 Autumnal rains had made it chill,
 And from the trees, that fringed his hill,
 Shades slanting at the close of day
 Chilled more his else delightful way.
 Distant a little mile he spied
 A western bank's still sunny side,
 And right toward the favoured place
 Proceeding with his nimblest pace,
 In hope to bask a little yet,
 Just reached it when the sun was set.
 Your hermit, young and jovial sirs !
 Learns something from whate'er occurs—
 And hence, he said, my mind computes

The real worth of man's pursuits.
 His object chosen wealth or fame,
 Or other sublunary game,
 Imagination to his view
 Presents it decked with every hue
 That can seduce him not to spare
 His powers of best exertion there,
 But youth, health, vigour to expend
 On so desirable an end.
 Ere long approach life's evening shades,
 The glow that fancy gave it fades ;
 And, earned, too late, it wants the grace
 That first engaged him in the chase.

True, answered an angelic guide,
 Attendant at the senior's side—
 But whether all the time it cost,
 To urge the fruitless chase be lost,
 Must be decided by the worth
 Of that, which called his ardour forth.
 Trifles pursued, whate'er th' event,
 Must cause him shame or discontent :
 A vicious object still is worse,
 Successful there he wins a curse ;
 But he, who e'en in life's last stage
 Endeavours laudable engage,
 Is paid at least in peace of mind,
 And sense of having well designed ;
 And if, ere he attain his end,
 His sun precipitate descend,
 A brighter prize than that he meant
 Shall recompense his mere intent.
 No virtuous wish can bear a date
 Either too early or too late.

THE FAITHFUL BIRD.

THE greenhouse is my summer seat ;
 My shrubs displaced from that retreat

Enjoyed the open air ;
Two goldfinches, whose sprightly song
Had been their mutual solace long,
Lived happy prisoners there.

They sang, as blithe as finches sing,
That flutter loose on golden wing,
And frolic where they list ;
Strangers to liberty, 'tis true,
But that delight they never knew,
And therefore never missed.

But nature works in every breast,
With force not easily suppressed ;
And Dick felt some desires,
That after many an effort vain;
Instructed him at length to gain
A pass between his wires.

The open windows seemed t' invite
The freeman to a farewell flight ;
But Tom was still confined ;
And Dick, although his way was clear,
Was much too generous and sincere,
To leave his friend behind.

So settling on his cage, by play,
And chirp, and kiss, he seemed to say,
You must not live alone—
Nor would he quit that chosen stand
Till I, with slow and cautious hand,
Returned him to his own.

O ye, who never taste the joys
Of Friendship, satisfied with noise,
Fandango, ball, and rout !
Blush, when I tell you how a bird,
A prison with a friend preferred
To liberty without.

THE NEEDLESS ALARM,

A TALE.

THERE is a field through which I often pass,
Thick overspread with moss and silky grass,
Adjoining close to Kilwick's echoing wood,
Where oft the bitch-fox hides her hapless brood,
Reserved to solace many a neighbouring squire,
That he may follow them through break and brier,
Contusion hazarding of neck or spine
Which rural gentlemen call sport divine.
A narrow brook, by rushy banks concealed,
Runs in a bottom, and divides the field ;
Oaks intersperse it, that had once a head,
But now wear crests of oven-wood instead ;
And where the land slopes to its watery bourn
Wide yawns a gulf beside a ragged thorn ;
Bricks line the sides, but shivered long ago
And horrid brambles intertwine below ;
A hollow scooped, I judge, in ancient time,
For baking earth, or burning rock to lime.

Not yet the hawthorn bore her berries red,
With which the fieldfare, wintry guest, is fed ;
Nor autumn yet had brushed from every spray
With her chill hand, the mellow leaves away ;
But corn was housed, and beans were in the stack,
Now therefore issued forth the spotted pack,
With tails high mounted, ears hung low, and throats,
With a whole gamut filled of heavenly notes,
For which, alas ! my destiny severe,
Though ears she gave me two, gave me no ear.

The sun, accomplishing his early march,
His lamp now planted on Heaven's topmost arch,
When, exercise and air my only aim,
And heedless whither, to that field I came,
Ere yet with ruthless joy the happy hound
Told hill and dale, that Renard's track was found,

Or with the high-raised horn's melodious clang
All Killwick* and all Dingleberry* rang.

Sheep grazed the field! some with soft bosom
pressed

The herb as soft, while nibbling strayed the rest;
Nor noise was heard, but of the hasty brook,
Struggling, detained in many a petty nook.
All seemed so peaceful, that, from them conveyed,
To me their peace by kind contagion spread.
But when the huntsman with distended cheek,
'Gan make his instrument of music speak,
And from within the wood that crash was heard,
Though not a hound from whom it burst appeared,
The sheep recumbent, and the sheep that grazed;
All huddling into phalanx, stood and gazed,
Admiring, terrified, the novel strain,
Then coursed the field around, and coursed it round
again;

But, recollecting, with a sudden thought,
That flight in circles urged, advanced them naught:
They gathered close round the old pit's brink,
And thought again—but knew not what to think.

The man to solitude accustomed long,
Perceives in every thing that lives a tongue;
Not animals alone, but shrubs and trees
Have speech for him, and understood with ease;
After long draught, when rains abundant fall,
He hears the herbs and flowers rejoicing all;
Knows what the freshness of their hue implies,
How glad they catch the largess of the skies;
But, with precision nicer still, the mind
He scans of every locomotive kind;
Birds of all feather, beasts of every name,
That serve mankind, or shun them, wild or tame;
The looks and gestures of their griefs and fears
Have all articulation in his ears;
He spells them true by intuition's light,

* Two woods belonging to John Throckmorton, Esq.

And needs no glossary to set him right.

This truth premised was needful as a text,
To win due credence to what follows next.

Awhile they mused ; surveying every face,
Thou hadst supposed them of superior race :
Their periwigs of wool, and fears combined,
Stamped on each countenance such marks of mind,
That sage they seemed, as lawyers o'er a doubt,
Which, puzzling long, at last they puzzle out ;
Or academic tutors, teaching youth,
Sure ne'er to want them, mathematic truths ;
When thus a mutton, statelier than the rest,
A ram, the ewes and wethers sad addressed—

Friends ! we have lived too long. I never heard
Sounds such as these, so worthy to be feared.
Could I believe, that winds for ages pent
In earth's dark womb have found at last a vent.
And from their prison-house below arise,
With all these hideous howlings to the skies,
I could be much composed, nor should appear,
For such a cause, to feel the slightest fear.
Yourselves have seen, what time the thunders rolled,
All night, me resting quiet in the fold.
Or heard we that tremendous bray alone,
I could expound the melancholy tone ;
Should deem it by our old companion made,
The ass ; for he, we know, has lately strayed,
And being lost, perhaps, and wandering wide
Might be supposed to clamour for a guide.
But ah ! those dreaded yells what soul can hear
That owns a carcase, and not quake for fear ?
Demons produce them doubtless ; brazen-clawed
And fanged with brass the demons are abroad ;
I hold it therefore wisest and most fit,
That, life to save, we leap into the pit.
Him answered then his loving mate and true
But more discreet than he, a Cambrian ewe.
How ! leap into the pit our life to save ?

To save our life leap all into the grave?
 For can we find it less? Contemplate first
 The depth, how awful! falling there, we burst;
 Or should the brambles, interposed, our fall
 In part abate, that happiness were small;
 For with a race like theirs no chance I see
 Of peace or ease to creatures clad as we.
 Mean-time, noise kills not. Be it Dapple's bray,
 Or be it not, or be it whose it may,
 And rush those other sounds, that seem by tongues
 Of demons uttered, from whatever lungs,
 Sounds are but sounds; and, till the cause appear,
 We have at least commodious standing here.
 Come fiend, come fury, giant, monster, blast
 From earth or hell, we can but plunge at last.

While thus she spake, I fainter heard the peals,
 For Reynard, close attended at his heels
 By panting dog, tired man, and spattered horse,
 Through mere good fortune took a different course.
 The flock grew calm again; and I, the road
 Following, that led me to my own abode,
 Much wondered that the silly sheep had found
 Such cause of terror in an empty sound.
 So sweet to huntsman, gentleman, and hound.

MORAL.

Beware of desperate steps. The darkest day,
 Live till to-morrow, will have passed away.

BOADICEA.

AN ODE.

WHEN the British warrior queen,
 Bleeding from the Roman rods,
 Sought, with an indignant mien,
 Counsel of her country's gods;

Sage beneath the spreading oak
Sat the Druid, hoary chief;
Every burning word he spoke
Full of rage, and full of grief.

Princess ! if our aged eyes
Weep upon thy matchless wrongs,
'Tis because resentment ties
All the terrors of our tongues.

Rome shall perish—write that word
In the blood that she has spilt;
Perish, hopeless and abhorred,
Deep in ruin as in guilt.

Rome, for empire far renowned,
Tramples on a thousand states,
Soon her pride shall kiss the ground—
Hark ! the Gaul is at her gates

Other Romans shall arise,
Heedless of a soldier's name;
Sounds, not arms, shall win the prize,
Harmony the path to fame.

Then the progeny that springs
From the forests of our land,
Armed with thunder, clad with wings,
Shall a wider world command.

Regions Cæsar never knew
Thy posterity shall sway;
Where his eagles never flew,
None invincible as they.

Such the bard's prophetic words,
Pregnant with celestial fire,
Bending as he swept the chords
Of his sweet but awful lyre.

She with all a monarch's pride,
Felt them in her bosom glow:

Rushed to battle, fought and died ;
Dying hurled them at the foe.

Ruffians, pitiless as proud,
Heaven awards the vengeance due ;
Empire is on us bestowed,
Shame and ruin wait for you.

HEROISM.

THERE was a time when *Ætna's* silent fire
Slept unperceived, the mountain yet entire ;
When, conscious of no danger from below,
She towered a cloud-capt pyramid of snow.
No thunders shook with deep intestine sound
The blooming groves that girdled her around.
Her unctuous olives, and her purple vines
(Unfelt the fury of those bursting mines)
The peasant's hopes, and not in vain, assured,
In peace upon her sloping sides matured.
When on a day, like that of the last doom,
A conflagration labouring in her womb,
She teemed and heaved with an infernal birth,
That shook the circling seas and solid earth.
Dark and voluminous the vapours rise
And hang their horrors in the neighboring skies,
While through the Stygian veil, that blots the day,
In dazzling streaks the vivid lightnings play.
But oh ! what muse, and in what powers of song,
Can trace the torrent as it burns along ;
Havoc and devastation in the van,
It marches o'er the prostrate works of man ;
Vines, olives, herbage, forests disappear,
And all the charms of a Sicilian year.
Revolving seasons, fruitless as they pass,
See it an uninformed and idle mass ;
Without a soil t' invite the tiller's care,
Or blade, that might redeem it from despair.

Yet time at length (what will not time achieve ?)
Clothes it with earth, and bids the produce live.
Once more the spiry myrtle crowns the glade,
And ruminating flocks enjoy the shade.
O bliss precarious, and unsafe retreats,
O charming Paradise of short-lived sweets!
The selfsame gale, that wafts the fragrance round,
Brings to the distant ear a sullen sound :
Again the mountain feels th' imprisoned foe,
Again pours ruin on the vale below.
Ten thousand swains the wasted scene deplore,
That only future ages can restore.

Ye monarchs whom the lure of honour draws,
Who write in blood the merits of your cause,
Who strike the blow, then plead your own defence,
Glory your aim, but justice your pretence ;
Behold in Ætna's emblematic fires,
The mischiefs your ambitious pride inspires !
Fast by the stream, that bounds your just domain,
And tells you where you have a right to reign,
A nation dwells, not envious of your throne,
Studious of peace, their neighbours', and their own.
Ill-fated race ! how deeply must they rue
Their only crime, vicinity to you !
The trumpet sounds, your legions swarm abroad,
Through the ripe harvest lies their destined road ;
At every step beneath their feet they tread
The life of multitudes, a nation's bread !
Earth seems a garden in its loveliest dress
Before them, and behind a wilderness.
Famine, and Pestilence, her first-born son,
Attend to finish what the sword begun ;
And echoing praises, such as fiends might earn,
And Folly pays, resounds at your return.
A calm succeeds—but Plenty, with her train
Of heart-felt joys, succeeds not soon again,
And years of pining indigence must show
What scourges are the gods that rule below.

Yet man, laborious man, by slow degrees,
 (Such is his thirst of opulence and ease)
 Plies all the sinews of industrious toil,
 Gleans up the refuse of the general spoil,
 Rebuilds the towers, that smoked upon the plain,
 And the sun gilds the shining spires again.

Increasing commerce and reviving art
 Renew the quarrel on the conqueror's part ;
 And the sad lesson must be learned once more,
 That wealth within is ruin at the door.
 What are ye, monarchs, laureled heroes, say,
 But Ætnas of the suffering world ye sway ?
 Sweet Nature, stripped of her embroidered robe,
 Deplores the wasted regions of her globe ;
 And stands a witness at Truth's awful bar,
 To prove you there destroyers as ye are.

O place me in some Heaven-protected isle,
 Where Peace, and Equity, and Freedom smile ;
 Where no volcano pours his fiery flood,
 No crested warrior dips his plume in blood ;
 Where Power secures what industry has won ;
 Where to succeed is not to be undone ;
 A land, that distant tyrants hate in vain,
 In Britain's isle, beneath a George's reign !

ON THE RECEIPT OF MY MOTHER'S PICTURE

OUT OF NORFOLK.

The Gift of my Cousin Anne Bodham.

O THAT those lips had language ! Life has passed
 With me but roughly since I heard thee last.
 Those lips are thine—thy own sweet smile I see,
 The same, that oft in childhood solaced me ;
 Voice only fails, else how distinct they say
 "Grieve not, my child, chase all thy fears away !"
 The meek intelligence of those dear eyes
 (Blest be the art that can immortalize,

The art that baffles Time's tyrannic claim
To quench it) here shine on me still the same.
Faithful remembrancer of one so dear,
O welcome guest, though unexpected here !
Who bidd'st me honour with an artless song,
Affectionate, a mother lost so long.
I will obey, not willingly alone,
But gladly, as the precept were her own ;
And, while that face renews my filial grief,
Fancy shall weave a charm for my relief,
Shall steep me in Elysian revery,
A momentary dream, that thou art she.

My Mother ! when I learned that thou wast dead,
Say, wast thou conscious of the tears I shed ?
Hovered thy spirit o'er thy sorrowing son,
Wretched e'en then, life's journey just begun ?
Perhaps thou gavest me, though unfelt, a kiss ;
Perhaps a tear, if souls can weep in bliss—
Ah, that maternal smile ! it answers—Yes.
I heard the bell tolled on thy burial day,
I saw the hearse that bore thee slow away,
And, turning from my nursery window, drew
A long, long sigh, and wept a last adieu !
But was it such ?—It was.—Where thou art gone
Adieus and farewells are a sound unknown.
May I but meet thee on that peaceful shore,
The parting word shall pass my lips no more !
Thy maidens grieved themselves at my concern,
Oft gave me promise of thy quick return.
What ardently I wished, I long believed,
And disappointed still, was still deceived.
By expectation every day beguiled,
Dupe of *to-morrow* even from a child.
Thus many a sad to-morrow came and went,
Till, all my stock of infant sorrow spent,
I learned at last submission to my lot,
But, though I less deplored thee, ne'er forgot.
Where once we dwelt our name is heard no more,

Children not thine have trod my nursery floor ;
And where the gardener Robin, day by day,
Drew me to school along the public way,
Delighted with my bauble coach, and wrapped
In scarlet mantle warm, and velvet cap,
'Tis now become a history little known,
That once we called the pastoral house our own.
Short-lived possession ! but the record fair
That memory keeps of all thy kindness there,
Still outlives many a storm, that has effaced
A thousand other themes less deeply traced.
Thy nightly visits to my chamber made,
That thou might'st know me safe and warmly laid ;
Thy morning bounties ere I left my home,
The biscuit, or confectionary plum ;
The fragrant waters on my cheeks bestowed
By thy own hand, till fresh they shone and glowed :
All this, and more endearing still than all,
Thy constant flow of love, that knew no fall,
Ne'er roughened by those cataracts and breaks
That humour interposed too often makes ;
All this still legible in memory's page,
And still to be so to my latest age,
Adds joy to duty, makes me glad to-day
Such honours to thee as my numbers may ;
Perhaps a frail memorial, but sincere,
Not scorned in Heaven though little noticed here.

Could Time, his flight reversed, restore the hours,
When, playing with thy vesture's tissued flowers,
The violet, the pink, and jessamine,
I pricked them into paper with a pin,
(And thou wast happier than myself the while,
Wouldst softly speak, and stroke my head and
smile)

Could those few pleasant days again appear,
Might one wish bring them, would I wish them here ?
I would not trust my heart—the dear delight
Seems so to be desired, perhaps I might—

But no—what here we call our life is such,
 So little to be loved, and thou so much,
 That I should ill requite thee to constrain.
 Thy unbound spirit into bonds again.

Thou, as a gallant bark from Albion's coast
 (That storms all weathered and the ocean crossed)
 Shoots into port at some well-havened isle,
 Where spices breathe, and brighter seasons smile,
 There sits quiescent on the floods, that show
 Her beauteous form reflected clear below,
 While airs impregnated with incense play
 Around her, fanning light her streamers gay ;
 So thou, with sails how swift ! hast reached the shore,
 " Where tempests never beat nor billows roar,"*
 And thy loved consort on the dangerous tide
 Of life long since has anchored by thy side.
 But me, scarce hoping to attain that rest,
 Always from port withheld, always distressed—
 Me howling blasts drive devious, tempest tossed,
 Sails ripped, seams opening wide, and compass lost,
 And day by day some current's thwarting force
 Sets me more distant from a prosperous course.
 Yet O the thought, that thou art safe, and he
 That thought is joy, arrive what may to me.
 My boast is not, that I deduce my birth
 From loins enthroned, and rulers of the earth ;
 But higher far my proud pretensions rise—
 The son of parents past into the skies.
 And now, farewell—Time unrevoked has run
 His wonted course, yet what I wished is done.
 By Contemplation's help, not sought in vain,
 I seem to have lived my childhood o'er again ;
 To have renewed the joys that once were mine,
 Without the sin of violating thine ;
 And, while the wings of fancy still are free,
 And I can view this mimic show of thee,
 Time has but half-succeeded in his theft—
 Thyself removed, thy power to sooth me left.

FRIENDSHIP.

WHAT virtue, or what mental grace,
But men unqualified and base
Will boast it their possession?
Profusion apes their noble part
Of liberality of heart,
And dulness of discretion.

If every polished gem we find,
Illuminating heart or mind :
Provoke to imitation :
No wonder friendship does the same,
That jewel of the purest flame,
Or rather constellation.

No knave but boldly will pretend
The requisites that form a friend,
A real and a sound one ;
Nor any fool, he would deceive
But prove as ready to believe,
And dream that he had found one.

Candid, and generous, and just,
Boys care but little whom they trust,
An error soon corrected—
For who but learns in riper years,
That man, when smoothest he appears,
Is most to be suspected ?

But here again, a danger lies,
Lest, having misapplied our eyes,
And taken trash for treasure
We should unwarily conclude
Friendship a false ideal good,
A mere Utopian pleasure.

An acquisition rather rare
Is yet no subject of despair ;

Nor is it wise complaining,
If either on forbidden ground,
Or where it was not to be found,
We sought without attaining.

No friendship will abide the test,
That stands on sordid interest,
Or mean self-love erected ;
Nor such as may awhile subsist,
Between the sot and sensualist,
For vicious ends connected.

Who seeks a friend should come disposed
T' exhibit in full bloom disclosed
The graces and the beauties
That from the character he seeks ;
For 'tis a union, that bespeaks
Reciprocated duties.

Mutual attention is implied,
And equal truth on either side,
And constantly supported ;
'Tis senseless arrogance, t' accuse
Another of sinister views,
Our own as much distorted.

But will sincerity suffice ?
It is indeed above all price,
And must be made the basis ;
But every virtue of the soul
Must constitute the charming whole,
All shining in their places.

A fretful temper will divide
The closest knot that may be tied,
By ceaseless sharp corrosion ;
A temper passionate and fierce
May suddenly your joys disperse
At one immense explosion.

In vain the talkative unite
In hopes of permanent delight—
The secret just committed,
Forgetting its important weight
They drop through mere desire to prate,
And by themselves outwitted.

How bright soe'er the prospect seems,
All thoughts of friendship are but dreams,
If envy chance to creep in ;
An envious man, if you succeed,
May prove a dangerous foe indeed,
But not a friend worth keeping.

As envy pines at good possessed,
So jealousy looks forth distressed
On good that seems approaching ;
And, if success his steps attend,
Discerns a rival in a friend,
And hates him for encroaching.

Hence authors of illustrious name,
Unless belied by common fame,
Are sadly prone to quarrel,
To deem the wit a friend displays
A tax upon their own just praise,
And pluck each other's laurel.

A man renowned for repartee
Will seldom scruple to make free
With friendship's finest feeling,
Will thrust a dagger at your breast,
And say he wounded you in jest,
By way of balm for healing.

Whoever keeps an open ear
For tattlers, will be sure to hear
The trumpet of contention ;

Aspersions is the babblers' trade,
To listen is to lend him aid,
And rush into dissension.

A friendship, that in frequent fits
Of controversial rage emits
The sparks of disputation,
Like hand in hand insurance plates,
Most unavoidably creates
The thought of conflagration.

Some fickle creatures boast a soul
True as a needle to the pole,
Their humour yet so various—
They manifest their whole life through
The needle's deviations too,
Their love is so precarious.

The great and small but rarely meet
On terms of amity complete ;
Plebeians must surrender
And yield so much to noble folk,
It is combining fire with smoke,
Obscurity with splendour.

Some are so placid and serene
(As Irish bogs are always green)
They sleep secure from waking,
And are indeed a bog, that bears
Your unparticipated cares
Unmoved and without quaking.

Courtier and patriot cannot mix
Their heterogeneous politics
Without an effervescence,
Like that of salts with lemon juice,
Which does not yet like that produce
A friendly coalescence.

Religion should extinguish strife,
And make a calm of human life;
But friends that chance to differ
On points, which God has left at large,
How freely will they meet and charge!
No combatants are stiffer.

To prove at last my main intent
Needs no expense of argument,
No cutting and contriving—
Seeking a real friend we seem
To adopt the chemist's golden dream,
With still less hope of thriving.

Sometimes the fault is all our own,
Some blemish in due time made known
By trespass or omission;
Sometimes occasion brings to light
Our friend's defect long hid from sight,
And even from suspicion.

Then judge yourself and prove your man
As circumspectly as you can,
And, having made election,
Beware no negligence of yours,
Such as a friend but ill endures,
Enfeeble his affection.

That secrets are a sacred trust,
That friends should be sincere and just,
That constancy befits them,
Are observations on the case,
That savour much of common-place,
And all the world admits them.

But 'tis not timber, lead, and stone,
An architect requires alone,
To finish a fine building—

The palace were but half complete,
If he could possibly forget
The carving and the gilding.

The man that hails you Tom or Jack,
And proves by thumps upon your back
How he esteems your merit,
Is such a friend, that one had need
Be very much his friend indeed,
To pardon or to bear it.

A similarity of mind,
Or something not to be defined,
First fixes our attention ;
So manners decent and polite,
The same we practised at first sight,
Must save it from declension.

Some act upon this prudent plan,
"Say little and hear all you can :"
Safe policy, but hateful—
So barren sands imbibe the shower,
But render neither fruit nor flower,
Unpleasant and ungrateful.

The man I trust, if shy to me,
Shall find me as reserved as he ;
No subterfuge or pleading
Shall win my confidence again ;
I will by no means entertain
A spy on my proceeding.

These samples—for alas ! at last
These are but samples, and a taste
Of evils yet unmentioned—
May prove the task a task indeed,
In which 'tis much if he succeed
However well-intentioned.

Pursue the search, and you will find
Good sense and knowledge of mankind
To be at least expedient,
And, after summing all the rest,
Religion ruling in the breast
A principal ingredient.

The noblest friendship ever shown
The Saviour's history makes known,
Though some have turned and turned it;
And whether being crazed or blind,
Or seeking with a biassed mind,
Have not, it seems, discerned it.

O Friendship, if my soul forego
Thy dear delights while here below;
To mortify and grieve me,
May I myself at last appear
Unworthy, base, and insincere.
Or may my friend deceive me !

ON A MISCHIEVOUS BULL,

WHICH THE OWNER OF HIM SOLD AT THE AUTHOR'S INSTANCE.

Go—Thou art all unfit to share
The pleasures of this place
With such as its old tenants are,
Creatures of gentler race.

The squirrel here his hoard provides,
Aware of wintry storms,
And woodpeckers explore the sides
Of rugged oaks for worms.

The sheep here smotheres the knotted thorn
With frictions of her fleece;
And here I wander eve and morn,
Like her, a friend to peace.

Ah !—I could pity the exiled
 From this secure retreat—
 I would not lose it to be styled
 The happiest of the great.

But thou canst taste no calm delight ;
 Thy pleasure is to show
 Thy magnanimity in fight,
 Thy prowess—therefore go—

I care not whether east or north,
 So I no more may find thee ;
 The angry muse thus sings thee forth,
 And claps the gate behind thee.

ANNUS MEMORABILIS, 1769.

Written in Commemoration of his Majesty's happy Recovery.

TRANSAKED, for a theme of song,
 Much ancient chronicle and long ;
 I read of bright embattled fields,
 Of trophied helmets, spears, and shields,
 Of chiefs whose single arm could boast
 Prowess to dissipate a host ;
 Through tomes of fable and of dream
 I sought an eligible theme,
 But none I found, or found them shared
 Already by some happier bard.

To modern times, with Truth to guide
 My busy search, I next applied ;
 Here cities won and fleets dispersed,
 Urged loud a claim to be rehearsed,
 Deeds of unperishing renown,
 Our fathers' triumphs and our own.

Thus, as the bee, from bank to bower,
 Assiduous sips at every flower,
 But rests on none, till that be found,

Where most nectareous sweets abound.
 So I from theme to theme displayed
 In many a page historic strayed,
 Siege after siege, fight after fight,
 Contemplating with small delight.
 (For feats of sanguinary hue
 Not always glitter in my view ;)
 Till settling on the current year
 I found the far-sought treasure near :
 A theme for poetry divine,
 A theme t' ennoble even mine,
 In memorable eighty-nine.

The spring of eighty-nine shall be
 An era cherished long by me,
 Which joyful I will oft record,
 And thankful at my frugal board
 For then the clouds of eighty-eight,
 That threatened England's trembling state
 With loss of what she least could spare,
 Her sovereign's tutelary care,
 One breath of Heaven, that cried—Restore !
 Chased, never to assemble more :
 And for the richest crown on earth,
 If valued by its wearer's worth,
 The symbol of a righteous reign
 Sat fast on George's brows again.

Then peace and joy again possessed
 Our Queen's long-agitated breast ;
 Such joy and peace as can be known
 By sufferers like herself alone,
 Who losing, or supposing lost,
 The good on earth they valued most,
 For that dear sorrow's sake forego
 All hope of happiness below,
 Then suddenly regain the prize,
 And flash thanksgivings to the skies !

O Queen of Albion, Queen of isles !
 Since all thy tears were changed to smiles,

The eyes, that never saw thee, shine
With joy not unallied to thine,
Transports not chargeable with art
Illumc the land's remotest part,
And strangers to the air of courts,
Both in their toils and at their sports,
The happiness of answered prayers,
That gilds thy features, show in theirs.

If they who on thy state attend,
Awe-struck before thy presence bend,
'Tis but the natural effect
Of grandeur that ensures respect ;
But she is something more than Queen,
Who is beloved where never seen.

H Y M N,

FOR THE USE OF THE SUNDAY SCHOOL AT OLNEY.

HEAR, Lord, the song of praise and prayer,
In Heaven thy dwelling place,
From infants made the public care,
And taught to seek thy face.

Thanks for thy word, and for thy day:
And grant us, we implore,
Never to waste in sinful play
Thy holy sabbaths more.

Thanks that we hear,—but O impart
To each desires sincere,
That we may listen with our heart,
And learn as well as hear.

For if vain thoughts the minds engage
Of older far than we,
What hope, that, at our heedless age,
Our minds should e'er be free ?

Much hope, if thou our spirits take
 Under thy gracious sway,
 Who canst the wisest wiser make,
 And babes as wise as they.

Wisdom and bliss thy word bestows.
 A sun that ne'er declines,
 And be thy mercies showered on *those*
 Who placed us where it shines.

STANZAS

Subjoined to the Yearly Bill of Mortality of the Parish of All-Saints, Northampton, * Anno Domini, 1787.

*Pallida Mors æquo pulsat pede pauperum tabernas,
 Regumque turres.* Hor.

Pale Death with equal foot strikes wide the door
 Of royal halls, and hovels of the poor.

WHILE thirteen moons saw smoothly run
 The Nen's barge-laden wave,
 All these, life's rambling journey done,
 Have found their home, the grave.

Was man (frail always) made more frail
 Than in foregoing years ?
 Did famine or did plague prevail,
 That so much death appears ?

No ; these were vigorous as their sires,
 Nor plague nor famine came ;
 This annual tribute Death requires,
 And never waives his claim.

Like crowded forest-trees we stand,
 And some are marked to fall ;
 The axe will smite at God's command,
 And soon shall smite us all.

Green as the bay-tree, ever green,
 With its new foliage on,

* Composed for John Cox, parish clerk of Northampton.

The gay, the thoughtless, have I seen,
I passed—and they were gone.

Read, ye that run, the awful truth,
With which I charge my page ;
A worm is in the bud of youth,
And at the root of age.

No present health can health ensure
For yet an hour to come ;
No medicine, though it oft can cure
Can always balk the tomb.

And O ! that humble as my lot,
And scorned as in my strain,
These truths, though known, too much forgot,
I may not teach in vain.

So prays your clerk with all his heart,
And ere he quits the pen,
Begs *you* for once to take *his* part,
And answer all—Amen !

ON A SIMILAR OCCASION.

FOR THE YEAR 1788.

*Quod adest, memento
Componere æquis. Cætera flumina
Ritu feruntur.* Hor.
Improve the present hour, for all beside
Is a mere feather on a torrent's tide.

COULD I, from heaven inspired, as sure presage
To whom the rising year shall prove his last,
As I can number in my punctual page,
And item down the victims of the past ;

How each would trembling wait the mournful sheet,
On which the press might stamp him next to die ;
And, reading here his sentence, how replete
With anxious meaning, heavenward turn his eye !

Time then would seem more precious than the joys
In which he sports away the treasure now ;
And prayer more seasonable than the noise
Of drunkards, or the music-drawing bow.

Then doubtless many a trifier on the brink
Of this world's hazardous and headlong shore,
Forced to a pause, would feel it good to think,
Told that his setting sun must rise no more.

Ah self-deceived ! Could I prophetic say
Who next is fated, and who next to fall,
The rest might then seem privileged to play ;
But, naming *none*, the Voice now speaks to *ALL*.

Observe the dappled foresters, how light
They bound and airy o'er the sunny glade—
One falls—the rest, wide-scattered with affright,
Vanish at once into the darkest shade.

Had we their wisdom, should we, often warned,
Still need repeated warnings, and at last,
A thousand awful admonitions scorned,
Die self-accused of life run all to waste ?

Sad waste ! for which no after-thrift atones,
The grave admits no cure for guilt or sin ;
Dew-drops may deck the turf, that hides the bones,
But tears of godly grief, ne'er flow within.

Learn then, ye living ! by the mouths be taught
Of all these sepulchres, instructors true,
That, soon or late, death also is your lot.
And the next opening grave may yawn for you.

ON A SIMILAR OCCASION.

FOR THE YEAR 1789.

—*Placidaque ibi demum morte quievit.*—Virg.
There calm at length he breathed his soul away.

"O most delightful hour by man
Experienced here below,
The hour that terminates his span,
His folly, and his wo !

" Worlds should not bribe me back to tread
Again life's dreary waste,
To see again my days o'erspread
With all the gloomy past.

" My home henceforth is in the skies,
Earth, seas, and sun adieu !
All heaven unfolded to mine eyes,
I have no sight for you."

So spake Aspasio, firm possessed
Of faith's supporting rod,
Then breathed his soul into its rest,
The bosom of his God.

He was a man among the few
Sincere on virtue's side ;
And all his strength from Scripture drew
To hourly use applied.

That rule he prized, by that he feared,
He hated, hoped, and loved ;
Nor ever frowned, or sad appeared,
But when his heart had roved.

For he was frail as thou or I,
And evil felt within :
But, when he felt it, heaved a sigh.
And loathed the thought of sin.

Such lived Aspasio ; and at last
 Called up from earth to heaven,
 The gulf of death triumphant passed,
 By gales of blessing driven.

His joys be *mine*, each reader cries,
 When my last hour arrives :
 They shall be yours, my verse replies,
 Such only be your lives.

ON A SIMILAR OCCASION.

FOR THE YEAR 1790.

No commonentem recta sperne.—Buchanan.
 Despise not my good counsel.

HE who sits from day to day,
 Where the prisoned lark is hung,
 Heedless of his loudest lay,
 Hardly knows that he has sung.

Where the watchman in his round
 Nightly lifts his voice on high,
 None, accustomed to the sound,
 Wakes the sooner for his cry.

So your verse-man I, and clerk,
 Yearly in my song proclaim
 Death at hand—yourselves his mark—
 And the foe's unerring aim.

Duly at my time I come,
 Publishing to all aloud—
 Soon the grave must be your home,
 And your only suit, a shroud.

But the monitory strain,
 Oft repeated in your ears,
 Seems to sound too much in vain,
 Winds no notice, wakes no fears.

Can a truth, by all confessed
Of such magnitude and weight
Grow, by being oft impressed.
Trivial as a parrot's prate ?

Pleasure's call attention wins,
Hear it often as we may ;
New as ever seem our sins,
Though committed every day.

Death and Judgment, Heaven and Hell—
These alone, so often heard,
No more move us than the bell,
When some stranger is interred.

O then, ere the turf or tomb
Cover us from every eye,
Spirit of instruction come,
Make us learn, that we must die.

ON A SIMILAR OCCASION.

FOR THE YEAR 1792.

*Felix, qui potuit rerum cognoscere causas,
Atque metus omnes et inexorabile fatum
Subiecit pedibus, strepitumque Acherontis avertit.*
Virg.

Happy the mortal, who has traced effects
To their first cause, cast fear beneath his feet,
And Death and roaring Hell's voracious fires!

THANKLESS for favours from on high,
Man thinks he fades too soon ;
Though 'tis his privilege to die,
Would he improve the boon.

But he, not wise enough to scan
His blest concerns aright,
Would gladly stretch life's little span
To ages, if he might.

To ages in a world of pain,
To ages, where he goes

Galled by affliction's heavy chain,
And hopeless of repose.

Strange fondness of the human heart,
Enamoured of its harm !
Strange world, that costs it so much smart,
And still has power to charm.

Whence has the world her magic power ?
Why deem we death a foe ?
Recoil from weary life's best hour,
And covet longer wo ?

The cause is Conscience—Conscience oft
Her tale of guilt renews :
Her voice is terrible though soft,
And dread of death ensues.

Then anxious to be longer spared,
Man mourns his fleeting breath :
All evils then seem light, compared
With the approach of Death.

'Tis judgment shakes him ; there's the fear
That prompts the wish to stay ;
He has incurred a long arrear,
And must despair to pay.

Pay !—follow Christ, and all is paid :
His death your peace ensures ;
Think on the grave where *he* was laid,
And calm descends to *yours*.

ON A SIMILAR OCCASION.

FOR THE YEAR 1793.

De sacris autem hæc est una sententia, ut conserventur.
Cic. de Leg.

But let us all concur in this one sentiment, that things sacred be inviolate.

He lives, who lives to God alone,
And all are dead beside ;
For other source than God is none
Whence life can be supplied.

To live to God is to requite
His love as best we may ;
To make his precepts our delight,
His promises our stay.

But life, within a narrow ring
Of giddy joys comprised,
Is falsely named, and no such thing,
But rather death disguised.

Can life in them deserve the name,
Who only live to prove
For what poor toys they can disclaim
An endless life above ?

Who, much diseased, yet nothing feel,
Much menaced, nothing dread ;
Have wounds, which only God can heal,
Yet never ask his aid ?

Who deem his house a useless place,
Faith, want of common sense ;
And ardour in the Christian race,
A hypocrite's pretence ?

Who trample order ; and the day,
Which God asserts his own,
Dishonour with unhallowed play,
And worship chance alone ?

If scorn of God's commands, impressed
 On word and deed, imply
 The better part of man unblessed
 With life that cannot die :

Such want it, and that want, uncured
 Till man resigns his breath,
 Speaks him a criminal, assured
 Of everlasting death.

Sad period to a pleasant course !
 Yet so will God repay
 Sabbaths profaned without remorse,
 And mercy cast away.

INSCRIPTION.

FOR THE TOMB OF MR. HAMILTON.

PAUSE here, and think ; a monitory rhyme
 Demands one moment of thy fleeting time.
 Consult life's silent clock, thy bounding vein ;
 Seems it to say—"Health here has long to reign ?"
 Hast thou the vigour of thy youth ? an eye
 That beams delight ? a heart untaught to sigh ?
 Yet fear. Youth oft-times healthful and at ease,
 Anticipates a day it never sees ;
 And many a time, like *Hamilton's*, aloud
 Exclaims, "Prepare thee for an early shroud."

EPITAPH ON A HARE.

HERE lies, whom hound did ne'er pursue,
 Nor swifter greyhound follow,
 Whose feet ne'er tainted morning dew,
 Nor ear heard huntsman's halo'.



MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

ON A SIMILAR OCCASION.

FOR THE YEAR 1793.

De acriis autem hæc sit una sententia, ut conserventur.
Cic. de Leg.

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And all are dead beside ;
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Nor ear heard huntsman's halo'.

Old Tiney, surliest of his kind,
Who nursed with tender care,
And to domestic hounds confined,
Was still a wild Jack-hare.

Though duly from my hand he took
His pittance every night,
He did it with a jealous look,
And, when he could, would bite.

His diet was of wheaten bread,
And milk and oats, and straw;
Thistles, or lettuces instead,
With sand to scour his maw.

On twigs of hawthorn he regaled,
Or pippin's russet peal,
And, when his juicy salads failed,
Slice carrot pleased him well.

A Turkey carpet was his lawn,
Whereon he loved to bound;
To skip and gambol like a fawn,
And swing his rump around.

His frisking was at evening hours,
For then he lost his fear,
But most before approaching showers,
Or when a storm drew near.

Eight years and five round rolling moons
He thus saw steal away,
Dozing out all his idle noons,
And every night at play.

I kept him for his humour's sake,
For he would oft beguile
My heart of thoughts that made it ache,
And force me to a smile.

But now beneath his walnut shade
He finds his long last home,

And waits, in snug concealment laid,
Till gentler Puss shall come.

He, still more aged, feels the shocks,
From which no care can save,
And, partner once of 'Tiney's box,
Must soon partake his grave.

EPITAPHIUM ALTERUM.

HIC etiam jacet,
Qui totum novennium vixit
Puss.
Siste paulisper,
Qui præteriturus es,—
Et tecum sic reputa—
Hunc neque canis venaticus,
Nec plumbum missile,
Nec laqueus,
Nec imbres nimii,
Confecere :
Tamen mortuus est—
Et moriar ego.

STANZAS.

ON THE FIRST PUBLICATION OF SIR CHARLES GRANDISON, IN
1753.

To rescue from the tyrant's sword
Th' oppressed ;—unseen and unexplored,
To cheer the face of wo ;
From lawless insult to defend
An orphan's right— a fallen friend ;
And a forgiven foe ;

These, these distinguish from the crowd,
And these alone, the great and good,

The guardians of mankind;
 Whose bosoms with these virtues heave
 O, with what matchless speed, they leave
 The multitude behind !

Then ask ye, from what cause on earth
 Virtues like these derive their birth,
 Derived from heaven alone,
 Full on that favoured breast they shine,
 Where faith and resignation join
 To call the blessing down.

Such is that heart :—but while the Muse
 Thy theme, O RICHARDSON, pursues,
 Her feeble spirits faint :
 She cannot reach, and would not wrong,
 That subject for an angel's song,
 The hero, and the saint !

ADDRESS TO MISS ———

ON READING THE PRAYER FOR INDIFFERENCE.

AND dwells there in a female heart,
 By bounteous heaven designed
 The choicest raptures to impart,
 To feel the most refined—

Dwells, there a wish in such a breast,
 Its nature to forego,
 To smother in ignoble rest
 At once both bliss and wo.

Far be the thought, and far the strain,
 Which breathes the low desire,
 How sweet soe'er the verse complain,
 Though Phœbus string the lyre.

Come then, fair maid, (in nature wise);
 Who knowing them can tell.

From generous sympathy what joys
The glowing bosom swell.

In justice to the various powers,
Of pleasing, which you share,
Join me, amid your silent hours,
To form the better prayer.

With lenient balm, may *Ob'ron* hence
To fairy-land be driven ;
With every herb that blunts the sense
Mankind received from Heaven.

" Oh ! if my Sovereign Author please,
Far be it from my fate,
To live, unblest in torpid ease
And slumber on in state.

" Each tender tie of life defied
Whence social pleasures spring,
Unmoved with all the world beside,
A solitary thing—"

Some alpine mountain, wrapt in snow
Thus braves the whirling blast,
Eternal winter doomed to know,
No genial spring to taste.

In vain warm suns their influence shed
The zephyrs sport in vain,
He rears, unchanged, his barren head;
Whilst beauty decks the plain.

What though in scaly armour drest,
Indifference may repel
The shafts of wo—in such a breast
No joy can ever dwell.

'Tis woven in the world's great plan,
And fixed by heaven's decree,
That all the true delights of man
Should spring from *Sympathy*.

'Tis nature bids, and whilst the laws
Of nature we retain,
Our self-approving bosom draws
A pleasure from its pain.

Thus grief itself has comforts dear;
The sordid never know ;
And ecstacy attends the tear;
When virtue bids it flow.

For, when it streams from that pure source,
No bribes the heart can win,
To check, or alter from its course
The luxury within.

Peace to the phlegm of sullen elves,
Who, if from labour eased,
Extend no care beyond themselves
Unpleasing and unpleased.

Let no low thought suggest the prayer
Oh ! grant, kind heaven, to me
Long as I draw ethereal air,
Sweet Sensibility.

Where'er the heavenly nymph is seen,
With lustre-beaming eye,
A train, attendant on their queen,
(Her rosy chorus) fly.

The jocund Loves in Hymen's band,
With torches ever bright,
And generous Friendship hand in hand,
With Pity's watery sight.

The gentler virtues too are joined,
In youth immortal warm,
The soft relations, which, combined,
Give life her every charm.

The arts come smiling in the close,
And lend celestial fire,
The marble breathes, the canvass glows
The muses sweep the lyre.

"Still may my melting bosom cleave
To sufferings not my own,
And still the sigh responsive heave
Where'er is heard a groan.

"So pity shall take Virtue's part,
Her natural ally,
And fashioning my softened heart,
Prepare it for the sky."

This artless vow may heaven receive,
And you, fond maid, approve ;
So may your guiding angel give
Whate'er you wish or love :

So may the rosy fingered hours
Lead on the various year,
And every joy, which now is yours,
Extend a larger sphere ;

And suns to come, as round they wheel,
Your golden moments bless,
With all a tender heart can feel,
Or lively fancy guess.

A T A L E,

FOUNDED ON A FACT WHICH HAPPENED IN JANUARY, 1779.

WHERE Humber pours his rich commercial stream,
There dwelt a wretch, who breathed but to blas-
pheme,
In subterraneous caves his life he led,
Black as the mine in which he wrought for bread.
When on a day, emerging from the deep,

ON A SIMILAR OCCASION.

FOR THE YEAR 1793.

De sacris autem hæc sit una sententia, ut conserventur.
Cic. de Leg.

But let us all concur in this one sentiment, that things sacred be inviolate.

He lives, who lives to God alone,
And all are dead beside ;
For other source than God is none
Whence life can be supplied.

To live to God is to requite
His love as best we may ;
To make his precepts our delight,
His promises our stay.

But life, within a narrow ring
Of giddy joys comprised,
Is falsely named, and no such thing,
But rather death disguised.

Can life in them deserve the name,
Who only live to prove
For what poor toys they can disclaim
An endless life above ?

Who, much diseased, yet nothing feel,
Much menaced, nothing dread ;
Have wounds, which only God can heal,
Yet never ask his aid ?

Who deem his house a useless place,
Faith, want of common sense ;
And ardour in the Christian race,
A hypocrite's pretence ?

Who trample order ; and the day,
Which God asserts his own,
Dishonour with unhallowed play,
And worship chance alone ?

TO THE REV. MR. NEWTON

ON HIS RETURN FROM RAMSGATE.

THAT ocean you have late surveyed,
Those rocks I too have seen,
But I, afflicted and dismayed,
You tranquil and serene.

You from the flood controlling steep
Saw stretched before your view,
With conscious joy, the threatening deep,
No longer such to you.

To me, the waves that ceaseless broke
Upon the dangerous coast,
Hoarsely and ominously spoke
Of all my treasure lost.

Your sea of troubles you have past,
And found the peaceful shore ;
I, tempest-tossed, and wrecked at last,
Come home to port no more.

A POETICAL EPISTLE TO LADY AUSTEN.

DEAR ANNA—between friend and friend,
Prose answers every common end ;
Serves, in a plain and homely way,
T' express th' occurrence of the day ;
Our health, the weather, and the news ;
What walks we take, what books we choose ;
And all the floating thoughts we find
Upon the surface of the mind.

But when a poet takes the pen,
Far more alive than other men,
He feels a gentle tingling come

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A cottage on the banks of Ouse.
This page of Providence quite new
And now just opening to our view,
Employs our present thoughts and pains
To guess, and spell, what it contains ;
But day by day, and year by year,
Will make the dark enigma clear ;
And furnish us, perhaps, at last,
Like other scenes already past,
With proof, that we, and our affairs,
Are part of a Jehovah's cares :
For God unfolds, by slow degrees,
The purport of his deep decrees ;
Sheds every hour a clearer light
In aid of our defective sight ;
And spreads, at length, before the soul,
A beautiful and perfect whole,
Which busy man's inventive brain
Toils to anticipate in vain.

Say, Anna, had you never known
The beauties of a rose full blown,
Could you, though luminous your eye,
By looking on the bud, descry,
Or guess, with a prophetic power,
The future splendour of the flower ?
Just so, th' Omnipotent, who turns
The system of a world's concerns,
From mere minutiae can educe
Events of most important use ;
And bid a dawning sky display
The blaze of a meridian day.
The works of man tend, one and all,
As needs they must, from great to small ;
And vanity absorbs at length
The monuments of human strength.
But who can tell how vast the plan
Which this day's incident began ?
Too small, perhaps, the slight occasion

For our dim-sighted observation ;
 It passed unnoticed, as the bird
 That cleaves the yielding air unheard,
 And yet may prove, when understood,
 A harbinger of endless good.

Not that I deem, or mean to call
 Friendship a blessing cheap or small :
 But merely to remark, that ours,
 Like some of nature's sweetest flowers,
 Rose from a seed of tiny size,
 That seemed to promise no such prize ;
 A transient visit intervening,
 And made almost without a meaning,
 (Hardly the effect of inclination,
 Much less of pleasing expectation,)
 Produced a friendship, then begun,
 That has cemented us in one ;
 And placed it in our power to prove
 By long fidelity and love,
 That Solomon has wisely spoken,
 " A threefold cord is not soon broken."

SONG*.

Air.—The Lass of Patie's Mill.

WHEN all within is peace,
 How Nature seems to smile !
 Delights that never cease,
 The livelong day beguile.
 From morn to dewy eve,
 With open hand she showers
 Fresh blessings to deceive,
 And soothe the silent hours,

It is content of heart
 Gives Nature power to please ;

* Written at the request of Lady Anston.

The mind that feels no smart,
Enlivens all it sees :
Can make a wintry sky
Seem bright as smiling May,
And evening's closing eye
As peep of early day.

The vast majestic globe,
So beauteously arrayed
In Nature's various robe
With wondrous skill displayed,
Is to a mourner's heart
A dreary wild at best ;
It flutters to depart,
And longs to be at rest.

V E R S E S

SELECTED FROM AN OCCASIONAL POEM, ENTITLED VALEDICTION.

OH Friendship ! Cordial of the human breast
So little felt, so fervently professed !
Thy blossoms deck our unsuspecting years ;
The promise of delicious fruit appears :
We hug the hopes of constancy and truth,
Such is the folly of our dreaming youth ;
But soon, alas ! detect the rash mistake
That sanguine inexperience loves to make ;
And view with tears th' expected harvest lost,
Decayed by time, or withered by a frost,
Whoever undertakes a friend's great part
Should be renewed in nature, pure in heart,
Prepared for martyrdom, and strong to prove
A thousand ways the force of genuine love.
He may be called to give up health and gain,
To exchange content for trouble, ease for pain,
To echo sigh for sigh, and groan for groan,
And wet his cheeks with sorrows not his own.

The heart of man, for such a task too frail,
 When most relied on, is most sure to fail;
 And, summoned to partake its fellow's wo,
 Starts from its office, like a broken bow.

Votaries of business, and of pleasure prove
 Faithless alike in friendship and in love.
 Retired from all the circles of the gay,
 And all the crowds, that bustle life away,
 To scenes, where competition, envy, strife,
 Beget no thunder-clouds to trouble life,
 Let me, the charge of some good angel, find
 One, who has known, and has escaped mankind;
 Polite, yet virtuous, who has brought away
 The manners, not the morals of the day:
 With him, perhaps with *her*, (for men have known
 No firmer friendships than the fair have shown,)
 Let me enjoy, in some unthought-of spot,
 All former friends forgiven, and forgot,
 Down to the close of life's fast fading scene,
 Union of hearts, without a flaw between.
 'Tis grace, 'tis bounty, and 'it calls for praise;
 If God give health, that sunshine of our days!
 And if he add, a blessing shared by few,
 Content of heart, more praises still are due—
 But if he grant a friend, that boon possessed,
 Indeed is treasure, and crowns all the rest;
 And giving one, whose heart is in the skies,
 Born from above, and made divinely wise,
 He gives, what bankrupt nature never can,
 Whose noblest coin is light and brittle man,
 Gold, purer far than Ophir ever knew,
 A soul, an image of himself, and therefore true.

EPITAPH ON JOHNSON.

HERE Johnson lies—a sage by all allowed;
 Whom to have bred, may well make England proud;

Whose prose was eloquence, by wisdom taught
 The graceful vehicle of virtuous thought ;
 Whose verse may claim—grave, masculine, and
 strong,
 Superior praise to the mere poet's song ;
 Who many a noble gift from Heaven possessed,
 And faith at last, alone worth all the rest.
 O man, immortal by a double prize,
 By fame on earth—by glory in the skies !

TO MISS C——, ON HER BIRTH-DAY.

How many between east and west,
 Disgrace their parent earth,
 Whose deeds constrain us to detest
 The day that gave them birth !

Not so when Stella's natal morn
 Revolving months restore,
 We can rejoice that she was born,
 And wish her born once more.

GRATITUDE.

ADDRESSED TO LADY HESKETH.

This cap, that so stately appears,
 With ribbon-bound tassel on high,
 Which seems by the crest that it rears
 Ambitious of brushing the sky :
 This cap to my cousin I owe,
 She gave it, and gave me beside,
 Wreathed into an elegant bow,
 The ribbon with which it is tied.

This wheel-footed studying chair,
 Contrived both for toil and repose,

Wide elbowed and wadded with hair,
In which I both scribble and doze,
Bright studded to dazzle the eyes,
And rival in lustre of that
In which, or astronomy lies,
Fair Cassiopeia sat :

These carpets, so soft to the foot,
Caledonia's traffic and pride,
O spare them ye knights of the boot,
Escaped from a cross-country-ride.
This table and mirror within,
Secure from collision and dust,
At which I oft shave cheek and chin,
And periwig nicely adjust :

This moveable structure of shelves,
For its beauty admired and its use,
And charged with octavos and twelves,
The gayest I had to produce ;
Where, flaming in scarlet and gold,
My poems enchanted I view,
And hope, in due time, to behold
My Iliad and Odyssey too ;

This china, that decks the alcove,
Which here people call a buffet,
But what the gods call it above,
Has ne'er been revealed to us yet ;
These curtains, that keep the room warm
Or cool, as the season demands,
These stoves that for pattern and form,
Seem the labour of Mulciber's hands :

All these are not half that I owe
To one from her earliest youth
To me ever ready to show
Benignity, friendship, and truth :
For time the destroyer declared
And foe of our perishing kind,

If even her face he has spared,
Much less could he alter her mind.

Thus compassed about with the goods
And chattels of leisure and ease,
I indulge my poetical moods
In many such fancies as these ;
And fancies I fear they will seem—
Poets' goods are not often so fine ;
The poets will swear that I dream,
When I sing of the splendour of mine.

THE FLATTING-MILL.

AN ILLUSTRATION.

WHEN a bar of pure silver, or Ingot of gold,
Is sent to be flatted, or wrought into length,
It is passed between cylinders often and rolled
In an engine of utmost mechanical strength.

Thus tortured and squeezed, at last it appears
Like a loose heap of ribbon, a glittering show,
Like music it tinkles and rings in your ears,
And, warmed by the pressure, is all in a glow.

This process achieved, it is doomed to sustain
The thump-after-thump of a gold-beater's mallet,
And at last is of service in sickness or pain
To cover a pill for a delicate palate.

Alas for the poet ! who dares undertake
To urge reformation of national ill—
His head and his heart are both likely to ache
With the double employment of mallet and mill.

If he wish to instruct, he must learn to delight,
Smooth, ductile, and even, his fancy must flow,
Must tinkle and glitter like gold to the sight,
And catch in its progress a sensible glow.

After all, he must beat it as thin and as fine
 As the leaf that unfolds what an invalid swallows,
 For truth is unwelcome, however divine,
 And unless you adorn it a nausea follows.

TO MRS. THROCKMORTON,

ON HER BEAUTIFUL TRANSCRIPT OF HORACE'S ODE, AD LIBRUM
 SUUM.

MARIA, could Horace have guessed
 What honour awaited his ode,
 To his own little volume addressed,
 The honour which you have bestowed,
 Who have traced it in characters here
 So elegant, even and neat,
 He had laughed at the critical sneer,
 Which he seems to have trembled to meet.

And sneer if you please he had said,
 A nymph shall hereafter arise,
 Who shall give me, when you are all dead,
 The glory your malice denies.
 Shall dignity give to my lay,
 Although but a mere bagatelle;
 And even a poet shall say,
 Nothing ever was written so well.

STANZAS.

On the late indecent liberties taken with the remains of the great Milton—
 Anno 1790.

'ME too, perchance, in future days,
 The sculptured stone shall show
 With Paphian myrtle or with bays
 Parnassian on my brow.

"But I, or ere that season come,
 Escaped from every care,

Shall reach my refuge in the tomb
And sleep securely there.”*

So sang, in Roman tone and style,
The youthful bard, ere long
Ordained to grace his native isle
With her sublimest song.

Who then but must conceive disdain,
Hearing the deed unblest
Of wretches who have dared profane
His dread sepulchral rest?

Ill fare the hands that heaved the stones
Where Milton's ashes lay,
That trembled not to grasp his bones
And steal his dust away!

O ill-requited bard! neglect
Thy living worth repaid,
And blind idolatrous respect
As much affronts thee dead.

TO MRS. KING,

On her kind Present to the Author, a Patch-work Counterpane of her own making.

THE Bard, if e'er he feel at all,
Must sure be quickened by a call
Both on his heart and head,
To pay with tuneful thanks the care
And kindness of a lady fair
Who deigns to deck his bed.

A bed like this, in ancient time,
On Ida's barren top sublime,

* Forsitan et nostros ducat de marmore vultus
Necteus aut Paphia myrti aut Parnasside lauri
Fronde comas—At ego, securo pace quiesquam.
Milton in Manoa.

(As Homer's Epic shows)
Composed of sweetest vernal flowers,
Without the aid of sun and showers,
For Jove and Juno rose.

Less beautiful, however gay,
Is that which in the scorching day
Receives the weary swain
Who, laying his long scythe aside,
Sleeps on some bank with daisies pied,
Till roused to toil again.

What labours of the loom I see !
Looms lumberless have groaned for me !
Should every maiden come
To scramble for the patch that bears
The impress of the robe she wears,
The bell would toll for some.

And oh, what havoc would ensue !
This bright display of every hue
All in a moment fled !
As if a storm should strip the bowers
Of all their tendrils, leaves, and flowers
Each pocketing a shred.

Thanks, then, to every gentle fair
Who will not come to peck me bare,
As bird of borrowed feather,
And thanks, to One, above them all,
The gentle Fair of Pertenhall,
Who put the whole together.

THE JUDGMENT OF THE POETS.

Two nymphs, both nearly of an age,
Of numerous charms possessed,
A warm dispute once chanced to wage,
Whose temper was the best.

The worth of each had been complete,
 Had both alike been mild :
 But one, although her smile was sweet,
 Frowned oftener than she smiled.

And in her humour, when she frowned,
 Would raise her voice and roar,
 And shake with fury to the ground
 The garland that she wore.

The other was of gentler cast,
 From all such frenzy clear,
 Her frowns were seldom known to last,
 And never proved severe.

The poets of renown in song
 The nymphs referred the cause,
 Who, strange to tell, all judged it wrong,
 And gave misplaced applause.

They gentle called, and kind and soft,
 The flippant and the scold,
 And though she changed her mood so oft,
 That failing left untold.

No judges, sure, were e'er so mad,
 Or so resolved to err—
 In short, the charms her sister had
 They lavished all on her.

Then thus the god whom fondly they
 Their great inspirer call,
 Was heard, one genial summer's day
 To reprimand them all :

" Since thus ye have combined," he said,
 " My favourite nymph to slight,
 Adorning May, that peevish maid,
 With June's undoubted right,

" The minx shall, for your folly's sake,
 Still prove herself a shrew,

Shall make your scribbling fingers ache,
And pinch your noses blue."

EPITAPH

ON M. HIGGINS, OF WESTON.

LAURELS may flourish round the conqueror's tomb,
But happiest they, who win the world to come ;
Believers have a silent field to fight,
And their exploits are veiled from human sight.
They in some nook, where little known they dwell,
Kneel, pray in faith, and rout the hosts of hell ;
Eternal triumphs crown their toils divine,
And all those triumphs, Mary, now are thine.

THE RETIRED CAT.

A POET'S Cat, sedate and grave
As poet well could wish to have,
Was much addicted to inquire
For nooks to which she might retire,
And where, secure as mouse in chink,
She might repose, or sit and think.
I know not where she caught the trick
Nature perhaps herself had cast her
In such a mould PHILOSOPHIQUE,
Or else she learned it of her master
Sometimes ascending, debonair
An apple-tree, or lofty pear,
Lodged with convenience in the fork,
She watched the gardener at his work
Sometimes her ease and solace sought
In an old empty watering pot,
There wanting nothing, save a fan,
To seem some nymph in her sedan,
Appareled in exactest sort,

And ready to be borne to court.

But love of change it seems has place
Not only in our wiser race ;
Cats also feel, as well as we,
That passion's force, and so did she.
Her climbing, she began to find,
Exposed her too much to the wind,
And the old utensil of tin
Was cold and comfortless within :
She therefore wished, instead of those,
Some place of more serene repose,
Where neither cold might come, nor air
Too rudely wanton with her hair,
And sought it in the likeliest mode
With her new master's snug abode.

A drawer it chanced, at bottom lined
With linen of the softest kind,
With such as merchants introduce
From India, for the ladies' use ;
A drawer impending o'er the rest,
Half open in the topmost chest,
Of depth enough, and none to spare,
Invited her to slumber there ;
Puss with delight beyond expression,
Surveyed the scene and took possession.
Recumbent at her ease, ere long,
And lulled by her own humdrum song,
She left the cares of life behind,
And slept as she would sleep her last,
When in came, housewifely inclined,
The chambermaid, and shut it fast,
By no malignity impelled,
But all unconscious whom it held.

Awakened by the shock, (cried puss)
" Was ever cat attended thus !
The open drawer was left, I see,
Merely to prove a nest for me,
For soon as I was well composed,

Then came the maid, and it was closed.
How smooth these 'kerchiefs, and how sweet?
Oh what a delicate retreat!
I will resign myself to rest
Till Sol declining in the west,
Shall call to supper, when, no doubt,
Susan will come, and let me out."

The evening came, the sun descended,
And puss remained still unattended.
The night rolled tardily away,
(With her indeed 'twas never day)
The sprightly morn her course renewed,
The evening gray again ensued,
And puss came into mind no more,
Than if entombed the day before;
With hunger pinched, and pinched for room,
She now presaged approaching doom.
Nor slept a single wink, nor purred,
Conscious of jeopardy incurred.

That night, by chance, the poet, watching,
Heard an inexplicable scratching;
His noble heart went pit-a-pat,
And to himself he said—"what's that?"
He drew the curtain at his side,
And forth he peeped but nothing spied.
Yet, by his ear directed, guessed
Something imprisoned in the chest
And, doubtful what, with prudent care
Resolved it should continue there.
At length a voice which well he knew,
A long and melancholy mew,
Saluting his poetic ears,
Consoled him and dispelled his fears;
He left his bed, he trod the floor,
He 'gan in haste the drawers explore,
The lowest first, and without stop
The rest in order to the top.
For 'tis a truth well known to most,

That whatsoever thing is lost,
We seek it, ere it come to light,
In every cranny but the right.
Forth skipped the cat, not now replete
As erst with airy self-conceit,
Nor in her own fond comprehension,
A theme for all the world's attention,
But modest, sober, cured of all
Her notions hyperbolic,
And wishing for a place of rest,
Any thing rather than a chest.
Then stepped the poet into bed
With this reflection in his head.

MORAL.

Beware of too sublime a sense
Of your own worth and consequence.
The man who dreams himself so great,
And his importance of such weight
That all around in all that's done
Must move and act for him alone,
Will learn in school of tribulation
The folly of his expectation.

TO THE NIGHTINGALE,

WHICH THE AUTHOR HEARD SING ON NEW-YEAR'S DAY.

WHENCE is it, that amazed I hear
From yonder withered spray,
This foremost morn of all the year,
The melody of May?

And why, since thousands would be proud
Of such a favour shown,
Am I selected from the crowd
To witness it alone?

Sing'st thou, sweet Philomel, to me,
 For that I also long
 Have practised in the groves like thee
 Though not like thee in song?

Or sing'st thou rather under force
 Of some divine command,
 Commissioned to presage a course
 Of happier days at hand?

Thrice welcome then! for many a long
 And joyless year have I,
 As thou to day put forth my song
 Beneath a wintry sky.

But thee no wintry skies can harm,
 Who only need'st to sing,
 To make e'en January charm,
 And every season Spring.

SONNET.

TO WILLIAM WILBERFORCE, ESQ.

THY country, Wilberforce, with just disdain,
 Hears thee by cruel men and impious called
 Frantic, for thy zeal to loose the enthralled
 From exile, public sale, and slavery's chain.
 Friend of the poor, the wronged, the fetter-galled,
 Fear not lest labour such as thine be vain.
 Thou hast achieved a part; hast gained the ear
 Of Britain's senate to thy glorious cause;
 Hope smiles, joy springs, and though cold caution
 pause
 And weave delay, the better hour is near
 That shall remunerate thy toils severe
 By peace for Afric, fenced with British laws.
 Enjoy what thou hast won, esteem and love
 From all the just on earth, and all the blest above.

EPIGRAM.

PRINTED IN THE NORTHAMPTON MERCURY.

To purify their wine some people bleed
 A lamb into the barrel, and succeed ;
 No nostrum, planters say, is half so good
 To make fine sugar, as a *negro's* blood.
 Now *lamb*s and *negroes* both are harmless things
 And thence perhaps the wondrous virtue springs.
 'Tis in the blood of innocence alone—
 Good cause why planters never try their own.

 TO DR. AUSTIN,

OF CECIL-STREET, LONDON.

AUSTIN ! accept a grateful verse from me
 The poet's treasure, no inglorious fee.
 Loved by the Muses, thy ingenuous mind
 Pleasing requital in my verse may find ;
 Verse oft has dashed the scythe of Time aside ;
 Immortalizing names which else had died.
 And O ! could I command the glittering wealth
 With which sick kings are glad to purchase health ;
 Yet, if extensive fame and sure to live,
 Were in the power of verse like mine to give,
 I would not recompense his art with less,
 Who, giving Mary health, heals my distress.

Friend of my friend !* I love thee, tho' unknown,
 And boldly call thee, being his, my own.

 SONNET.

ADDRESSED TO WILLIAM HALEY, ESQ.

HALEY—thy tenderness fraternal shown,
 In our first interview, delightful guest !

* Haley.
 38*

To Mary and me for her dear sake distressed
 Such as it is has made my heart thy own,
 Though heedless now of new engagements grown;
 For threescore winters make a wintry breast,
 And I had purposed ne'er to go in quest
 Of Friendship more, except with God alone;
 But thou hast won me : nor is God my foe,
 Who, ere this last afflictive scene began,
 Sent thee to mitigate the dreadful blow.
 My brother, by whose sympathy I know
 Thy true deserts infallibly to scan,
 Not more t' admire the bard than love the man.

CATHARINA.

On her Marriage to George Courtney, Esq.

BELIEVE it or not as you choose,
 The doctrine is certainly true,
 That the future is known to the muse,
 And poets are oracles too.
 I did but express a desire
 To see Catharina at home,
 At the side of my friend George's fire,
 And lo—she is actually come.
 Such prophecy some may despise,
 But the wish of a poet and friend
 Perhaps is approved in the skies,
 And therefore attains to its end.
 'Twas a wish that flew ardently forth
 From a bosom effectually warmed
 With the talents, the graces, and worth
 Of the person for whom it was formed.
 Maria* would leave us, I knew,
 To the grief and regret of us all,

* Lady Throckmorton.

But less to our grief, could we view
 Catharina the queen of the hall.
 And therefore I wished as I did,
 And therefore this union of hands
 Not a whisper was heard to forbid,
 But all cry—amen—to the bans.

Since therefore I seem to incur
 No danger of wishing in vain,
 When making good wishes for her,
 I will e'en to my wishes again—
 With one I have made her a wife,
 And now I will try with another,
 Which I cannot suppress for my life—
 How soon I can make her a mother.

SONNET.

TO GEORGE ROMNEY, ESQ.

*On his picture of me in crayons, drawn at Earthen in the 61st year of my age,
 and in the months of August and September, 1792.*

ROMNEY expert, infallibly to trace
 On chart or canvass, not the form alone
 And semblance, but, however faintly shown,
 The mind's impression too on every face—
 With strokes that time ought never to erase,
 Thou hast so penciled mine, that though I own
 The subject worthless, I have never known
 The artist shining with superior grace.
 But this I mark—that symptoms none of wo
 In thy incomparable work appear.
 Well—I am satisfied it should be so,
 Since, on maturer thought, the cause is clear
 For in my looks what sorrow couldst thou see
 When I was Haley's guest, and sat to thee?

 ON RECEIVING HALEY'S PICTURE.

IN language warm as could be breathed or penned,
 Thy picture speaks th' original, my friend,
 Not by those looks that indicate thy mind—
 They only speak thee friend of all mankind;
 Expression here more soothing still I see,
 That friend of *all* a partial friend to *me*.

 ON A PLANT OF VIRGIN'S BOWER.

DESIGNED TO COVER A GARDEN SEAT.

THRIVE, gentle plant! and weave a bower
 For Mary and for me,
 And deck with many a splendid flower
 Thy foliage large and free.

Thou cam'st from Eartham, and wilt shade
 (If truly I divine)
 Some future day th' illustrious head
 Of him who made thee mine.

Should Daphne show a jealous frown,
 And envy seize the bay,
 Affirming none so fit to crown,
 Such honoured brows as they.

Thy cause with zeal we shall defend,
 And with convincing power;
 For why should not the virgin's friend
 Be crowned with virgin's bower?

 TO MY COUSIN, ANNE BODHAM,

ON RECEIVING FROM HER A NET-WORK PURSE, MADE BY HER-
 SELF.

My gentle Anne, whom heretofore,
 When I was young, and thou no more

Than plaything for a nurse,
I danced and fondled on my knee,
A kitten both in size and glee,
I thank thee for my purse.

Gold pays the worth of all things here ;
But not of love ;—that gem's too dear
For richest rogues to win it ;
I, therefore, as a proof of love,
Esteem thy present far above
The best things kept within it.

TO MRS. UNWIN.

MARY ! I want a lyre with other strings,
Such aid from heaven as some have feigned they
drew,

An eloquence scarce given to mortals, new
And undebased by praise of meaner things,
That ere through age or wo I shed my wings,
I may record thy worth with honour due,
In verse as musical as thou art true,
And that immortalizes whom it sings.

But thou hast little need. There is a book
By seraphs writ with beams of heavenly light,
On which the eyes of God not rarely look,
A chronicle of actions just and bright ;

There all thy deeds, my faithful Mary, shine,
And, since thou own'st that praise, I spare thee
mine.

TO WILLIAM HAYLEY, ESQ.

DEAR architect of fine CHATEAUX in air,
Worthier to stand for ever, if they could,
Than any built of stone, or yet of wood,

For back of royal elephant to bear !
O for permission from the skies to share,
 Much to my own, though little to thy good,
 With thee (not subject to the jealous mood !)
A partnership of literary ware !
But I am bankrupt now ; and doomed henceforth
 To drudge, in descant dry, on others' lays ;
Bards, I acknowledge, of unequalled worth !
 But what is commentator's happiest praise !
That he has furnished lights for other eyes,
Which they, who need them use, and then despise.

ON A SPANIEL, CALLED BEAU,

KILLING A YOUNG BIRD.

A SPANIEL, Beau, that fares like you,
 Well-fed, and at his ease,
Should wiser be than to pursue
 Each trifle that he sees.
But you have killed a tiny bird,
 Which flew not till to-day,
Against my orders, whom you heard
 Forbidding you the prey.
Nor did you kill that you might eat,
 And ease a doggish pain,
For him, though chased with furious heat,
 You left where he was slain.
Nor was he of the thievish sort,
 Or one whom blood allures,
But innocent was all his sport
 Whom you have torn for yours.
My dog ! what remedy remains,
 Since, teach you all I can,

I see you, after all my pains,
So much resemble man ?

BEAU'S REPLY.

SIR, when I flew to seize the bird
In spite of your command,
A louder voice than yours I heard,
And harder to withstand.

You cried—forbear—but in my breast
A mightier cried—proceed—
'Twas Nature, sir, whose strong behest
Impelled me to the deed.

Yet much as nature I respect,
I ventured once to break,
(As you perhaps may recollect)
Her precept for your sake ;

And when your linnet on a day,
Passing his prison door,
Had fluttered all his strength away,
And panting pressed the floor,

Well knowing him a sacred thing,
Not destined to my tooth,
I only kissed his ruffled wing,
And licked the feathers smooth.

Let my obedience *then* excuse
My disobedience *now*,
Nor some reproof yourselves refuse
From your aggrieved bow-wow ;

If killing birds be such a crime,
(Which I can hardly see,)
What think you, sir, of killing Time
With verse addressed to me ?

TO MARY.

THE twentieth year is well nigh past,
 Since our first sky was overcast,
 Ah would that this might be the last !
My Mary !

Thy spirits have a fainter flow,
 I see them daily weaker grow——
 'Twas my distress that brought thee low
My Mary !

Thy needles, once a shining store,
 For my sake restless heretofore,
 Now rust disused, and shine no more,
My Mary !

For though thou gladly wouldst fulfil
 The same kind office for me still,
 Thy sight now seconds not thy will,
My Mary !

But well thou playd'st the housewife's part,
 And all thy threads with magic art,
 Have wound themselves about this heart,
My Mary !

Thy indistinct expressions seem
 Like language uttered in a dream ;
 Yet me they charm, whate'er the theme,
My Mary !

Thy silver locks once auburn bright,
 Are still more lovely in my sight
 Than golden beams of orient light,
My Mary ;

For could I view nor them nor thee,
 What sight worth seeing could I see ?
 The sun would rise in vain for me,
My Mary !

Partakers of thy sad decline,
 Thy hands their little force resign ;
 Yet gently prest, press gently mine,
 My Mary !

Such feebleness of limbs thou prov'st,
 That now at every step thou mov'st,
 Upheld by two, yet still thou lov'st,
 My Mary !

And still to love, though prest with ill,
 In wintry age to feel no chill,
 With me is to be lovely still,
 My Mary !

But ah ! by constant heed I know,
 How oft the sadness that I show,
 Transforms thy smiles to looks of wo,
 My Mary !

And should my future lot be cast
 With much resemblance of the past,
 Thy worn-out heart will break at last,
 My Mary !

ON THE ICE ISLANDS,

SEEN FLOATING IN THE GERMAN OCEAN.

WHAT portents, from that distant region, ride,
 Unseen till now in ours, the astonished tide ?
 In ages past, old Proteus, with his droves
 Of seacalves, sought the mountains and the groves
 But now, descending whence of late they stood,
 Themselves the mountains seem to rove the flood.
 Dire times were they, full-charged with human woes ;
 And these, scarce less calamitous than those.
 What view we now ? More wondrous still ? Be-
 hold !

Like burnished brass they shine, or beaten gold ;
And all around the pearl's pure splendour show,
And all around the ruby's fiery glow.
Come they from India, where the burning earth,
All bounteous, gives her richest treasures birth ;
And where the costly gems, that beam around
The brows of mightiest potentates, are found ?
No. Never such a countless dazzling store
Had left, unseen, the Ganges' peopled shore.
Rapacious hands, and ever-watchful eyes,
Should sooner far have marked and seized the prize.
Whence sprang they then ? Ejected have they come
From Ves'vius', or from Ætna's burning womb ?
Thus shine they self-illumed, or but display
The borrowed splendours of a cloudless day ?
With borrowed beams they shine. The gales, that
breathe
Now landward, and the current's force beneath,
Have borne them nearer : and the nearer sight,
Advantaged more, contemplates them aright.
Their lofty summits crested high, they show,
With mingled sleet, and long-incumbent snow.
The rest is ice. Far hence, where most severe,
Bleak winter well-nigh saddens all the year,
Their infant growth began. He bade arise
Their uncouth forms, portentous in our eyes.
Oft as dissolved by transient suns, the snow
Left the tall cliff, to join the flood below ;
He caught, and curdled with a freezing blast
The current, ere it reached the boundless waste.
By slow degrees uprose the wondrous pile,
And long successive ages rolled the while ;
Till, ceaseless in its growth, it claimed to stand,
Tall as its rival mountains on the land.
Thus stood, and unremoveable by skill,
Or force of man, had stood the structure still ;
But that, though firmly fixed, supplanted yet
By pressure of its own enormous weight,

It left the shelving beach—and, with a sound
That shook the bellowing waves and rocks around
Self-launched, and swiftly, to the briny wave,
As if instinct with strong desire to lave,
Down went the ponderous mass. So bards of old,
How Delos swam th' Ægean deep, have told.
But not of ice was Delos. Delos bore
Herb, fruit, and flower. She, crowned with laurei,
wore,
Even under wintry skies, a summer smile ;
And Delos was Apollo's favourite isle.
But, horrid wanderers of the deep, to you,
He deems cimmerian darkness only dew.
Your hated birth he deigned not to survey,
But, scornful, turned his glorious eyes away.
Hence ! seek your home, nor longer rashly dare
The darts of Phœbus, and a softer air ;
Lest ye regret, too late, your native coast,
In no congenial gulf for ever lost !

THE CASTAWAY.

OBSCUREST night involved the sky ;
Th' Atlantic billows roared,
When such a destined wretch as I,
Washed headlong from on board,
Of friends, of hopes, of all bereft,
His floating home for ever left.

No braver chief could Albion boast,
Than he, with whom we went,
Nor ever ship left Albion's coast,
With warmer wishes sent.
He loved them both, but both in vain,
Nor him beheld, nor her again.

Not long beneath the whelming brine,
Expert to swim he lay ;
Nor soon he felt his strength decline,

Or courage die away ;
But waged with death a lasting strife,
Supported by despair of life.

He shouted ; nor his friends had failed
To check the vessel's course,
But so the furious blast prevailed,
That, pitiless, perforce,
They left their outcast mate behind,
And scudded still before the wind.

Some succour yet they could afford ;
And, such as storms allow,
The cask, the coop, the floated cord,
Delayed not to bestow ;
But he (they knew) nor ship nor shore,
Whate'er they gave should visit more.

Nor, cruel as it seemed, could he,
Their haste himself condemn,
Aware that flight, in such a sea,
Alone could rescue them ;
Yet bitter felt it still to die
Deserted, and his friends so nigh.

He long survives, who lives an hour
In ocean self-upheld :
And so long he, with unspent power
His destiny repelled :
And ever as the minutes flew,
Entreated help, or cried—" Adieu !"

At length, his transient respite past,
His comrades, who before
Had heard his voice in every blast,
Could catch the sound no more.
For then, by toil subdued, he drank
The stifling wave, and then he sank.

No poet wept him : but the page
 Of narrative sincere,
 That tells his name, his worth, his age,
 Is wet with Anson's tear.
 And tears by bards or heroes shed
 Alike immortalize the dead.

I therefore purpose not, or dream,
 Descanting on his fate,
 To give the melancholy theme
 A more enduring date.
 But misery still delights to trace
 It's semblance in another's case.

No voice divine the storm allayed
 No light propitious shone ;
 When, snatched from all effectual aid,
 We perished each alone :
 But I beneath a rougher sea,
 And whelmed in deeper gulfs than he.

TRANSLATIONS FROM VINCENT BOURNE.

I. THE GLOW-WORM.

BENEATH the hedge, or near the stream,
 A worm is known to stray ;
 That shows by night a lucid beam,
 Which disappears by day.

Disputes have been, and still prevail,
 From whence his rays proceed ;
 Some give that honour to his tail,
 And others to his head.

But this is sure—the hand of night,
 That kindles up the skies,
 Gives *him* a modicum of light
 Proportioned to his size.

Perhaps indulgent Nature meant,
 By such a lamp bestowed,
 To bid the traveller, as he went,
 Be careful where he trod :

Nor crush a worm, whose useful light
 Might serve, however small,
 To show a stumbling stone by night,
 And save him from a fall.

Whate'er she meant, this truth divine
 Is legible and plain,
 'Tis power almighty bids him shine,
 Nor bids him shine in vain.

Ye proud and wealthy, let this theme
 Teach humbler thoughts to you,
 Since such a reptile has its gem,
 And boasts its splendour too.

II. THE JACKDAW.

THERE is a bird, who by his coat,
 And by the hoarseness of his note,
 Might be supposed a crow ;
 A great frequenter of the church,
 Where bishop-like he finds a perch,
 And dormitory too.

Above the steeple shines a plate,
 That turns and turns, to indicate
 From what point blows the weather.
 Look up—your brains begin to swim,
 'Tis in the clouds—that pleases him,
 He chooses it the rather.

Fond of the speculative height,
 Thither he wings his airy flight,
 And thence securely sees

The bustle and the rareeshow
That occupy mankind below
Secure and at his ease.

You think, no doubt, he sits and muses
On future broken bones and bruises,
If he should chance to fall.
No ; not a single thought like that
Employs his philosophic pate,
Or troubles it at all.

He sees that this great roundabout,
The world, with all its motley rout,
Church, army, physic, law,
Its customs, and its business,
Is no concern at all of his,
And says—what says he ?— Caw.

Thrice happy bird ! I too have seen
Much of the vanities of men ;
And, sick of having seen 'em,
Would cheerfully these limbs resign
For such a pair of wings as thine,
And such a head between 'em.

III. THE CRICKET.

LITTLE inmate, full of mirth,
Chirping on my kitchen hearth,
Wheresoe'er be thine abode,
Always harbinger of good,
Pay me for thy warm retreat
With a song more soft and sweet ;
In return thou shalt receive
Such a strain as I can give.
Thus thy praise shall be expressed,
Inoffensive, welcome guest !
While the rat is on the scout,

And the mouse with curious snout,
 With what vermin else infest
 Every dish, and spoil the best ;
 Frisking thus before the fire,
 Thou hast all thine heart's desire.
 Though in voice and shape they be
 Formed as if akin to thee,
 Thou surpassesest, happier far,
 Happiest grasshoppers that are ;
 Their's is but a summer's song,
 Thine endures the winter long,
 Unimpaired, and shrill, and clear,
 Melody throughout the year.
 Neither night, nor dawn of day,
 Puts a period to thy play :
 Sing then—and extend thy span
 Far beyond the date of man.
 Wretched man whose years are spent
 In repining discontent,
 Lives not, aged though he be,
 Half a span, compared with thee.

IV. THE PARROT.

In painted plumes superbly dressed,
 A native of the gorgeous east,
 By many a billow tossed,
 Poll gains at length the British shore,
 Part of the captain's precious store,
 A present to his toast.

Belinda's maids are soon preferred;
 To teach him now and then a word,
 As Poll can master it ;
 But 'tis her own important charge,
 To qualify him more at large.
 And make him quite a wit:

Sweet Poll ! his doating mistress cries,
Sweet Poll ! the mimic bird replies ;
And calls aloud for sack.
She next instructs him in the kiss ;
'Tis now a little one, like Miss,
And now a hearty smack.

At first he aims at what he hears ;
And listening close with both his ears,
Just catches at the sound ;
But soon articulates aloud,
Much to th' amusement of the crowd,
And stuns the neighbours round.

A querulous old woman's voice
His humorous talent next employs ;
He scolds, and gives the lie.
And now he sings, and now is sick,
Here, Sally, Susan, come, come quick,
Poor Poll is like to die !

Belinda and her bird ! 'tis rare
To meet with such a well-matched pair,
The language and the tone,
Each character in every part
Sustained with so much grace and art,
And both in unison.

When children first begin to spell,
And stammer out a syllable,
We think them tedious creatures ;
But difficulties soon abate,
When birds are to be taught to prate,
And women are the teachers.

V. THE THRACIAN.

THRACIAN parents, at his birth,
Mourn their babe with many a tear,

But with undissembled mirth
Place him breathless on his bier.

Greece and Rome, with equal scorn,
'O the savages!' exclaim,
'Whether they rejoice or mourn,
Well entitled to the name!'

But the cause of this concern,
And this pleasure would they trace,
Even they might somewhat learn
From the savages of Thrace.

VI. RECIPROCAL KINDNESS.

THE PRIMARY LAW OF NATURE.

ANDROCLES from his injured lord, in dread
Of instant death, to Libya's desert fled.
Tired with his toilsome flight, and parched with heat
He spied, at length, a cavern's cool retreat;
But scarce had given to rest his weary frame
When hugest of his kind, a lion came:
He roared approaching: but the savage din
To plaintive murmurs changed, arrived within,
And with expressive looks his lifted paw
Presenting, aid implored from whom he saw.
The fugitive, through terror at a stand,
Dared not awhile afford his trembling hand,
But bolder grown, at length inherent found
A pointed thorn, and drew it from the wound.
The cure was wrought; he wiped the sanious blood
And firm and free from pain the lion stood,
Again he seeks the wilds, and day by day,
Regales his inmate with the parted prey.
Nor he disdains the dole, though unprepared,
Spread on the ground, and with a lion shared.
But thus to live—still lost—sequestered still—
Scarce seemed his lord's revenge a heavier ill.

Home ! native home ! O might he but repair !
He must—he will, though death attends him there.
He goes, and doomed to perish, on the sands
Of the full theatre unpitied stands :
When lo ! the self-same lion from his cage
Flies to devour him, famished into rage.
He flies, but viewing in his purposed prey
The man, his healer, pauses on his way,
And softened by remembrance into sweet
And kind composure, crouches at his feet.
Mute with astonishment th' assembly gaze :
But why, ye Romans ? Whence your mute amaze ?
All this is natural—nature bade him rend
An enemy ; she bids him spare a friend .

VII. A MANUAL.

More ancient than the Art of Printing, and not to be found in any Catalogue.

THERE is a book, which we may call
(Its excellence is such)
Alone a library, though small ;
The ladies thumb it much.

Words none, things numerous it contains :
And, things with words compared,
Who needs be told, that has his brains,
Which merits most regard ?

Ofttimes its leaves of scarlet hue
A golden edging boast ;
And opened, it displays to view
Twelve pages at the most.

Nor name, nor title, stamped behind,
Adorns his outer part ;
But all within 'tis richly lined,
A magazine of art.

The whitest hands that secret hoard
Oft visit : and the fair
Preserve it in their bosoms stored,
As with a miser's care.

Thence implements of every size,
And formed for various use,
(They need but to consult their eyes)
They readily produce.

The largest and the longest kind
Possess the foremost page,
A sort most needed by the blind,
Or nearly such from age.

The full-charged leaf, which next ensues,
Presents, in bright array,
The smaller sort, which matrons use,
Not quite so blind as they.

The third, the fourth, the fifth supply
What their occasions ask,
Who with a more discerning eye
Perform a nicer task.

But still with regular decrease
From size to size they fall,
In every leaf grow less and less ;
The last are least of all.

O ! what a fund of genius, pent
In narrow space, is here !
This volume's method and intent
How luminous and clear !

It leaves no reader at a loss
Or posed, whoever reads :
No commentator's tedious gloss,
Nor even index needs.

Search Bodley's many thousands o'er,
Nor book is treasured there,

Nor yet in Granta's numerous store,
That may with this compare.

No ! Rival none in either host
Of this was ever seen,
Or, that contents could justly boast,
So brilliant and so keen.

VIII. AN ENIGMA.

A NEEDLE small as small can be,
In bulk and use surpasses me,
Nor is my purchase dear ;
For little, and almost for naught,
As many of my kind are bought
As days are in the year.

Yet though but little use we boast,
And are procured at little cost,
'The labour is not light,
Nor few artificers it asks,
All skilful in their several tasks,
To fashion us aright.

One fuses metal o'er the fire,
A second draws it into wire,
The shears another plies,
Who clips in lengths the brazen thread,
For him, who, chafing every thread,
Gives all an equal size.

A fifth prepares, exact and round,
The knob with which it must be crowned ;
His follower makes it fast :
And with his mallet and his file
To shape the point employs awhile
'The seventh and the last.

Now, therefore, Oedipus ! declare
What creature, wonderful and rare,

A process that obtains
Its purpose with so much ado,
At last produces !—tell me true,
And take me for your pains !

IX. SPARROWS SELF-DOMESTICATED.

IN TRINITY COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.

NONE ever shared the social feast,
Or as an inmate or a guest,
Beneath the celebrated dome,
Where once Sir Isaac had his home,
Who saw not (and with some delight
Perhaps he viewed the novel sight)
How numerous, at the tables there,
The sparrows beg their daily fare.
For there, in every nook and cell,
Where such a family may dwell,
Sure as the vernal season comes
Their nests they weave in hope of crumbs,
Which kindly given, may serve, with food
Convenient, their unfeathered brood ;
And oft as with its summons clear,
The warning bell salutes the ear,
Sagacious listeners to the sound,
They flock from all the fields around,
To reach the hospitable hall,
None more attentive to the call,
Arrived, the pensionary band,
Hopping and chirping, close at hand,
Solicit what they soon receive,
The sprinkled, plenteous donative.
Thus is a multitude, though large,
Supported at a trivial charge ;
A single doit would overpay
Th' expenditure of every day,
And who can grudge so small a grace
To suppliants, natives of the place.

X. FAMILIARITY DANGEROUS.

As in her ancient mistress' lap
The youthful tabby lay,
They gave each other many a tap,
Alike disposed to play.

But strife ensues. Puss waxes warm,
And with protuded claws
Ploughs all the length of Lydia's arm,
Mere wantonness the cause.

At once, resentful of the deed,
She shakes her to the ground,
With many a threat that she shall bleed
With still a deeper wound.

But, Lydia, bid thy fury rest ;
It was a venial stroke ;
For she that will with kittens jest,
Should bear a kitten's joke.

XI. INVITATION TO THE REDBREAST.

SWEET bird, whom the winter constrains—
And seldom another it can—
To seek a retreat, while he reigns,
In the well sheltered dwellings of man.
Who never can seem to intrude,
Tho' in all places equally free,
Come, oft as the season is rude
Thou art sure to be welcome to me.

At sight of the first feeble ray,
That pierces the clouds of the east,
To inveigle thee every day
My windows shall show thee a feast.

For, taught by experience, I know
Thee mindful of benefit long;
And that, thankful for all I bestow,
Thou wilt pay me with many a song.

Then, soon as the swell of the buds
Bespeaks the renewal of spring,
Fly hence, if thou wilt, to the woods,
Or where it shall please thee to sing :
And shouldst thou, compelled by a frost,
Come again to my window or door,
Doubt not an affectionate host,
Only pay as thou pay'dst me before.

Thus music must needs be confest,
To flow from a fountain above ;
Else how should it work in the breast
Unchangeable friendship and love !
And who on the globe can be found,
Save your generation and ours,
That can be delighted by sound,
Or boasts any musical powers ?

XII. STRADA'S NIGHTINGALE.

THE Shepherd touched his reed ; sweet Philomel
Essayed, and oft assayed to catch the strain,
And treasuring, as on her ear they fell,
The numbers, echoed note for note again.

The peevish youth, who ne'er had found before
A rival of his skill, indignant heard,
And soon, (for various was his store)
In loftier tones defied the simple bird.

She dared the task, and rising, as he rose,
With all the force, that passion gives, inspired,
Returned the sounds awhile, but in the close,
Exhausted fell, and at his feet expired.

Thus strength, not skill, prevailed. O fatal strife,
 By thee, poor songstress, playfully begun ;
 And, O sad victory, which cost thy life,
 And he may wish that he had never won !

XIII. ODE

ON THE DEATH OF A LADY,

Who lived one hundred years, and died on her birthday, 1728.

ANCIENT dame how wide and vast,
 To a race like ours appears,
 Rounded to an orb at last,
 All thy multitude of years !

We, the herd of human kind,
 Frailer and of feebler powers ;
 We, to narrow bounds confined,
 Soon exhaust the sum of ours.

Death's delicious banquet—we
 Perish even from the womb,
 Swifter than a shadow flee,
 Nourished but to feed the tomb.

Seeds of merciless disease
 Lurk in all that we enjoy ;
 Some, that waste us by degrees,
 Some, that suddenly destroy.

And if life o'erleap the bourne
 Common to the sons of men ;
 What remains, but that we mourn,
 Dream, and doat, and drivel then ?

Fast as moons can wax and wane,
 Sorrow comes ; and while we groan,
 Pant with anguish and complain,
 Haif our years are fled and gone.

If a few, (to few tis 'given)
 Linger on this earthly stage,
 Creep, and halt, with steps uneven,
 To the period of an age.

Wherefore live they but to see
 Cunning, arrogance, and force,
 Sights lamented much by thee,
 Holding their accustomed course !

Of was seen, in ages past,
 All that we with wonder view
 Often shall be to the last ;
 Earth produces nothing new.

Thee we gratulate ; content,
 Should propitious Heaven design
 Life for us, has calmly spent,
 Though but half the length of thine.

XIV. THE CAUSE WON.

Two neighbours furiously dispute :
 A field—the subject of the suit.
 Trivial the spot, yet such the rage
 With which the combatants engage,
 'Twere hard to tell, who covets most
 The prize—at whatsoever cost.
 The pleadings swell. Words still suffice ;
 No single word but has its price :
 No term but yields some fair pretence
 For novel and increased expense.

Defendant thus becomes a name,
 Which he that bore it, may disclaim ;
 Since both, in one description blended
 Are plaintiffs—when the suit is ended.

XV. THE SILKWORM.

THE beams of April, ere it goes,
 A worm scarce visible, disclose ;
 All winter long content to dwell
 The tenant of his native shell.
 The same prolific season gives
 The sustenance by which he lives,
 The mulberry leaf, a simple store,
 That serves him—till he needs no more ;
 For, his dimensions once complete,
 Thenceforth none ever sees him eat ;
 Though, till his growing time be past,
 Scarce ever is he seen to fast.
 That hour arrived, his work begins,
 He spins and weaves, and weaves and spins ;
 Till circle upon circle wound
 Careless around him and around,
 Conceales him with a veil, though slight,
 Impervious to the keenest sight.
 Thus self-inclosed, as in a cask,
 At length he finishes his task :
 And, though a worm, when he was lost,
 Or caterpillar at the most,
 When next we see him wings he wears,
 And in papilio-pomp appears ;
 Becomes oviparous, supplies
 With future worms and future flies
 The next ensuing year ; and dies !
 Well were it for the world, if all,
 Who creep about this earthly ball,
 Though shorter-lived than most he be,
 Were useful in their kind as he.

XVI. THE INNOCENT THIEF.

Not a flower can be found in the fields,
Or the spot that we till for our pleasure,
From the largest to least, but it yields
To the bee, never-wearied, a treasure.

Scarce any she quits unexplored,
With a diligence truly exact ;
Yet, steal what she may for her hoard,
Leaves evidence none of the fact.

Her lucrative task she pursues,
And pilfers with so much address,
That none of their odour they lose,
Nor charm by their beauty the less.

Not thus inoffensively preys
The canker-worm, indwelling foe !
His voracity not thus allays
The sparrow, the finch, or the crow.

The worm, more expensively fed,
The pride of the garden devours ;
And birds pick the seed from the bed,
Still less to be spared than the flowers.

But she with such delicate skill
Her pillage so fits for her use,
That the chymist in vain with his still
Would labour the like to produce.

Then grudge not her temperate meals,
Nor a benefit blame as a theft ;
Since, stole she not all that she steals,
Neither honey nor wax would be left.

XVII. DENNER'S OLD WOMAN.

IN this mimic form of a matron in years,
How plainly the pencil of Denner appears !
The matron herself, in whose old age we see
Not a trace of decline, what a wonder is she !
No dimness of eye, and no cheek hanging low,
No wrinkle, or deep-furrowed frown on the brow !
Her forehead indeed is here circled around
With locks like the ribbon, with which they are
bound ;

While glossy and smooth, and as soft as the skin
Of a delicate peach, is the down of her chin ;
But nothing unpleasant, or sad, or severe.
Or that indicates life in its winter—is here.
Yet all is expressed, with fidelity due,
Nor a pimple, or freckle concealed from the view.

Many fond of new sights, or who cherish a taste
For the labours of art, to the spectacle haste :
The youths all agree, that could old age inspire
The passion of love, hers would kindle the fire,
And the matrons, with pleasure, confess that they see
Ridiculous nothing or hideous in thee.
The nymphs for themselves scarcely hope a decline,
O wonderful woman ! as placid as thine.

Strange magic of art ! which the youth can engage
To peruse, half-enamoured, the features of age ;
And force from the virgin a sigh of despair,
That she when as old, shall be equally fair !
How great is the glory, that Denner has gained,
Since Apelles not more for his Venus obtained !

XVIII. THE TEARS OF A PAINTER.

APELLES, hearing that his boy
Had just expired—his only joy !

Although the sight with anguish tore him,
Bade place his dear remains before him.
He seized his brush, his colours spread ;
And—" Oh ! my child, accept,"—he said,
" ('Tis all that I can now bestow,)
This tribute of a father's wo !"
Then, faithful to the twofold part,
Both of his feelings and his art,
He closed his eyes, with tender care,
And formed at once a fellow pair.
His brow, with amber locks beset,
And lips he drew, not livid yet ;
And shaded all, that he had done,
To a just image of his son.

Thus far is well. But view again,
The cause of thy paternal pain !
Thy melancholy task fulfil !
It needs the last, last touches still.
Again his pencil's power he tries,
For on his lips a smile he spies :
And still his cheek, unfaded, shows
The deepest damask of the rose.
Then, heedless to the finished whole,
With fondest eagerness he stole,
Till scarce himself distinctly knew
The cherub copied from the true.

Now, painter, cease ! thy task is done,
Long lives this image of thy son ;
Nor shortlived shall the glory prove,
Or of thy labour, or thy love.

XIX. THE MAZE.

From right to left, and to and fro
Caught in a labyrinth, you go,
And turn, and turn, and turn again,
To solve the mystery, but in vain ;
Stand still and breathe, and take from me

A clew that soon shall set you free !
 Not Ariadne, if you meet her,
 Herself could serve you with a better.
 You enter'd easily—find where—
 And make with ease, your exit there !

XX. NO SORROW PECULIAR TO THE
 SUFFERER.

THE lover, in melodious verses
 His singular distress rehearses.
 Still closing with a rue ul cry,
 " Was ever such a wretch as I !"
 Yes ! thousands have endured before
 All thy distress ; some, haply, more.
 Unnumbered Corydons complain,
 And Strephous, of the like disdain ;
 And if thy Chloe be of steel,
 Too deaf to hear, too hard to feel ;
 Not her alone that censure fits,
 Nor thou alone hast lost thy wits.

XXI. THE SNAIL.

To grass, or leaf, or fruit, or wall,
 The snail sticks close, nor fears to fall,
 As if he grew there, house and all
 Together.
 Within that house secure he hides,
 When danger imminent betides
 Of storm, or other harm besides
 Of weather.
 Give but his horns the slightest touch,
 His self-collecting power is such,
 He shrinks into his house with much
 Displeasure.

Wherever he dwells, he dwells alone,
Except himself has chattels none,
Well satisfied to be his own
Whole treasure.

Thus, hermit-like, his life he leads,
Nor partner of his banquet needs,
And if he meets one, only feeds
The faster.

Who seeks him must be worse than blind,
(He and his house are so combined)
If finding it, he fails to find
Its master.

THE CONTRITE HEART.

THE Lord will happiness divine
On contrite hearts bestow ;
Then tell me, Gracious God, is mine
A contrite heart or no ?

I hear, but seem to hear in vain,
Insensible as steel ;
If aught is felt, 'tis only pain
To find I cannot feel.

I sometimes think myself inclined
To love thee, if I could ;
But often feel another mind,
Averse to all that's good.

My best desires are faint and few,
I fain would strive for more ;
But when I cry, " My strength, renew,"
Seem weaker than before.

I see thy saints with comfort filled,
When in thy house of prayer ;

But still in bondage I am held,
And find no comfort there.
Oh, make this heart rejoice or ache ;
Decide this doubt for me ;
And if it be not broken, break,
And heal it if it be.

THE SHINING LIGHT.

My former hopes are dead ;
My terror now begins ;
I feel, alas ! that I am dead
In trespasses and sins.
Ah, whither shall I fly ?
I hear the thunder roar ;
The law proclaims destruction nigh,
And vengeance at the door.
When I review my ways,
I dread impending doom ;
But sure a friendly whisper says,
"Flee from the wrath to come."
I see, or think I see,
A glimmering from afar ;
A beam of day that shines for me,
To save me from despair.
Forerunner of the sun,
It marks the pilgrim's way ;
I'll gaze upon it while I run,
And watch the rising day.

THIRSTING FOR GOD.

I THIRST, but not as once I did,
The vain delights of earth to share ;

Thy words, Immanuel, all forbid
That I should seek my pleasure there.

It was the sight of thy dear cross
First weaned my soul from earthly things,
And taught me to esteem as dross
The mirth of fools and pomp of kings.

I want that grace that springs from thee,
That quickens all things where it flows,
And makes a wretched thorn like me,
Bloom as the myrtle or the rose.

Dear fountain of delight unknown,
No longer sink below the brim :
But overflow and pour me down
A living and life-giving stream.

For sure, of all the plants that share
The notice of thy Father's eye,
None proves less grateful to his care,
Or yields him meaner fruit than I.

A T A L E.*

In Scotland's realm where trees are few,
Nor even shrubs abound ;
But where, however bleak the view,
Some better things are found.

For husband there and wife may boast
Their union undefiled,

* This tale is founded on an article of intelligence which the author found in the *Buckinghamshire Herald* for Saturday, June 1, 1793, in the following words :—

Glasgow, May 23.

In a block, or pulley, near the head of the mast of a gabert now lying at the Broomielaw, there is a chaffinch's nest and four eggs. The nest was built while the vessel lay at Greenock, and was followed hither by both birds. Though the block is occasionally lowered for the inspection of the curious, the birds have not forsaken the nest. The cock, however, visits the nest but seldom, while the hen never leaves it but when she descends to the hull for food.

And false ones are as rare almost
As hedge-rows in the wild.

In Scotland's realm, forlorn and bare,
The history chanced of late—
The history of a wedded pair,
A chaffinch and his mate.

The spring drew near, each felt a breast
With genial instinct filled ;
They paired, and would have built a nest,
But found not where to build.

The heath uncovered, and the moors,
Except with snow and sleet,
Sea-beaten rocks, and naked shores
Could yield them no retreat.

Long time a breeding place they sought,
Till both grew vexed and tired ;
At length a ship arriving, brought
The good so long desired

A ship !—could such a restless thing
Afford them place of rest ?
Or was the merchant charged to bring
The homeless birds a nest ?

Hush—Silent hearers profit most—
This racer of the sea
Proved kinder to them than the coast
It served them with a tree.

But such a tree ! 'twas shaven deal,
The tree they call a mast,
And had a hollow with a wheel
Through which the tackle passed.

Within that cavity aloft,
Their roofless home they fixed,

Formed with materials neat and soft,
Bents, wool, and feathers mixt.

Four ivory eggs soon pave its floor,
With russet specks bedight—
The vessel weighs, forsakes the shore,
And lessens to the sight.

The mother-bird is gone to sea,
As she had changed her kind ;
But goes the male ? Far wiser, he
Is doubtless left behind ?

No—soon as from ashore he saw
The winged mansion move,
He flew to reach it, by a law
Of never-failing love.

Then perching at his consort's side,
Was briskly borne along,
The billows and the blast defied,
And cheered her with a song :

The seaman with sincere delight
His feathered shipmates eyes,
Scarce less exulting in the sight
Than when he tows a prize.

For seamen much believe in signs,
And for a chance so new,
Each some approaching good divines,
And may his hopes be true !

Hail, honoured land ! A desert where
Not even birds can hide,
Yet parent of this loving pair
Whom nothing could divide.

And ye who, rather than resign
Your matrimonial plan,

Were not afraid to plough the brine
In company with man.

For whose lean country much disdain
We English often show;
Yet from a richer nothing gain
But wantonness and wo.

Be it your fortune, year by year,
The same resource to prove,
And may ye, sometimes landing here,
Instruct us how to love !

SONG ON PEACE.

Air—"My fond shepherds of late," &c.

No longer I follow a sound ;
No longer a dream I pursue ;
O Happiness ! not to be found,
Unattainable treasure, adieu !

I have sought thee in splendour and dress,
In the regions of pleasure and taste ;
I have sought thee, and seem'd to possess,
But have proved thee a vision at last.

An humble ambition and hope
The voice of true Wisdom inspires ;
'Tis sufficient, if Peace be the scope
And the summit of all our desires.

Peace may be the lot of the mind
That seeks it in meekness and love ;
But rapture and bliss are confined
To the glorified spirits above.

SONNET TO JOHN JOHNSON,

ON HIS PRESENTING ME WITH AN ANTIQUE BUST OF HOMER,
1793.

KINSMAN beloved, and as a son, by me !
When I behold this fruit of thy regard,
The sculptured form of my old favourite bard,
I reverence feel for him, and love for thee.
Joy too and grief. Much Joy that there should be
Wise men and learn'd, who grudge not to reward
With some applause, my bold attempt and hard,
Which others scorn : critics by courtesy.
The grief is this, that sunk in Homer's mine,
I lose my precious years now soon to fail,
Handling his gold, which howsoe'er it shine,
Proves dross, when balanced in the Christian scale.
Be wiser thou—like our forefather *DONNE*,
Seek heavenly wealth, and work for God alone,

INSCRIPTION FOR A STONE

ERECTED AT THE SOWING OF A GROVE OF OAKS AT CHILLING-
TON, THE SEAT OF T. GILFORD, ESQ. 1790.

OTHER stones the era tell,
When some feeble mortal fell ;
I stand here to date the birth
Of these hardy sons of earth.

Which shall longest brave the sky,
Storm or frost—these oaks or I ?
Pass an age or two away,
I must moulder and decay ;
But the years that crumble me
Shall invigorate the tree,
Spread its branch, dilate its size,
Lift its summit to the skies.

Cherish honour, virtue, truth,
So shalt thou prolong thy youth.
Wanting these, however fast
Man be fix'd, and formed to last,
He is lifeless even now,
Stone at heart, and cannot grow.

LOVE ABUSED.

WHAT is there in the vale of life
Half so delightful as a wife,
When friendship, love, and peace combine
To stamp the marriage-bond divine ?
The stream of pure and genuine love
Derives its current from above ;
And earth a second Eden shows
Where'er the healing water flows :
But ah ! if from the dykes and drains
Of sensual nature's feverish veins,
Lust, like a lawless headstrong flood,
Impregnated with ooze and mud,
Descending fast on every side,
Once mingles with the sacred tide,
Farewell the soul-enlivening scene !
The banks that wore a smiling green,
With rank defilement overspread,
Bewail their flowery beauties dead,
The stream polluted, dark, and dull,
Diffused into a Stygian pool,
Through life's last melancholy years
Is fed with ever-flowing tears :
Complaints supply the zephyr's part,
And sighs that heave a breaking heart.

LINES

COMPOSED FOR A MEMORIAL OF ASHLY COWPER, ESQ. IMMEDIATELY AFTER HIS DEATH, BY HIS NEPHEW WILLIAM, OF WESTON. JUNE, 1788.

FAREWELL ! endued with all that could engage
All hearts to love thee, both in youth and age !
In prime of life, for sprightliness enroll'd
Among the gay, yet virtuous as the old ;

In life's last stage, (O blessings rarely found !)
Pleasant as youth with all its blossoms crown'd ;
Through every period of this changeful state
Unchanged thyself—wise, good, affectionate !

Marble may flatter ; and lest this should seem
O'ercharged with praises on so dear a theme,
Although thy worth be more than half suppress'd,
Love *shall* be satisfied, and veil the rest.

TO THE MEMORY OF THE LATE JOHN THORNTON, ESQ. 1790.

POETS attempt the noblest task they can,
Praising the Author of all good in man ;
And, next, commemorating worthies lost,
The dead in whom that good abounded most.

Thee, therefore, of commercial fame, but **more**
Famed for thy probity from shore to shore.
Thee, Thornton ! worthy in some page to shine,
As honest and more eloquent than mine,
I mourn ; or, since thrice happy thou **must** be,
The world, no longer thy abode, not thee.
Thee to deplore, were grief mispent indeed ;
It were to weep that goodness has its meed,
That there is bliss prepared in yonder sky,

And glory for the virtuous when they die.

What pleasure can the miser's fondled hoard,
Or spendthrift's prodigal excess afford,
Sweet as the privilege of healing wo
By virtue suffer'd combatting below ?
That privilege was thine ; Heaven gave the means
To illumine with delight the saddest scenes,
Till thy appearance chased the gloom, forlorn
As midnight, and despairing of a morn.
'Thou hadst an industry in doing good,
Restless as his who toils and sweats for food ;
Avarice, in thee, was the desire of wealth
By rust unperishable or by stealth ;
And if the genuine worth of gold depend
On application to its noblest end,
Thine had a value in the scales of Heaven,
Surpassing all that mine or mint had given.
And, though God made thee of a nature prone
To distribution boundless of thy own,
And still by motives of religious force
Impelled the more to that heroic course ;
Yet was thy liberality discreet,
Nice in its choice, and of a temper'd heat,
And, though in act unwearied, secret still,
As in some solitude the summer rill
Refreshes, where it winds, the faded green,
And cheers the drooping flowers, unheard, unseen.

Such was thy charity ; no sudden start,
After long sleep, of passion in the heart,
But steadfast principle, and, in its kind,
Of close relation to th' Eternal mind,
Traced easily to its true source above,
To Him, whose works bespeak his nature, love.

Thy bounties all were Christian, and I make
This record of thee for the Gospel's sake ;
That the incredulous themselves may see
Its use and power exemplified in thee.

TO A YOUNG FRIEND,

ON ~~HIS~~ ARRIVING AT CAMBRIDGE WET, WHEN NO RAIN HAD
FALLEN THERE,—1793.

If Gideon's fleece, which drenched with dew he
found,
While moisture none refresh'd the herbs around,
Might fitly represent the Church, endow'd
With heavenly gifts, to Heathens not allow'd ;
In pledge, perhaps, of favours from on high,
Thy locks were wet when others' locks were dry.
Heaven grant us half the omen—may we see
Not drought on others, but much dew on thee !

TO THE MEMORY OF DR. LLOYD.

Our good old friend is gone, gone to his rest,
Whose social converse was itself a feast.
O ye of riper age, who recollect
How once ye loved, and eyed him with respect,
Both in the firmness of his better day,
While yet he ruled you with a father's sway
And when impair'd by time and glad to rest,
Yet still with looks, in mild complaisance drest,
He took his annual seat, and mingled here
His sprightly vein with yours—now drop a tear.
In morals blameless as in manners meek,
He knew no wish that he might blush to speak ;
But, happy in whatever state below
And richer than the rich in being so,
Obtain'd the hearts of all, and such a meed
At length from One,* as made him rich indeed.
Hence then, ye titles, hence, not wanted here,
Go, garnish merit in a brighter sphere,

* He was usher and under-master of Westminster near fifty years, and retired from his occupation when he was near seventy, with a handsome pension from the king.

The brows of those whose more exalted lot
He could congratulate, but envied not.

Light lie the turf, good Senior ! on thy breast,
And tranquil as thy mind was, be thy rest !
Though, living, thou hadst more desert than fame,
And not a stone now chronicles thy name.

ON FOP,

A DOG BELONGING TO LADY THEROCKMORTON. AUGUST, 1792.

THOUGH once a puppy, and though Fop by name,
Here moulders One whose bones some honour claim.
No sycophant, although of spaniel race,
And though no hound, a martyr to the chase—
Ye squirrels, rabbits, leverets, rejoice,
Your haunts no longer echo to his voice ;
This record of his fate exulting view,
He died worn out with vain pursuit of you.

‘Yes,’ the indignant shade of Fop replies—
And worn with vain pursuit man also dies.’

7

THE END.

7





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